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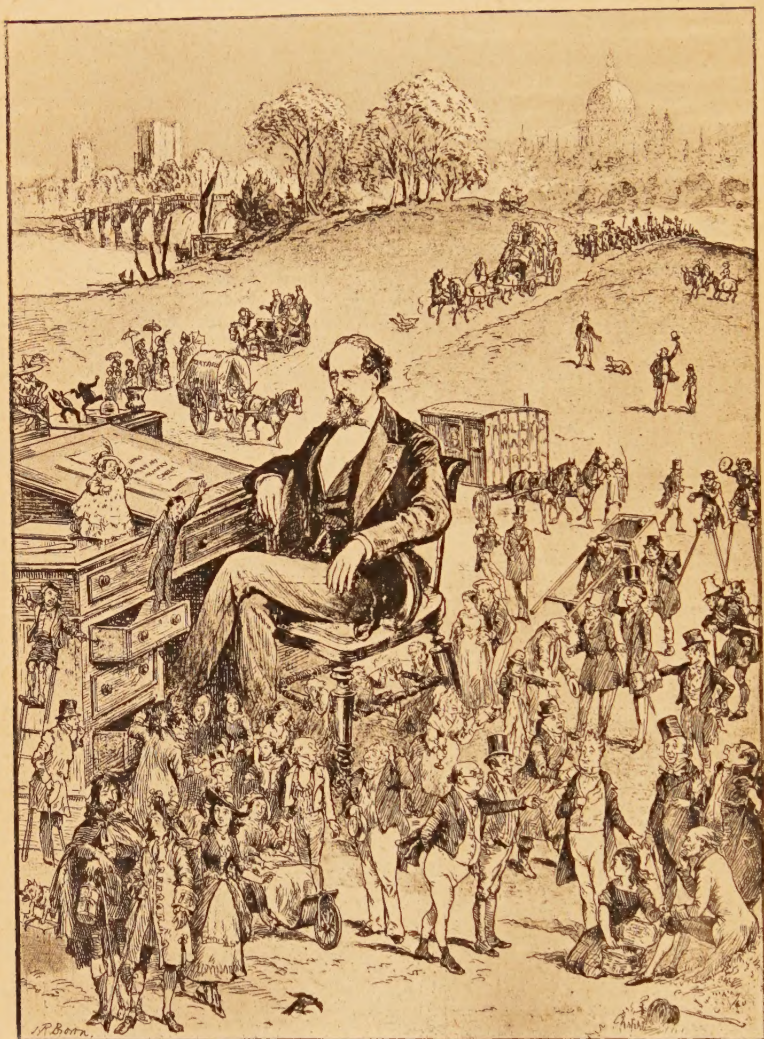
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# THE BOOK OF LITERATURE

A Comprehensive Anthology

OF THE BEST LITERATURE, ANCIENT, MEDIEVAL AND MODERN

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

EDITED BY

RICHARD GARNETT, 1835-1906

Keeper of Printed Books at the British Museum, London, 1851 to 1889

LEON VALLEE

Late Librarian of the Bodleian Library, Oxford

**Dickens Surrounded by His Characters**

From the drawing by J. R. Brown

Professor of Literature in the University of Berlin

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

PHILANDER P. CLAXTON, LITT.D., LL.D.

United States Commissioner of Education, 1911-1921

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Two Volumes in One  
Volumes 23 and 24

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London, 1899, 1922

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## THE DECADENCE OF MODERN LITERATURE

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF ARMANDO PALACIO-VALDES BY  
MISS RACHEL CHALLICE

I WRITE for the reader who has a taste for discussing the theory and technics of art. But he who simply seeks inspiration from art need not linger, certain that he loses nothing by doing so; and my own sympathy and that of all artists will always be for him. For it is only a fresh imagination, free from rhetorical preconceptions that can truly enjoy works of art and breathe freely in the world of fancy. Besides, say it who will, no master of marionettes likes to show the construction of his figures, with their cords and springs, and if he does sometimes do so it is because he is either impelled to defend himself from the faults attributed to him, or has to warn the public against the errors of an unfair or precipitate judgment.

However, it is not this which leads me to write the present essay, nor did it inspire that which years ago I put at the beginning of my novel, *La Hermana San Sulpicio*. Unfortunately criticism hardly exists in Spain, and the author of novels rejoices in a delightful peace like that enjoyed by Valmiky and Homer in the early ages of the world when they wrote their immortal poems. The only reason I have in mind — apart from a certain love of didactics retained from my youth, when my unerring finger pointed out to authors the way they should go — is the antagonism I feel against the tastes and tendencies which prevail in the plastic as well as in the poetic arts. This antagonism distressed me very much, because it made me doubt myself. I cast my eye over Europe, and I see nothing in poetry and painting but lugubrious

and prosaic scenes, and in music I hear nothing but sounds of death.

From the steppes of Russia come delirious mystics, who work up the country of Molière, Rabelais, and Voltaire. From thence surge unwholesome analyses and scandalous improprieties, that corrupt the sons of Cervantes. Finally, the glacial wind of Norway sends, in dramatic form, symbolistic fancies which delight Italy (the Italy which gave birth to Virgil, Petrarch, Raphael, and Titian!) naturalists, mystics, decadents, Ibsenists, and symbolists in imaginative writing, and the luminous, cerulean, metallic schools of painting. Art seems to me like an acute attack of nerves, the artists sometimes like madmen, sometimes like charlatans, who hide their want of power under monstrous affectations, and cleverly profit by the general perversion of taste, whilst the public, depraved by them and the prevailing utilitarianism, is without a criterion to distinguish between the beautiful and wholesome, the ugly and absurd. Seeing my mind so radically opposed to the spirit of the age, I am seized with fear of mental aberration, there are moments in which I fancy I am one of those unhappy degenerate beings, incapable of "adapting himself to his surroundings," so well described by the modern philosophers of the Positive School, and it distresses and upsets me, until at last I think of putting myself under complete therapeutic treatment. It is possible that the douches, the kola nut, and iron wine, will make me think that the Norwegian dramas are as interesting as those of Shakespeare, Calderon, or Schiller, the Russian mystics as profound as Plato and Spinoza, the novels of the Naturalistic School as beautiful as those of Longus, Cervantes, and Goethe, and the pictures of the French decadents better than those of Rubens and Velasquez. But until this happy hour of my regeneration comes, or is possible, I crave permission to make some critical remarks on the art of writing novels, and I will lay down certain hypotheses that constitute the ground of my own inspiration, which until now has sustained and consoled me in the great amount of work I have done. Absurd or true, I love them, and I only beg my reader to give them a moment's consideration before condemning them.



## II

Let us give a glance to the history of Art. There is one fact that has long demanded weighty consideration, and that is the fertility of some epochs, and the sterility of others. In the period of little more than a century between Phidias and Praxiteles, the fallen country of Greece gave birth to hundreds of sculptors, the majority unknown to us, but whose works, albeit broken and mutilated, fill us with admiration and delight, as they issue from the ruins. In a period of fifty or sixty years of the fifteenth century, there appears in the country of Flanders a powerful legion of great painters, whose pictures, if they have been equalled, have never been excelled. The inspiration of the Flemish artists suddenly passes away in the sixteenth century, and goes over to Italy, where some dozens of portentous geniuses live and work simultaneously, each one of whom would have sufficed to glorify a century. In the seventeenth century the magic power turns to the Netherlands, and produces that marvellous outburst when the painters not only numbered hundreds, but thousands. Our country, feeling elevated by Italy and Flanders to the realm of beauty, gives birth to the famous Spanish School, with Zurbaran, Ribera, Velasquez, and Murillo. Does it not seem like an epidemic? There is soon an eclipse of the splendid sun, and we are left in darkness and obscurity for two centuries, with only a medium artist approximating, but never equalling the other geniuses, occasionally shining like a melancholy, solitary star.

The explanation of this fact given by historians of Art has never satisfied me. The appearance of Art as a natural consequence of the aggrandisement of countries, as the flower of civilisation, which is the present prevailing theory, only adds one fact to another, without explaining either of the two. We can certainly assume that Art is a necessary outcome of a certain degree of prosperity attained by countries, when man, having overcome the obstacles which nature opposed to his subsistence, recovered from his fatigue and enjoyed life quietly. But the difficulty is still there. Why do many and great artists appear in certain periods

of prosperity, and none at other times of equal or more prosperity? Nobody can doubt that there actually exist in the world rich and prosperous countries, where civilisation has risen to a height unknown in history, where life is easy, safe and comfortable. France, England, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Holland and the United States of America, are undeniable testimonies of this statement. Besides, in no known epoch of history have artists been able to work with greater security, nor have they had such a large public solicitous to reward them as now. Compare what any painter, of however small a reputation, gets to-day with what Velasquez or Rembrandt had for their works. Compare the consideration and respect that artists enjoy nowadays, to the point of forming an aristocracy as high and proud as that of blood, with the scornful patronage accorded them by persons of distinction in other centuries, and the wretched pittance occasionally granted them by kings. What more favourable moment could present itself for the flower of poetry to open its petals to the light, and display its most brilliant colours? Fame, money, security are all in the hands of the artist who can distinguish himself, and yet our painters and sculptors cannot compare with those of other epochs! Music, the most modern of arts, has for some years been quite decadent, and literature, as I will soon show, equally so.

“There are,” say naturalistic philosophers, “physiological reasons which explain and determine this phenomenon of life.” I do not doubt it. Man is completely subject to the forces working in the heart of nature, which generate, as much as they hinder, the development of individuals and races. But the action of such forces is so mysterious, it works by ways so strange to us that we can only vaguely attribute to them what happens in the world. Our mind demands more approximate reasons. I will now, in all humility, suggest a rational solution of the problem, in the hope that if it do not satisfy the reader, it will at least help him to think it out, and solve it for himself.

As there is no reason why the first fifty years of a century should give birth to a hundred artists of great merit, and the following fifty give none, I venture to maintain that, given the

same conditions of race, environment, culture, security and stimulus, men are born the same, or equal, in the second half of a century : when there has been no material change in the environment, so there should be as many artists as in the first half. The sole difference is, that whereas in the first half, men born with capacities to feel beauty, and to represent it, were able to bring them to light by a natural and logical development, those in the second half, for causes I will now point out, have not been able to reveal their mental treasures.

I attribute the decadence of the *beaux arts*, where there is no external reason to explain it, to the perversion of taste, and consequent want of a healthy and adequate purpose in artists. I believe it is the taste which determines the height to which the painter, sculptor, or poet can rise in his works. The artists of the epochs of decadence were born as well endowed by nature as those of the most flourishing periods. Let us glance at our own epoch. Let us examine the pictures painted at the present day, the statues sculptured, or let us read attentively the works of imagination published, and nobody can justly deny that they show intellect, invention and study. If not in the majority, for the production is excessive, I see in many of them the hand and intelligence of a superior man perfectly endowed by nature to produce beautiful and lasting works. Why are they not produced? Simply through misdirected intelligence, and a wrong turn given to the artist's inspiration from the environment in which he is born—in short, from a want of *taste*. This absence of taste, above all in the cultivation of the arts, is the prevailing feature of the day. "To be honest as this world goes, is to be one man pick'd out of ten thousand," says Hamlet. And parodying these words, we can say that in the fine arts nowadays a man of good taste is one, not only among ten thousand, but among a hundred thousand. The cause of this perversion of taste is not due to passing circumstances, nor to defects of training, transmitted from some individuals to others, nor to fortuitous aberrations. The cause is deeper in my opinion ; it arises from the same cause that induced the vast artistic superiority of Western over Asiatic art.



in the great development of individual energy. It is equally true that there is no principle so true and effective but what, when exaggerated, becomes an error and a source of ruin, and that the "no extreme" of the Greek oracle is the greatest truth uttered in the world up till now. Superior individual energy, assertion of independence in face of nature, producing such variety of characters, is what has elevated the Greek over the Indian, Western Art over the Asiatic. In the Eastern world are only types, hence the monotony, often not void of beauty and sublimity in its poetic monuments. But that principle, fruitful for civilisation, and particularly for the arts, which engendered the *Iliad*, the *Prometheus Bound*, the Niobe and the Parthenon, and which later gave rise to the portentous works of the Renaissance, when exaggerated in Modern Europe, and drawn out of its just limits, has resulted in want of equilibrium, and consequent decadence. Exaggerated individual energy and independence have become conceit. This is the canker-worm which corrodes and paralyses contemporary artists. Note the method of the ancients, and those who imitated them in the time of the Renaissance. An artist who by his excellent works attains to the merited position of Master, collects around him a more or less numerous company of youths, to whom he reveals the secrets of his art, and whom he imbues with his own spirit, and, under a slow apprenticeship, raises them from assistants to collaborators in his works. The pupil, finally becoming a master, ends by leaving, but he continues working in the same line and with the same methods, and without being conscious of it, and without thinking of "breaking any mould," by the mere force of his own artistic personality, he produces distinctive works as beautiful, or more beautiful than those of his master, but without breaking the bond uniting them. The same thing happens in literature: Homer is the great master of the Hellenic world. All dramatic, epic or lyric poets come to him as the source of inspiration. Æschylus, Sophocles, Pindar, and Euripides modestly confessed that they lived on the crumbs from his table. Later, when Rome becomes the centre of literature, her most notable poets were not above calling themselves disciples

of the Greeks, studying them with veneration, and imitating them with complacency, which has not lowered them in the eyes of posterity. The *Æneid* is an imitation of the *Odyssey*, and yet it has gratified the world for twenty centuries. Sophocles said in the last years of his life that if he had succeeded in writing anything beautiful in his life, it was through renouncing Æschylus' pompous style, and all those refinements of art to which he was too much inclined. These words ought to make any artist think, because they involve the profoundest teaching. When the legendary cycles of Greece had been unravelled, and presented in a marvellous way by the genius of Æschylus in the form of dramatic trilogies, they seemed unsurpassable; Sophocles, nevertheless, did succeed in improving on them. And he would not have achieved this if, led by self-esteem, he had tried to improve upon him by seeking better and brighter effects, and enforcing a style or language. But led solely by the love of the beautiful, and remaining true to its nature, he only tried to produce beautiful and perfect works, without caring to compete with the genius of his glorious predecessor; and through this modesty and moderation, he arrived at being one of the greatest dramatists the world has ever produced.

How different to the present system! Hardly does a young man know how to hold a paint-brush, pen, or chisel than he feels impelled to create something original, if not strange and unheard of; he would think himself humiliated in following the methods or another artist, be he ever so great. The chief business with him is not to work well, but to work in a different mode to others; originality is more to him than beauty. This idea which nowadays has such a strong hold on all heads, even the most empty, reminds us of that graceful epigram of Goethe's on originals. A certain person says, "I do not belong to any School, there exists no living master from whom I would take lessons, and as to the dead, I have never learnt anything from them," which, if I am not mistaken, means, "I am a fool on my own account." What else is this extravagant desire for originality, but, as we have said, an exaggeration of individual energy, a want of equilibrium, the sin,

in fact, of pride? It is sad to confess it, but in the distorted ideal followed by the arts nowadays, the whole censure should not fall on those who cultivate them. The public also incurs a great share of the blame; the public, which instead of asking of them beautiful works, well thought out, and skilfully executed, only demands that they should be unlike others, and in this way it foment the eccentricity and bad taste which have given rise in these latter years to this crowd of extravagant and ridiculous works in which impotence goes arm in arm with vanity. The novel, being the predominant form of present literature, is the chief scene of this prevailing vice.

### III

The novel is of a comprehensive genus, involving the nature of the epic, the drama, and sometimes also entering the realms of lyric poetry. Such scope gives the writer a delightful freedom, not accorded to those who cultivate other more strictly defined branches of art. Not only is it exempt from rhythmic language, but from those fetters which dogmatic rhetoric imposes on epic and lyric poets. The novel in its essence rejects every definition, it is what the novelist wants it to be. But the logical result of such independence is greater responsibility, for however much may be forgiven a novelist, his power of invention must never flag, *esprit* is the indispensable. The novelist is under the imperious necessity never to fatigue the reader, to keep his attention alert, and his spirit led along by invisible forces into the world of imagination. How little do we, who write novels, bear this first requisite of all romantic composition in mind. It seems most often that instead of interesting the reader, and recreating his mind, we try to exhaust his patience. Composition is the reef on which the majority of writers of novels are stranded. There are plenty capable of representing the beauty and interest offered by life and its contrasts, and they are gifted with great imagination, penetration and style. But in my opinion there are very few who really know how to compose a book. This is not because the talent for composing is



loftier or rarer than the others, but because authors do not give it the attention it requires. Newton was once asked, "How did you arrive at the discovery of the law of gravitation?" to which question he modestly replied, "By thinking about it." If novelists strove more to attain perfection in their works, and less to exhibit, at all costs, the gifts they think they possess, or to create a sensation, I believe they would be more beautiful and more enduring. The first thing they should recollect is that a novel is a work of art, therefore a work, in which harmony is essential. This harmony is naturally arrived at by the artist, who knows how to put bounds to his conceptions, and to concentrate the treasures of his imagination, exhibiting those required, and no more. Does such limitation detract from the richness of its substance, the bright portrayal of details, the feeling for colour, the delicate appreciation of the most subtle relations of life? I am far from thinking so. All this can perfectly subsist within definite outlines. Suffice it that the novelist feels the necessity of clearness and proportion.

Man is a limited being, and by the token, all that emanates from him must also be limited. Because the ground of the work of art, which is Ideal beauty, has no limits, it must not be thought that its plastic or conceptive expression can dispense with them. Beauty expresses itself eternally in nature, in a definite, clear, concrete form; in art it ought to be the same. There are many artists who ignore this great truth, they imagine that in leaving the outlines of their work uncertain, they emancipate themselves from the limitations, constituted by their Being, and approximate more to the sublimity and grandeur of the Ideal. It is an optical delusion with which they deceive themselves and deceive others. So when there appears one of these ostentatious, enormous, wearisome works, enveloped in vagueness and mystery, full of symbolical and mystical aspirations, like many of the Romantic School of the past, and nearly all of the modern naturalists, symbolists and decadents, the public is delighted, it thinks that there is an ineffable mystery behind those clouds, that it will finally discover and contemplate the eternal secret, and so it runs eagerly to see

the miracle, but it soon turns away sad and disillusioned, because behind so much show there is absolutely nothing. The portentous work soon lapses into obscurity, whilst a well-defined, clear and harmonious one, like the *Odyssey*, *The Syracusans* by Theocritus, *Hermann und Dorothea* by Goethe, continue from century to century, each fresh as a rose, reflecting the immortal beauty of the universe. I sometimes think that this necessary harmony in the composition of the novel is equivalent to simplicity. The novel participates, as I have said, in the nature of the drama, and in that of the epic, but more, in my opinion, in that of the latter. It is not then essential for the action to advance rapidly until the end without any lapse, like that of the drama, but it can go slowly, stopping every minute to relate episodes, or to describe countries and customs, like epic poems, because, as Schiller remarks so wisely, the action with the dramatic poet is the true aim, whereas with the epic writer (let us say novelist in this case) it is only a medium to bring forward an absolute and æsthetic object. Now what is this absolute æsthetic object which the epic poet and the novelist pursue? Schiller again describes it with admirable clearness in another of his letters. The mission of the epic poet is to reveal entirely the innermost truth of the event: he only describes the existence of things, and the effect that they naturally produce; that is why, instead of hastening to the end of the narration, we are pleased to be arrested at every moment in its course. The novelist is therefore permitted to stop where he thinks fit, like the epic poet. If he like clearness and moderation, his work will be clear and harmonious, although it may frequently be discursive. Nobody will dare deny these qualities to the *Odyssey*, the *Æneid*, or *Don Quixote*, and *Gil Blas de Santillana*, in spite of their numerous episodes. We must guard against confounding harmony either with simplicity of plot or with regularity of design. It is something profounder and more spiritual, arising spontaneously from the beauty of the subject and the equilibrium of the artist's faculties.

There is no need to remind the novelist that this liberty must be subordinated to the inevitable exigency of every work of art to

interest. So the episodes of the novel must have, like those of an epic poem, an absolute and independent value, or, what comes to the same thing, they must exercise on the mind the fascination which beauty produces. If they give no pleasure, they should be suppressed. The empirical rule of composition (and as it seems impertinent of me to dogmatise on this point, I will add, in my opinion) is that the episodes ought to be as little detached as possible from the principal plot, and even if not apparent a secret relation should be maintained between them and it. The most plausible episodes are those which give a relative value to the beauty of the main plot, throwing into relief the principal character of the work, or giving what is now called *local colouring*; this is the revelation of the mysterious bond which unites man with the nature, characters, and situations in which his mental activity is exercised. Almost all those of *Don Quixote* conform admirably with this requirement. But those of other Spanish novelists, like Mateo Aleman, Vicente Espinel, Vilez de Guevara, Céspedes, etc., weary us with their prolixity, if not by their insipidity. And, in spite of their excellence, it is the same thing with some foreign writers, like Richardson, Fielding, Dickens, Jean Paul Richter, etc.

I will remark that this tendency to diverge has much decreased at the present time. Actual novelists have more pleasure in seizing a plot and pursuing it without any divagations or break, than in taking up secondary narrations, more or less removed from the chief, as did those of the last century, and of the first half of this. Nevertheless, in this point the writers of the Latin race are more distinguished for their love of unity than are the Germans and Slavs always inclined to a predilection for variety. The works of these latter are characterised by a great richness of ideas and sentiments; in those of some of them there is much delicacy of perception in seizing the most subtle relations of the Ideal world which *évades* us; but they are not generally so well composed as those of the Latins. I will illustrate my meaning from two modern writers who have passed away—Dostoievsky, a Russian writer, and Silvio Pellico, an Italian, who both narrated the

history of their martyrdom in prison, where they were incarcerated for similar reasons. The book of the former, entitled *Recollections of the House of Death*, is more original than that of the latter, its sentiment perhaps more profound, its power of observation indisputably more delicate, but on the other side, the author is visibly deficient in the power of composition, and in spite of its brilliant qualities, the book cannot be read without fatigue. On the contrary, the work of the Italian writer, called *My Prison*, albeit less powerful, is so much clearer, fresher, and better equilibrated, and so admirably composed, that it has become a classic, read in every country with real delight.

The length of the novel is also intimately connected with its composition, because it is next to impossible to write a good one of exaggerated dimensions. It seems at first sight stupid to indicate material limits to a poetic work, and to clip the wings of the artist. But it is more stupid to write works out of proportion, which lead to the author being accused of presumption or, what is worse, of fatuity. The immoderate desire to write a great deal is often significant of a puerile wish to make a show of strength and power, without understanding that the true way to exhibit strength is to take a firm hold of the plot and rule it, whilst keeping oneself completely in hand and under control. In like manner the exaltation, which gives rise sometimes to acts of valour and heroism, and to inspired work in the spiritual line, is not, according to doctors, an indication of a vigorous nervous system, but of a feeble and weak one. The author who writes voluminously should understand that all that his work gains in extension loses in intensity, and that there is no plot which cannot, and should not be developed in moderation. The *Ramayana*, the *Iliad*, and the *Odyssey*, epics that reflect entire civilisations, and which convey a world of ideas and customs, of events, of scientific and historic remarks, do not contain as many pages as certain modern novels. Moreover, an author who wishes to be read not only in his life, but after his death (and the author who does not wish this, should lay aside his pen), cannot shut his eyes, when unblinded by vanity, to the fact that not only is it neces-



sary to produce a fine work to save himself from oblivion, but it must not be a very long one. The world contains so many great and beautiful works that it requires a long life to read them all. To ask the public, always anxious for novelty, to read a production of inordinate length, when so many others are demanding his attention, seems to me useless and ridiculous. I do not lay this down as an absolute principle, because there may be a work of such superior merit that, long or short, it will be read from century to century; I am only speaking of ordinary compositions. The most noteworthy instance of what I say is seen in the celebrated English novelist Richardson, the author of *Clarissa Harlowe* and *Pamela*, who, in spite of his admirable genius and exquisite sensibility and perspicacity, added to the fact of his being the father of the modern novel, is scarcely read nowadays, at least in Latin countries. Given the indisputable beauty of his works, this can only be due to their extreme length. And the proof of this is, that in France and Spain, to encourage the taste for them, the most interesting parts have been extracted and published in epitomes and compendiums. Such a proceeding seems utter profanation to me, but this is what writers are exposed to who are incapable of concentrating the great faculties with which nature has endowed them. And now I have said sufficient about the structure, or skeleton, of the novel.

#### IV

It is truly said that everything is a legitimate subject for a novel; every part of reality, every fraction of life, reproduced by an inspired writer, can engender a novel. This statement, which I consider true to a certain extent, when taken beyond its just limitations, and proclaimed as an absolute principle, has given rise to the trivial and prosaic literature which floods us at the present day. It is true that the human mind can be embellished by contact with every reality when it observes it contemplatively. But it is not less true, that added to this element, purely subjective, there is also in the production of beauty the objective

element which determines its value and force. The pleasure of Velasquez painting his "Drunkards," or that of Rembrandt, when writing his celebrated lecture on anatomy, must have been great; it is always a pleasure to contemplate nature in a disinterested fashion, and more so still to have the faculty of reproducing it with the marvellous exactness of these masters. But the joy of Titian, Correggio, and Raphael must have been infinitely greater, because these fine artists not only became engrossed in nature like the others, not only did they reproduce it with admirable truth, but they lived in intimate relation with its purest and most elevated forms, forms in which nature has been freest to express itself. And when this nature was checked in its development by some obstacle which disfigured it, these painters, guided by their instinct, interpreted it, revealed its secret aim, and helped it to express clearly what it had only stammered confusedly.

The subject, or theme, on which a writer exercises his pen, is not then immaterial. Everything has its value, like the different departments in which man fulfills the law of labour, but some are low and some are high. Perhaps this statement sounds old-fashioned to modern æsthetes, but I find it true. After all, with regard to most of these subjects, the old truth is enough for me. He who paints *still* life well, will never be such a great artist as he who paints *real* life well; he who only reproduces the grosser forms of life and the rudimentary movements of the mind, will not rise to the glory of knowing how to evoke, and place in pathetic conflict, the great passions of the human soul. I consider the stress laid nowadays on the good arrangement of accessories, both in the plastic and poetic arts, absurd. To paint the background of a picture well, the furniture and details, is not to be a painter in the highest acceptance, given by our imagination, to the word. To make a rough rustic speak appropriately, to describe accurately the customs of a country, is not sufficient to merit the title of a great novelist. The Greeks laughed at painters of eating-houses.

I believe so much in the value of the theme chosen for the work, that a worthy and beautiful subject is the best thing that

an artist can possess in his life, it is a real gift from the gods. How many great writers have passed into oblivion through not having had this good fortune!

Where would Cervantes be now if his tiresome sojourn in Argamasilla, which brought him in contact with some original types, had not suggested the characters of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza? On the other hand, there have existed writers who, without possessing a great talent, or rising to the exalted stage of poetic inspiration, called *genius*, have been immortalised, thanks to a fortunate discovery of subject. The most notable instance I know of this, in modern times, is that of the Abbé Prévost, whose creative faculties, judging from the numerous works that he wrote, and which fell to the ground, did not surpass mediocrity, when an interesting episode, perhaps of his own life, perhaps that of a friend, raised him to the height of the finest stars of art. *Manon Lescaut* is one of the most beautiful and best conceived works that the human mind has ever produced. Another writer, who affords an equally or more striking instance of this fact, has just died. The plays of Alexandre Dumas fils are considered by men of taste as false, full of mannerisms, abstract, certain to die when the public taste goes in other directions. Nevertheless, in his celebrated *Dame aux Camélias*, he surpassed himself and rose to the extreme heights of poetry. This drama is so beautiful, so original, so pathetic, exhales such a perfume of poetry mingled with such a profound Christian sentiment, that I much doubt that any other dramatic production of this century can compete with it for the admiration of posterity. Such a gulf between the works of the same author can only be explained by the felicity of the subject.

I do not deny, however, that there have existed writers, like Shakespeare and Molière, capable of attaining not only in one, but in many, of their works, to a high degree of perfection; but let us remember that Shakespeare and Molière did not invent their plots, they took them from whence they chose. Their powerful instinct made them understand what they ended in stating, that beautiful themes are rare in poetry, and that sometimes a mediocre writer,

and even a fool, may light upon them, and then, for the good of humanity, it is legitimate to take them.

The method of contemporaneous writers is quite different. Equipped with the theory that all life is a worthy subject for a novel, we accept the most insignificant and insipid acts of ordinary existence, and on that we write a story.

Consequently the majority of novels and dramatic works are wanting in power and interest, however vigorously drawn the characters may be. I have often been sorry to see writers exercising their great talent on worthless subjects, and I have deplored their want of Shakespeare and Molière's method of taking the good where they could find it. This wretched fear of using subjects already used was unknown to the ancients; Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides had no hesitation in writing on the same subject as we see in the "*Philoctetes*." But our sensitive *amour propre*, the overweening desire for originality, to which we are a prey, makes us feel we are dishonoured if we take a plot from another writer, although we know we should do better by doing so. To hide this dearth of imagination, which is patent, and yet to produce a deep impression, the best known authors actually have recourse to devices which, when I have depicted, will give a succinct idea of the vices to which I feel the modern novel has fallen a prey — vices, nearly all of which could easily disappear if, instead of making it a business to show the public the brightness of our intellect and the force of our imagination, we undertook to write solid and good works. Like the English writer, Thomas Carlyle, I think sincerity is the essence of a superior man (or hero, as he calls him), and that the absence of sincerity, not that of intellect, is what has caused a decadence of modern Art.

One of the most common resources of contemporaneous novelists is what I will term *accumulation*. As ordinary life seldom offers interesting themes for imaginative works, and its simple representation frequently borders on triviality (as we see in a great number of English and German novelists), instead of waiting patiently for life to offer a suitable subject, they prefer to take a long period, and condensing it into a representation of a short space of time



they succeed in making it interesting. It is not, then, a general rule to narrate with truth and art a beautiful episode of the history of a man, or the entire history of this man, when it is interesting, such as that of a soldier, workman, or miner, and with this end in view, paint as a secondary thing the environment, or the places in which this life unfolds itself. The primary consideration of authors of the present day is to describe the life of soldiers, workmen, or miners, making that of some individual of the class a mere accessory and pretext for the picture. This abstract proceeding is not, in my opinion, conformable to the nature of art. And it is no good quoting the example of epic poets, who sometimes resume an entire civilisation in one poem, because, besides the smallness of the number meriting such a name, an epic poet has not followed such a course in a general way, but in a limited and individual one. Homer, or the rhapsodic Homeric poets, do not try to describe in the *Iliad* the Hellenic world before the irruption of the Dorians, but only the anger of Achilles, nor in the *Odyssey* is the Western civilisation depicted, but only the Labours of Ulysses.

However, assuming the legitimacy of these intentions, the present manner of realisation is still censurable. Instead of representing the life of such, or such a country, or class of society quietly, and as it really appears, the novelist, overwhelmed with the desire to make a great impression, exaggerates, falsifies, and accumulates all the data which reality offers them in a dispersed form.

You have only to cast an impartial glance at some of the recent and famous French productions, describing the life of the country and its mines, to be convinced that the writer has not observed or painted them with sincerity, but that he has accumulated in an obviously artificial manner, all the crimes, wickednesses, and horrors that he has read for years in the press, as having happened in different departments in France, into one point. On the other hand, in German, English, and Spanish novels, describing the life of country folk, honour, purity and happiness are the order of the day. This is still more false, as naturalists chiefly take their stand on a

certain fact, to wit, that the self-interest and egoism, which dominate the majority of men, is seen in the most brutal and repugnant form among the uncultured classes. Russian novelists generally follow in the steps of the French, and even surpass them in this respect. I have read a dramatic work entitled *The Power of Darkness*, which in its concentrated horror far exceeds the French. The famous *Kreutzer Sonata*, by the same author, purposes nothing less than to prove that the conjugal relation, sometimes so holy and sweet, involves nothing but sadness, passion, and immorality. With all due respect to those whose talent I do not deny, I go on believing that all is not gloom in life, and that to describe it as it really is, we must rid our heart of all rancour, free it from all disquietude and lust of the flesh, and contemplate it without prejudice. Not only as a convenience, for it absolves the poet from the strict law of inspiration, but as a novelty, the French method is followed by a great number of writers in Europe. Novelty is one of the most imperious necessities insisted on by the public, as well as the artists in the last decade of the nineteenth century. Few tendencies have seemed to me more absurd and inimical to art. Stupid as it may be to live in constant antagonism with one's epoch, it is still more so to enthusiastically conform to its every vagary, and not to wish to enjoy, or value the works which have preceded us. The present moment is a stage of the large and varied evolution of human reason, and although of great importance to us compared with the whole history of this evolution it is of small import. The artist, then, should not depreciate the epoch which gave him birth, but love it, so as to extract from it the divine spirit of poetry which exists in all times and in all places. But he who is incapable of loving the treasures of beauty bequeathed us by our ancestors, will never reach the sacred heights of Olympus. "The best songs," says Telemachus in the *Odyssey*, "are always the newest." With a little thought, one can understand that human passions, the first material on which the poet works, never change in their essential nature with the course of centuries; and even in the social life, if time and space cause changes, they are not so great as they appear at first sight. In

reading Longus, Theocritus and Apuleius, we are astonished to see that life in their times was very similar to ours. Let us take an Indian novel or drama, and it is the same thing. A glance at *Celestina*, the first important monument of our romantic literature, will show us that the vices so admirably shown in it are almost identical with those of the present time, and that its characters think, talk, and act like those we meet every day in the street. On the other hand, other more recent Spanish works, like *Diana* by Montemayor, *El Espanol Gerardo* by Cespedes, the novels by Lopez and Montalban, and most of our romantic comedies, make us think we are contemplating a different world, and that there is a gulf between our way of living, thinking and feeling, and that of those people. What does that mean? To me nothing, but that the former reflect their epoch faithfully, whilst the latter, not knowing how to extract anything interesting from it, preferred to represent it imaginatively.

This last remark involves a subject of supreme interest in the composition of a novel—that of verisimilitude. Modern novelists are much concerned, and with reason, in giving verisimilitude to their conceptions. I nevertheless opine that this course may be carried to excess, and that we have passed irrationally from one extreme to another, from the stupendous incredible adventures with which old writers seasoned their creations, to the prosaic insipidity of the present day. Life is beautiful, and facts have an absolute value. These are the truths to which I bow down both in theory and in practice; but we must recollect that facts are only of æsthetic value when they are *revealers*, when they make our spirit vibrate with emotion for the beautiful. Phenomena have no value in themselves in art. But I shall be asked, “What is the difference between significative facts, or facts which are revelations, and those which are not so?” I confess I can give no answer to that question, it is a mystery to me. The majority of the incidents composing Balzac’s novel entitled *Eugenie Grandet* are commonplace, very vulgar and prosaic, and yet this novel causes profound emotion, and may be regarded as one of the most wonderful productions of the genius of this century. Analogous incidents

in other novels leave us cold, if they do not bore us. Artists themselves cannot explain such a mystery; they feel it, they divine it, and therefore their works are beautiful—that is enough. It is stupid then to give them rules for particular cases; they will take the incidents they require, and in their hands they will always be significant. But one must protest against the absurd supposition that only commonplace and ordinary events ought to be in a novel. On the contrary, on rare occasions, characters and phenomena arise of such æsthetic value that their reproduction in art is not only convenient, but necessary. On this point it is curious what has happened to me, and what I presume happens to all novelists. I have often had scenes and events which I have taken from life called unlikely, whilst those I have invented have never been considered strange. It is because when I have been present at, or heard any strange thing, I have had no scruple in using it, being sure of its truth, but when I am obliged to invent facts I try to keep clear from all that may seem strange or untrue.

The public and critics are equally on the alert against inverisimilitude, and a poor author hardly steps off the beaten track before the word *false* is hurled at him from all sides. But these shots are generally only fired against material inverisimilitude. Moral inverisimilitude generally escapes them, and yet for the man of good feeling, who knows life, it is surely not less censurable. The novels of certain French writers, written to amuse the upper classes, do not often have grave faults of material inverisimilitude, but they constantly sin against moral verisimilitude. The naturalists themselves are much more severe against the former than the latter. Even Balzac, conversant with life as he was, and representing it with such art, sometimes runs counter to moral logic. I shall never forget the sad effect caused on me in a work so beautiful as *Eugénie Grandet*, by the passage in which the Abbé Cruchet, soon after his cousin's arrival in Paris, warmly suggests to Madame de Gramins that she should let herself be courted by him, with the idea of casting him aside. Such an atrocious treachery was more repugnant to me than the exploits of Artagnan in the *Three Musketeers*, by Alexandre Dumas, père.



To live in an ideal world is the best thing for an artist to do. Imagination is the magic wand that transforms the world and embellishes it. But at the same time one ought to steep oneself occasionally in reality, touch the earth every now and then, for with each touch one will gather fresh strength, as did the giant Antaeus. Fact has an inestimable value, which is vainly sought for in the flights of the spirit. All abstractions disappear before it; it is the true revealer of the essence of things, not the conceptions which our mind extracts from them, and in the last resource one has to resort to it for the basis of all judgment, and for the enjoyment of any beauty. I give unqualified approbation, then, to this respect felt by good novelists for truth, and the care with which they try to avoid its falsification, even to the most insignificant details. But, at the same time, I think that an exaggerated importance is given to the accuracy of what we may call, in the language of painters, accessories. It must be borne in mind that moral truth, *i.e.* that of sentiment and character, is that which is fully found in the dominions of the poet, and his responsibility consists chiefly in the use he makes of it.

In olden times, novelists had licence to give vent to all kinds of scientific or historic absurdities. Now it is rightly exacted that they be in conformity with true discoveries. But we have come to the opposite extreme, and we are violently attacked, as if we had committed a crime, at the slightest error, not only in a physical, historical, or mathematical point, but in one of costume or archaeology. We are required to be walking encyclopædias. Therefore many writers who know the mania for criticism, and try not to run counter to it, not only guard against these errors, but every time they touch upon points of politics, administration, art, customs, or fashions, they give really learned discourses on these subjects. The reader is bored, but what does that matter as long as the critic is delighted, and he pleases the common herd, which do not know what to like? Nevertheless, these gentlemen can think what they like, but accuracy is not what is most required of the artist, but rather the inducing a sense of the beautiful. Homer did not cease to be the greatest poet because he thought that the river

Ocean encompassed the earth. This craving for accuracy, which I like in principle, has given rise to the necessity of seeking a model for everything which is represented. Painters will not touch a brush, nor sculptors the clay, without a model before them. Following their example, modern novelists carry a notebook in their pocket, to put down what they hear. They all think it ridiculous to work from memory, and yet this was the method among great artists of past centuries. Rubens could not have had models for the thousands of figures he painted. The proof of this is that he painted even landscapes from memory, and there exists one of his, in which the light comes from two opposite sides, which is absurd. And yet the picture is very beautiful. Neither Shakespeare, Molière, nor Balzac witnessed the scenes they describe, nor knew the characters they represent. Schiller confessed that his retired and hard-working life gave him very few opportunities of observing men. The model may then be necessary, but we must confess it shows a want of power.

The painter, be it Rubens, Vinci, or Titian, has nature impressed on his brain; it suffices him to have seen an object to be able to draw it with a sure hand, even when hidden by time and distance. The poet has no need to see what he writes. He bears in himself the entire soul of humanity, and a slight sign suffices for him to recognise it in any man. It is in him and in the saint that we see most clearly the essential identity of human beings, for both know intuitively, directly and without the necessity of experience, the heart of man. "I should disguise from myself a grave fact," said Saint Juan de la Cruz to his hearers, "did I ignore that your souls form part of mine. You and I are distinct beings in the world, in God is our common origin, thus we are one being and live one life."

For those novelists, whose imagination has not risen to that supreme height of strength to permit them to write without careful daily observation, real data is of absolute necessity, but as a powerful aid to the imagination, I venture to counsel the contemplative, not practical, study of the plastic arts. The novelist ought to frequent museums of painting and sculpture, to accustom

himself to describe by means of clear and precise images. Moreover, it is a means of counteracting the fatal mania for psychological analysis, as artificial as it is false, which now prevails. Neither Cervantes, Shakespeare, nor Molière required such full voluminous pages to make us see a character, to make it live for us, to engrave it profoundly on our memory.

It is only just, however, to show, that if the modern novel has erred in these fanciful analyses which spoil it, it has avoided one rock on which old masters were frequently stranded, and that is, *reflections*. There is nothing more prejudicial to the beauty of a novel than this philosophising, vulgar when it is not puerile, with which many novelists season their productions. Interpreting at every step the hidden meaning of the incidents narrated, and explaining their significance, is insupportable, and militates against the fundamental principles of art. In the novel it is not the author who should speak, but the incidents and characters, and if the work involve any philosophy the reader should find it out for himself. Not to trust to his perspicacity and give it him hot and strong, as Balzac does, for instance, is to spoil the novel and expose it at once to the critic's just remark, that his philosophy is that of a commercial traveller.

Another important merit of the modern naturalistic school is, in my opinion, the importance given to the description of nature, thus uniting the tie, so long ruptured in literature, between man and the exterior world. Since the Indian and Greek poems, objective beauty has not been so exalted, nor has landscape been word painted in such a perfect manner as the French naturalists do it at present. They have acquired such perfection in this line, their clear and flexible idiom gives them such a large vocabulary, that it seems impossible to present a brighter and more perfect picture of the world about us. The novels of Flaubert, especially, cannot be read without feeling oneself subjugated by that pure and picturesque diction which brings before our eyes so many gracious forms and so many brilliant pictures. Nevertheless, this fortunate quality has been abused. The disciples of that master have brought their love of description to such a pitch that the characters and

situations are hardly visible through such thick foliage. Every art has limits drawn by its own nature. When these limits are attempted to be modified or widened, the result is ruin. The abuse of description in literary works marks an intrusion of painting into the realms of poetry. Every one knows the inimical effects of this intrusion of one art upon another.

The violation of sculpture in the attempt to make it express the same as painting is what has denaturalised it in modern times. Making music express concrete ideas, only fit for poetry, is the cause of its deplorable decadence. It is to be feared that the attention given to the *mise en scène* will finally produce the same feebleness and mannerism in literature as it has in painting. In the latter we see details, clothes, furniture, etc., represented in a marvellous way, whilst there is no good painter of the person. Great masters like Rembrandt, Frans Hals, Velasquez, and Titian, on the contrary, did not excel in clothes and other accessories, but concentrated their powers and attention on the other points. Moreover, in poetry the excess of physical descriptions points to the predominance of the physiological over the psychological element, the same as the abuse of harmony in music. The brilliant descriptions of the naturalistic school court the imagination, and help on the work, but such novels rarely leave a deep impression on the mind. In like manner the exquisite harmonies of Wagner and his school delight the ear, but they do not move the soul like the eloquent voice of Beethoven, neither do they make one pass alternately from sadness to joy, like the charming music of Haydn.

To attain a perfect harmony between the background and the figures, and generally between all the elements of the composition, one must imitate the Greeks. They alone have possessed the secret of producing beauty in every point without injury to any one of them, exhibiting the greatest richness united to the greatest sobriety of representing in art the profound harmonies that exist in the real world. The little that remains to us in the Greek romantic line is of as much solid value as its architecture, its sculpture, and its tragedy and comedy. Nothing can equal *Daphne and Chloe*, the celebrated novel by Longus. In it are



united all the perfections of its kind. A simple, interesting story, characters observed with nicety, and presented unaffectedly, exquisite pictures of nature, bright descriptions of customs, a noble and transparent style, all unite to form an enchanting harmony in this beautiful creation. Every word is a pencil stroke, every speech an image, every page a brilliant picture, which is stamped for ever on the imagination. What a vein of facile inspiration runs through it all! What freshness and sobriety in the descriptions! What naturalness in the diction! How far removed from the modern *emphasis*! I aspire to no greater glory in my art than that of calling myself an humble disciple of this immortal work.

This aspiration may perhaps seem ridiculous to modern criticism, or it may be called extravagant. Possibly the preceding remarks will be considered as the expression of a mind incapable of appreciating or understanding either the beauty and the splendour or the profound and powerful thought of the contemporaneous novel. I know that my modest remarks will in no wise influence the prevailing taste. This does not mortify me: firstly, because I have never aspired to exercise the least influence on my times; and secondly, because to change my opinions it would be necessary to change my nature, which is impossible. But nobody should wonder that in my dreamy hours I imagine that, after some years, Europe, fatigued with so much excess, want of proportion, and so much false originality, will once more drink at the crystal fount of Hellenic art. Then our present spurts of strength will be regarded as spasmodic ebullition of a weakened nervous system: they will say that we delighted in representations of physical and moral infirmities, because we were ourselves infirm in body and mind; that we felt ourselves attracted by the deformed and monstrous, because our own evolution was deformed; and that we loved paradox, because our being was paradoxical. And quitting the tortuous paths we trod, and leaving the altars of the Furies, on which we sacrificed, artists of the future will at last walk along the path of moderation, which is the sign of strength, and will deposit the fruits of their intellect at the feet of the Graces. Happy shall I be if I be granted life, long enough to see, albeit from afar, the

promised land! If this be impossible, I am still consoled by the idea that someone reading these lines will approve the spirit of them and accord me his sympathy; and after according a cordial welcome to this kind reader, I will say to him, as the sage Yajnavalkya said to Artabhaga in "*el Brahmana de los cien senderos*" (The Brahmana of the Hundred Paths): "Give me your hand, friend, this knowledge was only made for you and me."

*A. Palenivsky*

## THE ESSENCE OF SIN.

By HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

[Son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge : born 1796 ; studied at Merton and Oriel Colleges, Oxford, but forfeited the Oriel fellowship by dissipation ; wrote beautiful sonnets for the *London Magazine* ; took pupils at Ambleside for a while, and lived there till his death in 1849.]

If I have sinned in act, I may repent ;  
If I have erred in thought, I may disclaim  
My silent error, and yet feel no shame :  
But if my soul, big with an ill intent,  
Guilty in will, by fate be innocent,  
Or being bad, yet murmurs at the curse  
And incapacity of being worse,  
That makes my hungry passion still keep Lent  
In keen expectance of a Carnival,  
Where in all worlds that round the sun revolve,  
And shed their influence on this passive ball,  
Lives there a power that can my soul absolve ?  
Could any sin survive and be forgiven,  
One sinful wish would make a hell of heaven.



## VAIN VIRTUES.

By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

[1828-1882 ; for biographical sketch, see Vol. 10, page 282.]

WHAT is the sorriest thing that enters Hell ?  
None of the sins, — but this and that fair deed  
Which a soul's sin at length could supersede.  
These yet are virgins, whom death's timely knell  
Might once have sainted ; whom the fiends compel

Together now, in snake-bound shuddering sheaves  
 Of anguish, while the pit's pollution leaves  
 Their refuse maidenhood abominable.  
 Night sucks them down, the tribute of the pit,  
     Whose names, half entered in the book of Life,  
     Were God's desire at noon. And as their hair  
 And eyes sink last, the Torturer deigns no whit  
     To gaze, but, yearning, waits his destined wife,  
     The Sin still blithe on earth that sent them *there*



### LOST DAYS.

BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

THE lost days of my life until to-day,  
 What were they, could I see them on the street  
     Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of wheat  
 Sown once for food but trodden into clay?  
 Or golden coins squandered and still to pay?  
     Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet?  
     Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat  
 The undying throats of Hell, athirst alway?  
 I do not see them here; but after death  
     God knows I know the faces I shall see,  
 Each one a murdered self, with low last breath.  
     "I am thyself, — what hast thou done to me?"  
 "And I — and I — thyself," (lo! each one saith,)  
     "And thou thyself to all eternity!"



### THE RED FISHERMAN; OR THE DEVIL'S DECOY.

BY WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

[WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED, English writer of "*vers de société*," was born July 26, 1802, in London. A boy of great early brilliancy, he was prominent in school journalism at Eton, and had a wonderful career at Trinity College, Cambridge. He won a fellowship, contributed much to *Knight's Quarterly*, became a private tutor, entered the law, took to politics, and was member of Parliament for most of the time from 1830 till his death in 1839. His collected "*Poems*" contain several pieces of permanent popularity.]

"O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!" — *Romeo and Juliet*.

THE Abbot arose, and closed his book,  
 And donned his sandal shoon,  
 And wandered forth, alone, to look  
     Upon the summer moon:



A starlight sky was o'er his head,  
A quiet breeze around ;  
And the flowers a thrilling fragrance shed,  
And the waves a soothing sound :  
It was not an hour, nor a scene, for aught  
But love and calm delight ;  
Yet the holy man had a cloud of thought  
On his wrinkled brow that night.  
He gazed on the river that gurgled by,  
But he thought not of the reeds ;  
He clasped his gilded rosary,  
But he did not tell the beads ;  
If he looked to the heaven, 'twas not to invoke  
The Spirit that dwelleth there ;  
If he opened his lips, the words they spoke  
Had never the tone of prayer.  
A pious priest might the Abbot seem,  
He had swayed the crosier well ;  
But what was the theme of the Abbot's dream,  
The Abbot were loath to tell.

Companionless, for a mile or more,  
He traced the windings of the shore.  
Oh, beauteous is that river still,  
As it winds by many a sloping hill,  
And many a dim o'erarching grove,  
And many a flat and sunny cove,  
And terraced lawns, whose bright arcades  
The honeysuckle sweetly shades,  
And rocks, whose very crags seem bowers,  
So gay they are with grass and flowers !  
But the Abbot was thinking of scenery  
About as much, in sooth,  
As a lover thinks of constancy,  
Or an advocate of truth.  
He did not mark how the skies in wrath  
Grew dark above his head ;  
He did not mark how the mossy path  
Grew damp beneath his tread ;  
And nearer he came, and still more near,  
To a pool, in whose recess  
The water had slept for many a year,  
Unchanged and motionless ;  
From the river stream it spread away  
The space of half a rood ;

The surface had the hue of clay  
 And the scent of human blood;  
 The trees and the herbs that round it grew  
 Were venomous and foul,  
 And the birds that through the bushes flew  
 Were the vulture and the owl;  
 The water was as dark and rank  
 As ever a company pumped,  
 And the perch, that was netted and laid on the bank,  
 Grew rotten while it jumped;  
 And bold was the man who thither came  
 At midnight, man or boy,  
 For the place was cursed with an evil name,  
 And that name was "The Devil's Decoy"<sup>23</sup>

The Abbot was weary as abbot could be,  
 And he sat down to rest on the stump of a tree:  
 When suddenly rose a dismal tone —  
 Was it a song, or was it a moan?

"Oho! Oho!  
 Above — below —

Lightly and brightly they glide and go!  
 The hungry and keen on the top are leaping,  
 The lazy and fat in the depths are sleeping;  
 Fishing is fine when the pool is muddy,  
 Broiling is rich when the coals are ruddy."  
 In a monstrous fright, by the murky light,  
 He looked to the left and he looked to the right,  
 And what was the vision close before him,  
 That flung such a sudden stupor o'er him!  
 'Twas a sight to make the hair uprise,  
 And the lifeblood colder run:  
 The startled priest struck both his thighs,  
 And the abbey clock struck one!  
 All alone, by the side of the pool,  
 A tall man sat on a three-legged stool,  
 Kicking his heels on the dewy sod,  
 And putting in order his reel and rod;  
 Red were the rags his shoulders wore,  
 And a high red cap on his head he bore;  
 His arms and his legs were long and bare;  
 And two or three locks of long red hair  
 Were tossing about his scraggy neck,  
 Like a tattered flag o'er a splitting wreck.  
 It might be time, or it might be trouble,  
 Had bent that stout back nearly double,

Sunk in their deep and hollow sockets  
 That blazing couple of Congreve rockets,  
 And shrunk and shriveled that tawny skin,  
 Till it hardly covered the bones within.  
 The line the Abbot saw him throw  
 Had been fashioned and formed long ages ago,  
 And the hands that worked his foreign vest  
 Long ages ago had gone to their rest:  
 You would have sworn, as you looked on them,  
 He had fished in the flood with Ham and Shem!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,  
 As he took forth a bait from his iron box.  
 Minnow or gentle, worm or fly —  
 It seemed not such to the Abbot's eye;  
 Gayly it glittered with jewel and gem,  
 And its shape was the shape of a diadem.  
 It was fastened a gleaming hook about  
 By a chain within and a chain without;  
 The fisherman gave it a kick and a spin,  
 And the water fizzed as it tumbled in!  
 From the bowels of the earth  
 Strange and varied sounds had birth;  
 Now the battle's bursting peal,  
 Neigh of steed and clang of steel;  
 Now an old man's hollow groan  
 Echoed from the dungeon stone;  
 Now the weak and wailing cry  
 Of a stripling's agony!  
 Cold by this was the midnight air;  
 But the Abbot's blood ran colder,  
 When he saw a gasping knight lie there,  
 With a gash beneath his clotted hair,  
 And a hump upon his shoulder.  
 And the loyal churchman strove in vain  
 To mutter a Paternoster;  
 For he who writhed in mortal pain  
 Was camped that night on Bosworth plain —  
 The cruel Duke of Glo'ster!

There was turning of keys and creaking of locks,  
 As he took forth a bait from his iron box.  
 It was a haunch of princely size,  
 Filling with fragrance earth and skies.

The corpulent Abbot knew full well  
The swelling form and the steaming smell;  
Never a monk that wore a hood  
Could better have guessed the very wood  
Where the noble hart had stood at bay,  
Weary and wounded, at close of day.

Sounded then the noisy glee  
Of a reveling company —  
Sprightly story, wicked jest,  
Rated servant, greeted guest,  
Flow of wine and flight of cork,  
Stroke of knife and thrust of fork:  
But, where'er the board was spread,  
Grace, I ween, was never said!  
Pulling and tugging the Fisherman sat;  
And the Priest was ready to vomit,  
When he hauled out a gentleman, fine and fat,  
With a belly as big as a brimming vat,  
And a nose as red as a comet.  
“A capital stew,” the Fisherman said,  
“With cinnamon and sherry!”  
And the Abbot turned away his head,  
For his brother was lying before him dead —  
The Mayor of St. Edmund's Bury!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,  
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.  
It was a bundle of beautiful things —  
A peacock's tail, and a butterfly's wings,  
A scarlet slipper, an auburn curl,  
A mantle of silk, and a bracelet of pearl,  
And a packet of letters, from whose sweet fold  
Such a stream of delicate odors rolled,  
That the Abbot fell on his face, and fainted,  
And deemed his spirit was halfway sainted.

Sounds seemed dropping from the skies,  
Stifled whispers, smothered sighs,  
And the breath of vernal gales,  
And the voice of nightingales:  
But the nightingales were mute,  
Envious, when an unseen lute  
Shaped the music of its chords  
Into passion's thrilling words:



"Smile, Lady, smile! I will not set  
 Upon my brow the coronet,  
 Till thou wilt gather roses white  
 To wear around its gems of light.  
 Smile, Lady, smile! — I will not see  
 Rivers and Hastings bend the knee,  
 Till those bewitching lips of thine  
 Will bid me rise in bliss from mine.  
 Smile, Lady, smile! — for who would win  
 A loveless throne through guilt and sin?  
 Or who would reign o'er vale and hill,  
 If woman's heart were rebel still?"

One jerk, and there a lady lay,  
 A lady wondrous fair;  
 But the rose of her lip had faded away,  
 And her cheek was as white and as cold as clay,  
 And torn was her raven hair.  
 "Aha!" said the Fisher, in merry guise,  
 "Her gallant was hooked before;"  
 And the Abbot heaved some piteous sighs,  
 For oft he had blessed those deep blue eyes,  
 The eyes of Mistress Shore!

There was turning of keys and creaking of locks,  
 As he took forth a bait from his iron box.  
 Many the cunning sportsman tried,  
 Many he flung with a frown aside;  
 A minstrel's harp, and a miser's chest,  
 A hermit's cowl, and a baron's crest,  
 Jewels of luster, robes of price,  
 Tomes of heresy, loaded dice,  
 And golden cups of the brightest wine  
 That ever was pressed from the Burgundy vine.  
 There was a perfume of sulphur and niter,  
 As he came at last to a bishop's miter!

From top to toe the Abbot shook,  
 As the Fisherman armed his golden hook,  
 And awfully were his features wrought  
 By some dark dream or wakened thought.  
 Look how the fearful felon gazes  
 On the scaffold his country's vengeance raises,  
 When the lips are cracked and the jaws are dry  
 With the thirst which only in death shall die.

Mark the mariner's frenzied frown,  
 As the swirling wherry settles down,  
 When peril has numbed the sense and will,  
 Though the hand and the foot may struggle still:  
 Wilder far was the Abbot's glance,  
 Deeper far was the Abbot's trance:  
 Fixed as a monument, still as air,  
 He bent no knee, and he breathed no prayer;  
 But he signed — he knew not why or how —  
 The sign of the Cross on his clammy brow.

There was turning of keys and creaking of locks,  
 As he stalked away with his iron box.

“Oho! Oho!

The cock doth crow;

It is time for the Fisher to rise and go.  
 Fair luck to the Abbot, fair luck to the shrine!  
 He hath gnawed in twain my choicest line;  
 Let him swim to the north, let him swim to the south,  
 The Abbot will carry my hook in his mouth!”

The Abbot had preached for many years  
 With as clear articulation  
 As ever was heard in the House of Peers  
 Against Emancipation;  
 His words had made battalions quake,  
 Had roused the zeal of martyrs,  
 Had kept the Court an hour awake,  
 And the King himself three quarters:  
 But ever since that hour, 'tis said,  
 He stammered and he stuttered,  
 As if an ax went through his head  
 With every word he uttered.  
 He stuttered o'er blessing, he stuttered o'er ban,  
 He stuttered, drunk or dry;  
 And none but he and the Fisherman  
 Could tell the reason why!



## LUST.

By SHAKESPEARE.

THE expense of spirit in a waste of shame  
 Is lust in action; and till action, lust

Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,  
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;  
 Enjoyed no sooner but despised straight;  
 Past reason hunted, and no sooner had  
 Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait  
 On purpose laid to make the taker mad;  
 Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;  
 Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;  
 A bliss in proof—and proved, a very woe;  
 Before, a joy proposed, behind, a dream.

All this the world well knows; yet none know well  
 To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

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## LE CHIEN D'OR.

BY WILLIAM KIRBY.

[WILLIAM KIRBY, who was born in England in 1817, was but a young lad when his parents established their home in Canada. For sixty-five years of his long life he lived in the town of Niagara, where for twenty years he edited and published the *Mail*. From 1871 to 1895 he was Collector of Customs there, but his public duties did not preclude literary activity. His writings, aside from journalistic works, include an epic poem, "The United Empire," another volume of poetry, "The Canadian Idylls," and a novel, "*Le Chien d'Or*" ("The Golden Dog"). This novel, one of the very first in which the romantic early history of Quebec was used for a background, is without doubt the best of Kirby's productions. It has been published in several editions, in England, Canada and the United States, has been translated into French, and is still very widely read. The following selection is a chapter from the heart of the book, "*Le Chien d'Or*," copyright, 1897, by L. C. Page & Company.]

ON the Rue Buade, a street commemorative of the gallant Frontenac, stood the large, imposing edifice newly built by the Bourgeois Philibert, as the people of the colony fondly called Nicholas Jaquin Philibert, the great and wealthy merchant of Quebec, and their champion against the odious monopolies of the Grand Company, favored by the Intendant.

The edifice was of stone, spacious and lofty, but in style solid, plain and severe. It was a wonder of architecture in New France, and the talk and admiration of the colony from Tadousac to Ville Marie. It comprised the city residence of the Bourgeois as well as suites of offices and warerooms connected with his immense business.

The house was bare of architectural adornments; but on its facade, blazing in the sun, was the gilded sculpture that so much piqued the curiosity of both citizens and strangers, and

was the talk of every seignior in the land. The tablet of the *Chien d'Or*—the Golden Dog with its enigmatical inscription—looked down defiantly upon the busy street beneath, where it is still to be seen, perplexing the beholder to guess its meaning, and exciting our deepest sympathies over the tragedy of which it remains the sole sad memorial.

Above and beneath the figure of a couchant dog, gnawing the thigh bone of a man, is graven the weird inscription, cut deeply in the stone, as if for all future generations to read and ponder over its meaning:—

“Je suis un chien qui ronge l’os  
En le rongeant je prends mon repos  
Un temps viendra qui n’est pas venu  
Que je mordrai qui m’aura mordu.”

Or in English :

“I am a dog that gnaws his bone,  
I couch and gnaw it all alone—  
A time will come, which is not yet,  
When I’ll bite him by whom I’m bit.”

The magazines of the Bourgeois Philibert presented not only an epitome, but a substantial portion of the commerce of New France. Bales of furs, which had been brought down in fleets of canoes from the wild, almost unknown regions of the Northwest, lay piled up to the beams; skins of the smooth beaver, the delicate otter, black and silver fox, so rich to the eye and silky to the touch, that the proudest beauties longed for their possession; seal skins to trim the gowns of portly burgomasters, and ermine to adorn the robes of nobles and kings. The spoils of the wolf, bear and buffalo, worked to the softness of cloth by the hands of Indian women, were stored for winter wear, and to fill the sledges with warmth and comfort when the northwest wind freezes the snow to fine dust, and the aurora borealis moves in stately procession, like an army of spearmen, across the northern sky. The harvests of the colonists, the corn, the wool, the flax, the timber (enough to build whole navies), the mighty pines fit to mast the tallest admiral, were stored upon the wharves and in the warehouses of the Bourgeois upon the banks of the St. Lawrence, with iron from the royal forges of the Three Rivers, and heaps of ginseng from the forests, a product worth its weight in gold, and eagerly exchanged by the Chinese for their teas, silks, and sycee silver.



The stately mansion of Belmont overlooking the picturesque valley of the St. Charles, was the residence proper of the Bourgeois Philibert, but the shadow that in time falls over every hearth had fallen upon his, when the last of his children, his beloved son Pierre, left home to pursue his military studies in France. During Pierre's absence the home at Belmont, although kept up with the same strict attention which the Bourgeois paid to everything under his rule, was not occupied by him. He preferred his city mansion, as more convenient for his affairs, and resided therein. His partner of many years of happy wedded life had been long dead; she left no void in his heart that another could fill, but he kept up a large household for friendship sake, and was lavish in his hospitality. In secret he was a grave, solitary man, caring for the present only for the sake of the thousands dependent on him—living much with the memory of the dear dead, and much with the hope of the future in his son Pierre.

The Bourgeois was a man worth looking at, and, at a glance, one to trust to, whether you sought the strong hand to help, the wise head to counsel, or the feeling heart to sympathize with you. He was tall, and strongly knit, with features of a high patrician cast, a noble head, covered thick with grizzly hair—one of those heads so tenacious of life, that they never grow bald, but carry to the grave the snows of a hundred years. His quick grey eyes caught your meaning ere it was half spoken. A nose and chin moulded with beauty and precision, accentuated his handsome face. His lips were grave even in their smile, for gayety was rarely a guest in the heart of the Bourgeois. A man keenly susceptible to kindness, but strong in resentments and not to be placated without the fullest atonement.

The Bourgeois sat by the table in his spacious, well furnished drawing-room, which overlooked the Rue Buade, and gave him a glimpse of the tall new cathedral and the trees and gardens of the seminary. He was engaged in reading letters and papers just arrived from France by the frigate, rapidly extracting their contents and pencilling on their margins *memos*. for further reference to his clerks.

The only other occupant of the room was a very elderly lady, in a black gown of rigid Huguenot fashion. A close white cap, tied under her chin, set off to the worst advantage her sharp, yet kindly, features. Not an end of ribbon or edge of lace could be seen to point to one hair-breadth of indulgence in the vanities of the world by this strict old Puritan, who, under this unpromis-

ing exterior, possessed the kindest heart in Christendom. Her dress, if of rigid severity, was of saintly purity, and almost pained the eye with its precision and neatness. So fond are we of some freedom from over-much care as from over-much righteousness, that a stray tress, a loose ribbon, a little rent even, will relieve the eye and hold it with a subtle charm. Under the snow white hair of Dame Rochelle—for she it was—the worthy old housekeeper and ancient governess of the House of Philibert, you saw a kind, intelligent face. Her dark eyes betrayed her Southern origin confirmed by her speech, which, although refined by culture, still retained the soft intonation and melody of her native Languedoc.

Dame Rochelle, the daughter of an ardent Calvinist minister, was born in the fatal year of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, when Louis XIV. undid the glorious work of Henri Quatre, and covered France with persecution and civil war, filling foreign countries with the elect of her population, her industry and her wealth, exiled in the name of religion.

Dame Rochelle's childhood had passed in the trying scenes of the great persecution; and in the succeeding civil wars of the Cevennes, she lost all that was nearest and dearest to her—her father, her brothers, her kindred nearly all, and lastly a gallant gentleman of Dauphiny, to whom she was betrothed. She knelt beside him at his place of execution—or martyrdom, for he died for his faith—and holding his hands in hers, pledged her eternal fidelity to his memory, and faithfully kept it all her life.

The Count de Philibert, elder brother of the Bourgeois, was an officer of the King; he witnessed this sad scene, took pity upon the hapless girl, and gave her a home and protection with his family in the Chateau of Philibert, where she spent the rest of her life until the Bourgeois succeeded to his childless brother. In the ruin of his house she would not consent to leave them, but followed their fortunes to New France. She had been the faithful friend and companion of the wife of the Bourgeois and the educator of his children, and was now, in her old age, the trusted friend and manager of his household. Her days were divided between the exercises of religion and the practical duties of life. The light that illumined her, though flowing through the narrow window of a narrow creed, was still light of divine origin. It satisfied her faith, and filled her with resignation, hope and comfort.

Her three studies were the Bible, the hymns of Marot, and the sermons of the famous Jurieu. She had listened to the

prophecies of Grande Marie, and had even herself been breathed upon on the top of Mount Peira by the Huguenot prophet,—De Serre.

Good Dame Rochelle was not without a feeling that at times the spiritual gift she had received when a girl made itself manifest by intuitions of the future, which were, after all, perhaps only emanations of her natural good sense and clear intellect—the foresight of a pure mind.

The wasting persecutions of the Calvinists in the mountains of the Cevennes, drove men and women wild with desperate fanaticism. De Serre had an immense following. He assumed to impart the Holy Spirit and the gift of tongues by breathing upon the believers. The refugees carried his doctrines to England, and handed down their singular ideas to modern times; and a sect may still be found which believes in the gift of tongues and practises the power of prophesying, as taught originally in the Cevennes.

The good dame was not reading this morning, although the volume before her lay open. Her glasses lay upon the page, and she sat musing by the open window, seldom looking out, however, for her thoughts were chiefly inward. The return of Pierre Philibert, her foster child, had filled her with joy and thankfulness, and she was pondering in her mind the details of a festival which the Bourgeois intended to give in honor of the return of his only son.

The Bourgeois had finished the reading of his packet of letters, and sat musing in silence. He, too, was intently thinking of his son. His face was filled with the satisfaction of old Simeon when he cried out of the fullness of his heart: “Domine! nunc dimittis!”

“Dame Rochelle,” said he. She turned promptly to the voice of her master, as she ever insisted on calling him. “Were I superstitious, I should fear that my great joy at Pierre’s return might be the prelude to some great sorrow.”

“God’s blessing on Pierre!” said she; “he can only bring joy to this house. Thank the Lord for what He gives and what He takes! He took Pierre, a stripling, from his home, and returns him a great man, fit to ride at the King’s right hand, and to be over his host like Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada, over the host of Solomon.”

“*Grand merci* for the comparison, Dame!” said the Bourgeois smiling, as he leaned back in his chair. “But Pierre is a Frenchman, and would prefer commanding a brigade in the

army of the Marshal de Saxe to being over the host of King Solomon. But," continued he, gravely, "I am strangely happy to-day, Deborah,"—he was wont to call her Deborah when very earnest—"and I will not anticipate any mischief to mar my happiness. Pshaw! It is only the reaction of over-excited feelings. I am weak in the strength of my joy."

"The still small voice speaks to us in that way, Master, to remind us to place our trust in Heaven, not on earth, where all is transitory and uncertain; for if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all, let him remember the days of darkness, for they are many! We are no strangers to the vanity and shadows of human life, Master! Pierre's return is like sunshine breaking through the clouds. God is pleased if we bask in the sunshine when He sends it."

"Right, Dame! and so we will! The old walls of Belmont shall ring with rejoicing over the return of their heir and future owner."

The Dame looked up delightedly at the remark of the Bourgeois. She knew he had destined Belmont as a residence for Pierre; but the thought suggested in her mind was perhaps the same which the Bourgeois had mused upon when he gave expression to a certain anxiety.

"Master," said she, "does Pierre know that the Chevalier Bigot was concerned in the false accusations against you, and that it was he, prompted by the Cardinal and the Princess de Carignan, who enforced the unjust decree of the Court?"

"I think not, Deborah. I never told Pierre that Bigot was ever more than the *avocat du Roi* in my persecution. It is what troubles me amidst my joy. If Pierre knew that the Intendant had been my false accuser on the part of the Cardinal, his sword would not rest a day in its scabbard without calling Bigot to a bloody account. Indeed, it is all I myself can do to refrain. When I met him for the first time here, in the Palace gate, I knew him again, and looked him full in the eyes, and he knew me. He is a bold hound, and glared back at me without shrinking. Had he smiled I should have struck him; but we passed in silence with a salute as mortal as enemies ever gave each other. It is well, perhaps, I wore not my sword that day, for I felt my passion rising—a thing I abhor. Pierre's young blood would not remain still if he knew the Intendant as I know him. But I dare not tell him! There would be bloodshed at once, Deborah!"

"I fear so, Master! I trembled at Bigot in the old land; I tremble at him here, where he is more powerful than before.



I saw him passing one day. He stopped to read the inscription of the Golden Dog. His face was the face of a fiend as he rode hastily away. He knew well how to interpret it."

"Ha! you did not tell me that before, Deborah!" The Bourgeois rose excitedly. "Bigot read it all, did he? I hope every letter of it was branded on his soul as with red-hot iron!"

"Dear Master, that is an unchristian saying, and nothing good can come of it. 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord!' Our worst enemies are best left in His hands."

The Dame was proceeding in a still more moralizing strain, when a noise arose in the street from a crowd of persons, *habitans* for the most part, congregated round the house. The noise increased to such a degree that they stopped their conversation, and both the Dame and the Bourgeois looked out of the window at the increasing multitude that had gathered in the street.

The crowd had come to the Rue Buade, to see the famous tablet of the Golden Dog, which was talked of in every seigniory in New France; still more, perhaps, to see the Bourgeois Philibert himself—the great merchant, who contended for the rights of the *habitans*, and who would not yield an inch to the Friponne.

The Bourgeois looked down at the ever-increasing throng, country-people for the most part, with their wives, with not a few citizens whom he could easily distinguish by their dress and manner. The Bourgeois stood rather withdrawn from the front, so as not to be recognized, for he hated intensely anything like a demonstration, still less an ovation. He could hear many loud voices, however, in the crowd, and caught up the chief topics they discussed with each other.

His eyes rested several times on a wiry, jerking little fellow, whom he recognized as Jean La Marche, the fiddler, a *censitaire* of the manor of Tilly. He was a well known character, and had drawn a large circle of the crowd around himself.

"I want to see the Bourgeois Philibert!" exclaimed Jean La Marche. "He is the bravest merchant in New France—the people's friend. Bless the Golden Dog, and curse the Friponne!"

"Hurrah for the Golden Dog, and curse the Friponne!" exclaimed a score of voices; "won't you sing, Jean?"

"Not now; I have a new ballad ready on the Golden Dog, which I shall sing to-night—that is, if you will care to listen to me." Jean said this with a very demure air of mock modesty,

knowing well that the reception of a new ballad from him would equal the furor for a new aria from the prima donna of the opera at Paris.

"We will all come to hear it, Jean!" cried they: "but take care of your fiddle, or you will get it crushed in the crowd."

"As if I did not know how to take care of my darling baby!" said Jean, holding his violin high above his head. "It is my only child; it will laugh or cry, and love and scold, as I bid it, and make everybody else do the same when I touch its heart-strings." Jean had brought his violin under his arm, in place of a spade, to help build up the walls of the city. He had never heard of Amphion, with his lyre, building up the walls of Thebes; but Jean knew that in his violin lay a power of work, by other hands, if he played while they labored. "It lightened toil and made work go merrily as the bells of Tilly at a wedding," said he.

There was immense talk, with plenty of laughter and no thought of mischief, among the crowd. The *habitans* of *en haut* and the *habitans* of *en bas* commingled, as they rarely did, in a friendly way. Nor was anything to provoke a quarrel said even to the Acadians, whose rude *patois* was a source of merry jest to the better-speaking Canadians.

The Acadians had flocked in great numbers into Quebec, on the seizure of their Province by the English—sturdy, robust, quarrelsome fellows, who went about challenging people in their reckless way,—*Etions pas mon maitre monsieur?*—but all were civil to-day and *toques* were pulled off, and bows exchanged, in a style of easy politeness that would not have shamed the streets of Paris.

The crowd kept increasing in the Rue Buade. The two sturdy beggars, who vigorously kept their places on the stone steps of the barrier or gateway of the Basse Ville, reaped an unusual harvest of the smallest coin—Max Grimaud, an old disabled soldier, in ragged uniform, which he had worn at the defence of Prague, under the Marshal de Belleisle, and Blind Bartemy, a mendicant born; the former, loud-tongued and importunate, the latter, silent and only holding out a shaking hand for charity. No Finance Minister or Royal Intendant studied more earnestly the problem of how to tax the kingdom, than Max and Blind Bartemy how to toll the passers-by, and with less success, perhaps.

To-day was a red letter day for the sturdy beggars, for the news flew fast that an ovation of some popular kind was to be

given to the Bourgeois Philibert. The *habitans* came trooping up the rough mountain-road that leads from the Basse Ville to the Upper Town, and up the long stairs, lined with the stalls of Basque pedlars, cheating, loquacious varlets; which formed a by-way from the lower regions of the Rue de Champlain, a break-neck thoroughfare, little liked by the old and asthmatical, but nothing to the sturdy "climbers" as the *habitans* called the lads of Quebec, or the light-footed lasses, who displayed their trim ankles, as they flew up the breezy steps to church or market.

Max Grimau and Blind Bartemy had ceased counting their coins. The passers-by came up in still increasing numbers, until the street, from the barrier of the Basse Ville to the Cathedral, was filled with a noisy, good-humored crowd, without an object, except to stare at the Golden Dog, and a desire to catch a glimpse of the Bourgeois Philibert.

The crowd had become very dense, when a troop of gentlemen rode at full speed into the Rue Buade, and, after trying recklessly to force their way through, came to a sudden halt, in the midst of the surging mass.

The Intendant, Cadet and Varin, had ridden from Beaumanoir, followed by a train of still flushed guests, who, after a hasty purification, had returned with their host to the city—a noisy troop, loquacious, laughing, shouting, as is the wont of men, reckless at all times, and still more defiant, when under the influence of wine.

"What is the meaning of this rabble, Cadet?" asked Bigot; "they seem to be no friends of yours. That fellow is wishing you in a hot place!" added Bigot, laughing, as he pointed out a *habitan* who was shouting "A bas Cadet!"

"Nor friends of yours, either," replied Cadet. "They have not recognized you yet, Bigot. When they do, they will wish you in the hottest place of all!"

The Intendant was not known personally to the *habitans*, as were Cadet, Varin and the rest. Loud shouts and execrations were freely vented against these, as soon as they were recognized.

"Has this rabble waylaid us to insult us?" asked Bigot. "But it can hardly be that they knew of our return to the city to-day." The Intendant began to jerk his horse round impatiently, but without avail.

"Oh, no, your Excellency! it is the rabble which the Governor has summoned to the King's *corvée*. They are paying their respects to the Golden Dog, which is the idol the mob wor-

ships just now. They did not expect us to interrupt their devotions, I fancy."

"The vile *moutons*! their fleece is not worth the shearing!" exclaimed Bigot, angrily, at the mention of the Golden Dog, which, as he glanced upward, seemed to glare defiantly upon him.

"Clear the way, villains!" cried Bigot, loudly, while darting his horse into the crowd. "Plunge that Flanders cart-horse of yours into them, Cadet, and do not spare their toes!"

Cadet's rough disposition chimed well with the Intendant's wish. "Come on, Varin, and the rest of you," cried he, "give spur and fight your way through the rabble."

The whole troop plunged madly at the crowd, striking right and left with their heavy hunting whips. A violent scuffle ensued; many *habitans* were ridden down and some of the horsemen dismounted. The Intendant's Gascon blood got furious. He struck heavily, right and left, and many a bleeding toque marked his track in the crowd.

The *habitans* recognized him at last, and a tremendous yell burst out, "Long live the Golden Dog! Down with the Friponne!" while the more bold ventured on the cry, "Down with the Intendant, and the thieves of the Grand Company!"

Fortunately for the troop of horsemen, the *habitans* were utterly unarmed. But stones began to be thrown, and efforts were made by them, not always successfully, to pull the riders off their horses. Poor Jean La Marche's darling child, his favorite violin, was crushed at the first charge. Jean rushed at the Intendant's bridle, and received a blow which levelled him.

The Intendant and all the troop now drew their swords. A bloody catastrophe seemed impending, when the Bourgeois Philibert, seeing the state of affairs, dispatched a messenger with tidings to the Castle of St. Louis, and rushed himself into the street amidst the surging crowd, imploring, threatening and compelling them to give way.

He was soon recognized, and cheered by the people; but even his influence might have failed to calm the fiery passions excited by the Intendant's violence, had not the drums of the approaching soldiery suddenly resounded above the noise of the riot. In a few minutes, long files of glittering bayonets were seen streaming down the Rue du Fort. Colonel St. Remi rode at their head, forming his troops in position to charge the crowd. The Colonel saw at once the state of affairs, and being a man of judgment, commanded peace before resorting to force. He was at once obeyed. The people stood still and in silence. They fell back



quietly before the troops. They had no purpose to resist the authorities—indeed, had no purpose whatever. A way was made clear by the soldiers, and the Intendant and his friends were extricated from their danger.

They rode at once out of the mob, amid a volley of execrations, which were replied to by angry oaths and threats of the cavaliers as they galloped across the Place d'Armes, and rode pell-mell into the gateway of the Chateau of St. Louis.

The crowd, relieved of their presence, grew calm; and some of the more timid of them got apprehensive of the consequences of this outrage upon the Royal Intendant. They dispersed quietly, singly, and in groups, each one hoping that he might not be called upon to account for the day's proceedings.

The Intendant and his cortège of friends rode furiously into the court-yard of the Chateau of St. Louis, dishevelled, bespattered, and some of them hatless. They dismounted and, foaming with rage, rushed through the lobbies and with heavy trampling of feet, clattering of scabbards, and a bedlam of angry tongues, burst into the Council Chamber.

The Intendant's eyes shot fire. His Gascon blood was at fever heat, flushing his swarthy cheek like the purple hue of a hurricane. He rushed at once to the Council table and, seeing the Governor, saluted him, but spoke in tones forcibly kept under by a violent effort.

"Your Excellency and Gentlemen of the Council will excuse our delay," shouted Bigot, "when I inform you that *I*, the Royal Intendant of New France, have been insulted, pelted, and my very life threatened by a seditious mob congregated in the streets of Quebec."

"I grieve much and sympathize with your Excellency's indignation," replied the Governor, warmly. "I rejoice you have escaped unhurt. I dispatched the troops to your assistance, but have not yet learned the cause of the riot."

"The cause of the riot was the popular hatred of myself, for enforcing the royal ordinances, and the seditious example set the rabble by the notorious merchant, Philibert, who is at the bottom of all mischief in New France."

The Governor looked fixedly at the Intendant, as he replied quietly: "The *Sieur* Philibert, although a merchant, is a gentleman of birth and loyal principles, and would be the last man alive, I think, to excite a riot. Did you see the Bourgeois, Chevalier?"

"The crowd filled the street near his magazines, cheering

for the Bourgeois and the Golden Dog. We rode up and endeavored to force our way through. But I did not see the Bourgeois himself, until the disturbance had attained its full proportions."

"And then, your Excellency? Surely the Bourgeois was not encouraging the mob, or participating in the riot?"

"No! I do not charge him with participating in the riot, although the mob were all his friends and partisans. Moreover," said Bigot, frankly, for he felt he owed his safety to the interference of the Bourgeois, "it would be unfair not to acknowledge that he did what he could to protect us from the rabble. I charge Philibert with sowing the sedition that caused the riot, not with rioting himself."

"But I accuse him of both, and of all the mob has done!" thundered Varin, enraged to hear the Intendant speak with moderation and justice. "The house of the Golden Dog is a den of traitors. It ought to be pulled down, and its stones built into a monument of infamy, over its owner, hung like a dog in the market-place."

"Silence, Varin!" exclaimed the Governor sternly. "I will not hear the *Sieur Philibert* spoken of in these injurious terms. The Intendant does not charge him with this disturbance; neither shall you."

"*Par Dieu!* you shall not, Varin!" burst in *La Corne St. Luc*, roused to unusual wrath by the opprobrium heaped upon his friend the Bourgeois. "And you shall answer to me for what you have said!"

"*La Corne! La Corne!*" The Governor saw a challenge impending, and interposed with vehemence. "This is a Council of War, and not a place for recriminations. Sit down, dear old friend, and aid me to get on with the business of the King and his colony, which we are here met to consider."

The appeal went to the heart of *La Corne*. He sat down. "You have spoken generously, *Chevalier Bigot*, respecting the Bourgeois Philibert," continued the Governor. "I am pleased that you have done so. My aide-de-camp, Colonel Philibert, who is just entering the Council, will be glad to hear that your Excellency does justice to his father in this matter."

"The blessing of *St. Benoit's* boots upon such justice," muttered Cadet to himself. "I was a fool not to run my sword through Philibert, when I had the chance."

The Governor repeated to Colonel Philibert what had been said by Bigot.

Colonel Philibert bowed to the Intendant. "I am under obligation to the Chevalier Bigot," said he, "but it astonishes me much that any one should dare implicate my father in such a disturbance. Certainly the Intendant does him but justice."

This remark was not pleasing to Bigot, who hated Colonel Philibert equally with his father. "I merely said he had not participated in the riot, Colonel Philibert, which was true. I did not excuse your father for being at the head of the party among whom these outrages arise. I simply spoke truth, Colonel Philibert. I do not eke out by the inch my opinion of any man. I care not for the Bourgeois Philibert, more than for the meanest blue cap in his following."

This was an ungracious speech. Bigot meant it to be such. He repented almost of the witness he had borne to the Bourgeois' endeavors to quell the mob. But he was too profoundly indifferent to men's opinions respecting himself to care to lie. Truth was easier than lying, and suited better his moral hardihood. Not that he loved truth for its own sake—far from it; but lying is born of cowardice, and Bigot was no coward; he feared no one, respected no one. When he did lie, it was with deliberate purpose, and without scruple, but he only did it when the object, in his judgment, was worth lying for, and even then he felt self-accused of unmanly conduct.

Colonel Philibert resented the Intendant's sneer at his father. He faced Bigot, saying to him: "The Chevalier Bigot has done but simple justice to my father with reference to his conduct in regard to the riot. But let the Intendant recollect that, although a merchant, my father is above all things a Norman gentleman, who never swerved a hair-breadth from the path of honor—a gentleman whose ancient nobility would dignify even the Royal Intendant." Bigot looked daggers at this thrust at his own comparatively humble origin. "And this I have further to say," continued Philibert, looking straight in the eyes of Bigot, Varin and Cadet, "whoever impugns my father's honor impugns mine; and no man, high or low, shall do that and escape chastisement!"

The greater part of the officers seated round the Council Board listened with marks of approval to Philibert's vindication of his father. But no one challenged his words, although dark ominous looks glanced from one to another among the friends of the Intendant. Bigot smothered his anger for the present, however; and to prevent further reply from his followers, he rose, and begged his Excellency to open the Council.

"We have delayed the business of the King too long with these personal recriminations," said he. "I shall leave this riot to be dealt with by the King's courts, who will sharply punish both instigators and actors in this outrage upon the royal authority."

These words seemed to end the dispute for the present.

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## THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

BY THEODORE O'HARA.

[THEODORE O'HARA (1820-67), American poet and soldier, was born at Danville, Ky., became a lawyer, and served as a volunteer in the Mexican War. The following poem, written to commemorate the Kentucky dead at Buena Vista, is the only one of his many poems which is now remembered. He served as colonel of an Alabama regiment in the Civil War, and is buried beside the subjects of his poem.]

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat  
 The soldiers' last tattoo;  
 No more on Life's parade shall meet  
 That brave and fallen few.  
 On Fame's eternal camping-ground  
 Their silent tents are spread,  
 And Glory guards, with solemn round,  
 The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance  
 Now swells upon the wind;  
 No troubled thought at midnight haunts  
 Of loved ones left behind;  
 No vision of the morrow's stride  
 The warrior's dream alarms;  
 No braying horn nor screaming fire  
 At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,  
 Their plumed heads are bowed;  
 Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,  
 Is now their martial shroud.  
 And plenteous funeral tears have washed  
 The red stains from each brow,  
 And the proud forms, by battle gashed,  
 Are free from anguish now.



The neighing troop, the flashing blade,  
The bugle's stirring blast,  
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,  
The din and shout, are past;  
Nor war's wild note nor glory's peal  
Shall thrill with fierce delight  
Those breasts that nevermore may feel  
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane  
That sweeps his great plateau,  
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,  
Came down the serried foe.  
Who heard the thunder of the fray  
Break o'er the field beneath,  
Knew well the watchword of that day  
Was "Victory or Death."

Long had the doubtful conflict raged  
O'er all that stricken plain,  
For never fiercer fight had waged  
The vengeful blood of Spain;  
And still the storm of battle blew,  
Still swelled the gory tide;  
Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,  
Such odds his strength could bide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command  
Called to a martyr's grave  
The flower of his belovèd land,  
The nation's flag to save.  
By rivers of their fathers' gore  
His first-born laurels grew,  
And well he deemed the sons would pour  
Their lives for glory too.

Full many a norther's breath has swept  
O'er Angostura's plain,  
And long the pitying sky has wept  
Above its mouldered slain.  
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,  
Or shepherd's pensive lay,  
Alone awakes each sullen height  
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,  
Ye must not slumber there,

Where stranger steps and tongues resound  
 Along the heedless air.  
 Your own proud land's heroic soil  
 Shall be your fitter grave:  
 She claims from war his richest spoil—  
 The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,  
 Far from the gory field,  
 Borne to a Spartan mother's breast  
 On many a bloody shield;  
 The sunshine of their native sky  
 Smiles sadly on them here,  
 And kindred eyes and hearts watch by  
 The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!  
 Dear as the blood ye gave;  
 No impious footstep here shall tread  
 The herbage of your grave;  
 Nor shall your glory be forgot  
 While Fame her record keeps,  
 Or Honor points the hallowed spot  
 Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone  
 In deathless song shall tell,  
 When many a vanished age hath flown,  
 The story how ye fell;  
 Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,  
 Nor Time's remorseless doom,  
 Shall dim one ray of glory's light  
 That gilds your deathless tomb.

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## THE CONQUERED BANNER.

BY ABRAM J. RYAN.

[ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN (1839-86), better known as "Father Ryan, the poet-priest of the South," was a chaplain in the Confederate army. He wrote many poems in the intervals of his pastoral duties, but "The Conquered Banner" is best known.]

FURL that Banner, for 't is weary;  
 Round its staff 't is drooping dreary:  
 Furl it, fold it,—it is best;

For there's not a man to wave it,  
And there's not a sword to save it,  
And there's not one left to lave it  
In the blood which heroes gave it,  
And its foes now scorn and brave it:  
Furl it, hide it,—let it rest!

Take that Banner down! 't is tattered;  
Broken is its staff and shattered;  
And the valiant hosts are scattered,  
Over whom it floated high.  
Oh, 't is hard for us to fold it,  
Hard to think there's none to hold it,  
Hard that those who once unrolled it  
Now must furl it with a sigh!

Furl that Banner—furl it sadly!  
Once ten thousand hailed it gladly,  
And ten thousand wildly, madly,  
Swore it should forever wave;  
Swore that foeman's sword should never  
Hearts like theirs entwined dis sever,  
Till that flag should float forever  
O'er their freedom or their grave!

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,  
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,  
Cold and dead are lying low;  
And that Banner—it is trailing,  
While around it sounds the wailing  
Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it,—  
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,  
Weep for those who fell before it,  
Pardon those who trailed and tore it;  
And oh, wildly they deplore it,  
Now to furl and fold it so!

Furl that Banner! True, 't is gory,  
Yet 't is wreathed around with glory,  
And 't will live in song and story  
Though its folds are in the dust!  
For its fame on brightest pages,  
Penned by poets and by sages,  
Shall go sounding down the ages—  
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly !  
Treat it gently—it is holy,  
For it droops above the dead.  
Touch it not—unfold it never ;  
Let it droop there, furled forever,  
For its people's hopes are fled !

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## THE MEANING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY WOODROW WILSON.

(Delivered at Independence Hall, July 4, 1914.)

[(THOMAS) WOODROW WILSON (1856- ), President of the United States, was born at Staunton, Va., and was educated at Davidson College, N. C., Princeton, the University of Virginia and Johns Hopkins. After practising law for a short time in Atlanta, Ga., he turned to scholarship, and after teaching in smaller institutions, became professor and later president of Princeton University. He was governor of New Jersey, 1911-13, and President of the United States, 1913-21. Before entering political life he wrote a number of books on history and government, all showing careful research, sound scholarship, and felicity of style. His service as President was largely engrossed by questions arising from the World War and his various addresses during the period aroused much discussion. His last months in office were embittered by the failure of the United States to join the League of Nations, a project very near his heart.]

WE are assembled to celebrate the one hundred and thirty-eighth anniversary of the birth of the United States. I suppose that we can more vividly realize the circumstances of that birth standing on this historic spot than it would be possible to realize them anywhere else. The Declaration of Independence was written in Philadelphia ; it was adopted in this historic building by which we stand. I have just had the privilege of sitting in the chair of the great man who presided over the deliberations of those who gave the Declaration to the world. My hand rests at this moment upon the table upon which the Declaration was signed. We can feel that we are almost in the visible and tangible presence of a great historic transaction.

In one sense the Declaration of Independence has lost its significance. It has lost its significance as a declaration of national independence. Nobody outside of America believed when it was uttered that we could make good our independence ;



now nobody anywhere would dare to doubt that we are independent and can maintain our independence. As a declaration of independence, therefore, it is a mere historic document. Our independence is a fact so stupendous that it can be measured only by the size and energy and variety and wealth and power of one of the greatest nations in the world. But it is one thing to be independent and it is another thing to know what to do with your independence. It is one thing to come to your majority and another thing to know what you are going to do with your life and your energies; and one of the most serious questions for sober-minded men to address themselves to in the United States is this: What are we going to do with the influence and power of this great Nation? Are we going to play the old role of using that power for our aggrandizement and material benefit only? You know what that may mean. It may upon occasion mean that we shall use it to make the people of other nations suffer in the way in which we said it was intolerable to suffer when we uttered our Declaration of Independence.

A patriotic American is a man who is not niggardly and selfish in the things that he enjoys that make for human liberty and the rights of man. He wants to share them with the whole world, and he is never so proud of the great flag under which he lives as when it comes to mean to other people as well as to himself a symbol of hope and liberty. I would be ashamed of this flag if it did anything outside America that we would not permit it to do inside of America.

The world is becoming more complicated every day, my fellow citizens. No man ought to be foolish enough to think that he understands it all. And, therefore, I am glad that there are some simple things in the world. One of the simple things is principle. Honesty is a perfectly simple thing. It is hard for me to believe that in most circumstances when a man has a choice of ways he does not know which is the right way and which is the wrong way. No man who has chosen the wrong way ought even to come into Independence Square; it is holy ground which he ought not to tread upon. He ought not to come where immortal voices have uttered the great sentences of such a document as this Declaration of Independence upon which rests the liberty of a whole nation.

The most patriotic man, ladies and gentlemen, is sometimes

the man who goes in the direction that he thinks right even when he sees half the world against him. It is the dictate of patriotism to sacrifice yourself if you think that that is the path of honor and of duty. Do not blame others, if they do not agree with you. Do not die with bitterness in your heart because you did not convince the rest of the world, but die happy because you believe that you tried to serve your country by not selling your soul. Those were grim days, the days of 1776. Those gentlemen did not attach their names to the Declaration of Independence on this table expecting a holiday on the next day, and that 4th of July was not itself a holiday. They attached their signatures to that significant document knowing that if they failed it was certain that every one of them would hang for the failure. They were committing treason in the interest of the liberty of 3,000,000 people in America. All the rest of the world was against them and smiled with cynical incredulity at the audacious undertaking. Do you think that if they could see this great Nation now they would regret anything that they then did to draw the gaze of a hostile world upon them? Every idea must be started by somebody, and it is a lonely thing to start anything. Yet if it is in you, you must start it if you have a man's blood in you and if you love the country that you profess to be working for.

I am sometimes very much interested when I see gentlemen supposing that popularity is the way to success in America. The way to success in this great country, with its fair judgments, is to show that you are not afraid of anybody except God and His final verdict. If I did not believe that, I would not believe in democracy. If I did not believe that, I would not believe that people can govern themselves. If I did not believe that the moral judgment would be the last judgment, the final judgment, in the minds of men as well as the tribunal of God, I could not believe in popular government. . . .



## TWO WOMEN.

BY NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

[NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS, American editor and author, was born at Portland, Me., Jan. 20, 1806. He founded and conducted the *American Monthly Magazine* until it merged in the *N. Y. Mirror*, of which he became associate editor in 1831. He traveled extensively in Europe and the

East, and as attaché of the American legation had favorable opportunities for observing European society. During the latter part of his life he was editor of the *Home Journal* in conjunction with George P. Morris, and after the latter's death assumed entire charge of the paper. Willis was a brilliant and popular magazinist, and the author of numerous stories, sketches of travel, miscellaneous papers of social observation, and verses. His publications include: "Pencilings by the Way," "Inklings of Adventure," "Letters from Under a Bridge," "People I Have Met," "Hurry-graphs," "Famous Persons and Places." He died at his beautiful estate, "Idlewild," Newburg, N.Y., in 1867.]

THE shadows lay along Broadway,  
 'Twas near the twilight tide,  
 And slowly there a Lady fair  
 Was walking in her pride:  
 Alone walked she; but viewlessly  
 Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,  
 And Honor charmed the air;  
 And all astir looked kind on her,  
 And called her good as fair:  
 For all God ever gave to her  
 She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare  
 From lovers warm and true,  
 For her heart was cold to all but gold,  
 And the rich came not to woo:  
 But honored well are charms to sell,  
 If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was One more fair,  
 A slight Girl, lily pale;  
 And she had unseen company  
 To make the spirit quail:  
 'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,  
 And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow  
 For this world's peace to pray:  
 For as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,  
 Her woman's heart gave way:  
 But the sin forgiven by Christ in Heaven  
 By man is cursed away.

## THOUGHTS IN THE CLOISTER AND THE CROWD.

BY ARTHUR HELPS.

[SIR ARTHUR HELPS, English man of letters, was born at Streatham, July 10, 1813; graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was private secretary to the chancellor of the exchequer, and to the Irish secretary; in later life, clerk to the Privy Council. He published: "Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd" (1835); "The Claims of Labor" (1844); "Friends in Council" (1847-1859); "The Conquerors of the New World and their Bondsmen" (1848-1852); "The Spanish Conquest in America" (1855-1861); biographies of Las Casas, Columbus, Pizarro, and Cortes; "Thoughts upon Government" (1872); "Realma" (1869); "Talks about Animals and their Masters" (1873); "Social Pressure" (1875). He died March 7, 1875.]

THE world will find out that part of your character which concerns it: that which especially concerns yourself, it will leave for you to discover.

The step from the sublime to the ridiculous is not so short as the step from the confused to the sublime in the minds of most people, for the want of a proper standard of comparison. We always believe the clouds to be much higher than they really are, until we see them resting on the shoulders of the mountains.

It is difficult to discover the estimation in which one man holds another's powers of mind by seeing them together. The soundest intellect and the keenest wit will sometimes shrink at the vivacity, and pay an apparent deference to the energy, of mere cleverness; as Faust, when overcome by loud sophistry, exclaims, "He who is determined to be right, and has but a tongue, will be right undoubtedly."

There is no occasion to regard with continual dislike one who had formerly a mean opinion of your merits; for you are never so sure of permanent esteem as from the man who once esteemed you lightly, and has corrected his mistake — if it be a mistake.

A friend is one who does not laugh when you are in a ridiculous position. Some may deny such a test, saying that if a man have a keen sense of the ridiculous, he cannot help being amused, even though his friend be the subject of ridicule. No, — your friend is one who ought to sympathize with you, and not with the multitude.

You cannot expect that a friend should be like the atmos-



phere, which confers all manner of benefits upon you, and without which indeed it would be impossible to live, but at the same time is never in your way.

It would often be as well to condemn a man unheard as to condemn him upon the reasons which he openly avows for any course of action.

The apparent foolishness of others is but too frequently our own ignorance, or, what is much worse, it is the direct measure of our own tyranny.

When the subtle man fails in deceiving those around him, they are loud in their reproaches; when he succeeds in deceiving his own conscience, it is silent. The last is not the least misfortune, for it were better to make many enemies than to silence one such friend.

It is quite impossible to understand the character of a person from one action, however striking that action may be.

The youngest mathematician knows that one point is insufficient to determine a straight line, much less anything so curvelike as the character even of the most simple and upright of mankind.

If you are obliged to judge from a single action, let it not be a striking one.

Men rattle their chains—to manifest their freedom.

The failure of many of our greatest men in their early career—a fact on which the ignorant and weak are fond of vainly leaning for support—is a very interesting subject for consideration.

The rebelliousness of great natures is a good phrase, but I fear it will not entirely satisfy all our questionings. It has been said that if we could, with our limited capacities and muffled souls, compare this life and the future, and retain the impression, that our daily duties here would be neglected, and that all below would become “weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable.” Now may not the pursuit of any particular study or worldly aim become to the far-seeing genius disgusting in the same way? May he not be like one on a lofty rock, who can behold and comprehend all the objects in the distance, can thence discover the true path that leadeth to the glad city, but, from his very position, cannot without great pain and danger scrutinize the ground immediately under him? Many fail

from the extent of their views. "Nevertheless," as Bacon says, "I shall yield, that he that cannot contract the sight of his mind, as well as disperse and dilate it, wanteth a great faculty."

There is another cause of failure that has not often been contemplated. The object may be too eagerly desired ever to be obtained. Its importance, even if it be important, may too often be presented to the mind. The end may always appear so clearly defined that the aspirant, forgetting the means that are necessary, forgetting the distance that must intervene, is forever stretching out his hand to grasp that which is not yet within his power. The calm exercise of his faculties is prevented, the habit of concentrating his attention is destroyed, and one form under a thousand aspects disturbs his diseased imagination. The unhappy sailor thinks upon his home, and the smiling fields, and the village church, until he sees them forever pictured in the deep, and with folded arms he continues to gaze, incapable alike of thought or action. This disease is called the *calenture*. *There is an intellectual calenture.*

Few have wished for memory so much as they have longed for forgetfulness.

Perhaps it is the secret thought of many, that an ardent love of power and wealth, however culpable in itself, is nevertheless a proof of superior sagacity. But in answer to this, it has been well remarked that even a child can clench its little hand the moment it is born; and if they imagine that the successful at any rate must be sagacious, let them remember the saying of a philosopher, *that the meanest reptiles are found at the summit of the loftiest pillars.*

The Pyramids! What a lesson to those who desire a name in the world does the fate of these restless, brick-piling monarchs afford! Their names are not known, and the only hope for them is that by the labors of some cruelly industrious antiquarian they may at last become more *definite* objects of contempt.

We talk of early prejudices, or the prejudices of religion, of position, of education; but in truth we only mean the prejudices of others. It is by the observation of trivial matters that the wise learn the influence of prejudice over their own minds at all times, and the wonderfully molding power which those

minds possess in making all things around conform to the idea of the moment. Let a man but note how often he has seen likenesses where no resemblance exists; admired ordinary pictures, because he thought they were from the hands of celebrated masters; delighted in the commonplace observations of those who had gained a reputation for wisdom; laughed where no wit was; and he will learn with humility to make allowance for the effect of prejudice in others.

In a quarrel between two friends, if one of them, even the injured one, were, in the retirement of his chamber, to consider himself as the hired advocate of the other at the court of wronged friendship; and were to omit all the facts which told in his own favor, to exaggerate all that could possibly be said against himself, and to conjure up from his imagination a few circumstances of the same tendency; he might with little effort make a good case for his former friend. Let him be assured that whatever the most skillful advocate could say, his poor friend really believes and feels; and then, instead of wondering at the insolence of such a traitor walking about in open day, he will pity his friend's delusion, have some gentle misgivings as to the exact propriety of his own conduct, and perhaps sue for an immediate reconciliation.

There are often two characters of a man — that which is believed in by people in general, and that which he enjoys among his associates. It is supposed, but vainly, that the latter is always a more accurate approximation to the truth, whereas in reality it is often a part which he performs to admiration; while the former is the result of certain minute traits, certain inflections of voice and countenance, which cannot be discussed, but are felt as it were instinctively by his domestics and by the outer world. The impressions arising from these slight circumstances he is able to efface from the minds of his constant companions, or from habit they have ceased to observe them.

We are pleased with one who instantly assents to our opinions; but we love a proselyte.

The accomplished hypocrite does not exercise his skill upon every possible occasion for the sake of acquiring facility in the use of his instruments. In all unimportant matters, who is more just, more upright, more candid, more honorable?

Those who are successfully to lead their fellow-men should

have once possessed the nobler feelings. We have all known individuals whose magnanimity was not likely to be troublesome on any occasion ; but then they betrayed their own interests by unwisely omitting the consideration that such feelings might exist in the breasts of those whom they had to guide and govern : for they themselves cannot even remember the time when in their eyes justice appeared preferable to expediency, the happiness of others to self-interest, or the welfare of a state to the advancement of a party.

The ear is an organ of finer sensibility than the eye, according to the measurement of philosophers.

Remember this, ye diplomatists : there are some imperturbable countenances, but a skillful ear will almost infallibly detect guile.

It is a shallow mind that suspects or rejects an offered kindness because it is unable to discover the motive. It would have been as wise for the Egyptians to have scorned the pure waters of the Nile, because they were not quite certain about the source of that mighty river.

Misery appears to improve the intellect, but this is only because it dismisses fear.

Intellectual powers may dignify, but cannot diminish, our sorrows ; and when the feelings are wounded, and the soul is disquieted within you, to seek comfort from purely intellectual employments is but to rest upon a staff which pierces rather than supports.

When your friend is suffering under great affliction, either be entirely silent, or offer none but the most common topics of consolation. For in the first place they are the best ; and also from their commonness they are easily understood. Extreme grief will not pay attention to any new thing.

When we consider the incidents of former days, and perceive, while reviewing the long line of causes, how the most important events of our lives originated in the most trifling circumstances ; how the beginning of our greatest happiness or greatest misery is to be attributed to a delay, to an accident, to a mistake ; we learn a lesson of profound humility. This is the irony of life.



The irony of a little child and its questions, at times how bitter !

Eccentric people are never loved for their eccentricities.

What is called firmness, is often nothing more than confirmed self-love.

Many know how to please, but know not when they have ceased to give pleasure. The same in arguing : they never lead people to a conclusion and permit them to draw it for themselves ; being unaware that most persons, if they had but placed one brick in a building, are interested in the progress, and boast of the success of a work in which they have been *so materially engaged*.

There is an honesty which is but decided selfishness in disguise. The man who will not refrain from expressing his sentiments and manifesting his feelings, however unfit the time, however inappropriate the place, however painful to others this expression may be, lays claim forsooth to our approbation as an honest man, and sneers at those of finer sensibility as hypocrites.

Do not mistake energy for enthusiasm ; the softest speakers are often the most enthusiastic of men.

The best commentary upon any work of literature is a faithful life of the author. And one reason, among many, why it must always be so advantageous to read the works of the illustrious dead is that their lives are more fairly written, and their characters better understood.

It may appear to an unthinking person that the life, perhaps an unobtrusive one, of the man who has devoted himself to abstract and speculative subjects can be of no very considerable importance. But it is far otherwise. For instance, if Locke had never been engaged in the affairs of this world, would his biography have been of no importance if it had only informed us that for many years he devoted himself to the study of medicine ? Are there no passages in his "Essay concerning Human Understanding," which such a fact tends to elucidate ? Or is it not, in reality, the clew to a right understanding of all his metaphysical writings ?

How often does a single anecdote reveal the real motive

which prompted an author to write a particular work, and the influence of which is visible in every page! "When I returned from Spain by Paris (says Lord Clarendon), Mr. Hobbes frequently came to me and told me his book—which he would call 'Leviathan'—was then printing in England, and that he received every week a sheet to correct, of which he showed me one or two sheets, and thought it would be finished within little more than a month; and showed me the epistle to Mr. Godolphin, which he meant to set before it, and read it to me, and concluded that he knew, when I read his book, I would not like it, and thereupon mentioned some of his conclusions. Upon which I asked him why he would publish such doctrine; to which, after a discourse between jest and earnest upon the subject, he said, '*The truth is, I have a mind to go home.*'" Perhaps this anecdote may explain many hard sayings in the "Leviathan."

It is worthy of remark that "The Prince" is now supposed to have been written solely from a wish to please the ruling powers, as appears in a private letter from Macchiavelli to his friend the Florentine ambassador at the Papal court, which was discovered at Rome, and first published to the world in 1810, by Ridolfi. In this letter Macchiavelli says that his work ought to be agreeable to a prince, and especially to a prince lately raised to power; and that he himself cannot continue to live as he was then living, without becoming contemptible through poverty. And also, in his dedication to Lorenzo de' Medici, after having said that subjects understand the disposition of princes best, as it is necessary to descend into the plains to consider the nature of the mountains, he thus concludes—"And if your Magnificence from the very point of your highness will sometimes cast your eyes upon those inferior places, you will see how undeservedly I undergo an extreme and continual despite of fortune."

After this we are not so much astonished at finding the following gentle admonition: "Let a prince therefore take the surest courses he can to maintain his life and state; the means will always be thought honorable, and be commended by every one."

Some of our law maxims are admirable rules of conduct. If, in spite of the censorious calumny of the world, we considered "a man innocent until he were proved guilty," or if,

in our daily thoughts, words, and actions, we did but "give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt," what much better Christians we should become.

It is an error to suppose that no man understands his own character. Most persons know even their failings very well, only they persist in giving them names different from those usually assigned by the rest of the world; and they compensate for this mistake by naming, at first sight, with singular accuracy, these very same failings in others.

Men love to contradict their general character. Thus a man is of a gloomy and suspicious temperament, is deemed by all morose, and ere long finds out the general opinion. He then suddenly deviates into some occasional acts of courtesy. Why? Not because he ought, not because his nature is changed; but because he dislikes being thoroughly understood. He will not be the *thing* whose behavior on any occasion the most careless prophet can with certainty foretell.

When we see the rapid motions of insects at evening, we exclaim, how happy they must be!—so inseparably are activity and happiness connected in our minds.

The most enthusiastic man in a cause is rarely chosen as the leader.

We have some respect for one who, if he tramples on the feelings of others, tramples on his own with equal apparent indifference.

It is frequently more safe to ridicule a man personally than to decry the order to which he belongs. Every man has made up his mind about his own merits; but, like the unconvinced believers in religion, he will not listen with patience to any doubts upon a subject which he himself would be most unwilling to investigate.

The opinion which a person gives of any book is frequently not so much a test of his intellect or his taste, as it is of the extent of his reading. An indifferent work may be joyfully welcomed by one who has neither had time nor opportunity to form a literary taste. It is from comparisons between different parts of the same book that you must discover the depth and judgment of an uncultivated mind.

"It is my opinion," says Herodotus, "that the Nile over-

flows in the summer season, because in the winter the sun, driven by the storms from his usual course, ascends into the higher regions of the air above Libya." Many a man will smile at the delightful simplicity of the historian, and still persevere in dogmatizing about subjects upon which he does not even possess information enough to support him in hazarding a conjecture.

It is not in the solar spectrum only that the least warmth is combined with the deepest color.

How often we should stop in the pursuit of folly, if it were not for the difficulties that continually beckon us onwards.

Simple Ignorance has in its time been complimented by the names of most of the vices, and of all the virtues.

No man ever praised two persons *equally* — and pleased them both.

A keen observer of mankind has said that "to aspire is to be alone": he might have extended his aphorism — to think deeply upon any subject is indeed to be alone.

In the world of mind, as in that of matter, we always occupy a position. He who is continually changing his point of view will see more, and that too more clearly, than one who, statue-like, forever stands upon the same pedestal, however lofty and well placed that pedestal may be.

Some people are too foolish to commit follies.

The knowledge of others which experience gives us is of slight value when compared with that which we obtain from having proved the inconstancy of our own desires.

The world will tolerate many vices, but not their diminutives.

It is a weak thing to tell half your story, and then ask your friend's advice — a still weaker thing to take it.

How to gain the advantages of society, without at the same time losing ourselves, is a question of no slight difficulty. The wise man often follows the crowd at a little distance, in order that he may not come suddenly upon it, nor become entangled with it, and that he may with some means of amusement maintain a clear and quiet pathway.



Not a few are willing to shelter their folly behind the respectability of downright vice.

We are frequently understood the least by those who have known us the longest.

The reasons which any man offers to you for his own conduct betray his opinion of your character.

If you are very often deceived by those around you, you may be sure that you deserve to be deceived; and that instead of railing at the general falseness of mankind, you have first to pronounce judgment on your own jealous tyranny, or on your own weak credulity. Those only who can bear the truth will hear it.

The wisest maxims are not those which fortify us against the deceit of others.

Very subtle-minded persons often complain that their friends fall from them; and these complaints are not altogether unjust. One reason of this is that they display so much dialectic astuteness on every occasion, that their friends feel certain that such men, however unjustifiably they may behave, will always be able to justify themselves to themselves. Now we mortals are strangely averse to loving those who are never in the wrong, and much more those who are always ready to prove themselves in the right.

You cannot insure the gratitude of others for a favor conferred upon them in the way which is most agreeable to yourself.

How singularly mournful it is to observe in the conversation or writings of a very superior man and original thinker, homely, if not commonplace, expressions about the vanity of human wishes, the mutability of this world, the weariness of life. It seems as if he felt that his own bitter experience had taken away the triteness from that which is nevertheless so trite; as if he thought it were needless to seek fine phrases, and as idle a mockery as it would be to gild an instrument of torture.

It must be a very weary day to the youth, when he first discovers that after all he will only become a man.

It is unwise for a great man to reason as if others were like

him: it is much more unwise to treat them as if they were very different.

Men are ruined by the exceptions to their general rules of action. This may seem a mockery, but it is nevertheless a fact to be observed in the records of history, as well as in the trivial occurrences of daily life. One who is habitually dark and deceptive commits a single act of confidence, and his subtle schemes are destroyed forever. His first act of extravagance ruins the cautious man. The coward is brave for a moment, and dies; the hero wavers for the first — and the last time.

Some persons are insensible to flattering words; but who can resist the flattery of modest imitation?

An inferior demon is not a great man, as some writers would fain persuade us.

The world would be in a more wretched state than it is at present, if riches and honors were distributed according to merit alone. It is the complaint of the wisest of men, that he "returned and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all." But if it were otherwise, if bread were indeed the portion of the wise, then the hungry would have something to lament over more severe even than the pangs of hunger. The belief that merit is generally neglected forms the secret consolation of almost every human being, from the mightiest prince to the meanest peasant. Divines have contended that the world would cease to be a place of trial if a system of impartial distribution according to merit were adopted. This is true, for it would then be a place of punishment.

There is no power in the wisdom of the insincere.

Conviction never abides without a welcome from the heart.

It is necessary to be decisive; not because deliberate counsel would never improve your designs, but because the foolish and the unthinking will certainly act if there be but a moment's pause.

The practical man — an especial favorite in this age — often takes the field with his single fact against a great principle, in

the reckless spirit of one who would not hesitate to sever the thread on which he is unable to string his own individual pearl — perhaps a false one — even though he should scatter many jewels worthy of a prince's diadem.

Even the meanest are mighty to do evil.

If there is any one quality of the mind in which the really great have conspired, as it were, to surpass other men, it is moral courage. He who possesses this quality may sometimes be made a useful tool or a ready sacrifice in the hands of crafty statesmen; but let him be the chief, and not the subordinate, give him the field, grant him the opportunity, and his name will not deserve to be unwritten in the records of his country. When such a man perceives that if he fail, every one will be able to understand the risk that has been incurred; but that if he succeed, no one will estimate the danger that has silently been overcome; he bows, nevertheless, to the supreme dictates of his own judgment, regardless alike of the honors of his own age, and the praises of posterity.

It requires some moral courage to disobey, and yet there have been occasions when obedience would have been defeat.

But it is not only in the council, in the senate, in the field, that its merits are so preëminent. In private life, what daily deceit would be avoided, what evils would be remedied, if men did but possess more moral courage! — not that false image of it which proceeds from a blind and inconsiderate rashness, from an absence both of forethought and imagination; but that calm reliance on the decisions of reason, that carelessness of the undeserved applause of our neighbor, which will induce the great man to act according to his own informed judgment, and not according to the opinions of those who will not know, and who could never appreciate his motives.

Feeble applause may arise from a keen and fastidious sense of the slightest imperfection; but it is more frequently to be attributed to an inadequate notion of the dangers which have been avoided, and the difficulties which have been overcome.

The trifling of a great man is never trivial.

## POEMS OF ALFRED DE MUSSET.

[LOUIS CHARLES ALFRED DE MUSSET, French poet and dramatist, was born in Paris, November 11, 1819. Hesitating in the choice of a profession, he successively tried and abandoned law, medicine, and painting, and ultimately, under the influence of the so-called romantic movement, applied himself to literature, making his *début* as an author with "*Contes d'Espagne et d'Italie*" (1830). In 1833 he went to Italy with George Sand; but, after an extended trip, fell out with her at Venice, and returned to France alone. He was librarian to the Department of the Interior under Louis Philippe, and in 1852 was received at the French Academy. Irregular and dissolute living undermined his health, and he died at Paris, May 1, 1857. Among his noteworthy works are: the poem "*Namouna*"; "*The Confession of a Child of the Century*"; and the plays "*Fantasio*," "*Barberine*," "*Lorenzaccio*," "*On ne badine pas avec l'Amour*" ("*One does not play with Love*"), etc.]

## FROM THE "ODE TO MALIBRAN."

(Translated by Fanny Kemble Butler.)

O MARIA FELICIA! the painter and bard  
 Behind them, in dying, leave undying heirs.  
 The night of oblivion their memory spares;  
 And their great, eager souls, other action debarred,  
 Against death, against time, having valiantly warred,  
 Though struck down in the strife, claim its trophies as theirs

In the iron engraved, one his name leaves enshrined;  
 With a golden-sweet cadence another's entwined  
 Makes forever all those who shall hear it his friends.  
 Though he died, on the canvas lives Raphael's mind;  
 And from death's darkest doom, till this world of ours ends  
 The mother-clasped infant his glory defends.

As the lamp guards the flame, so the bare marble halls  
 Of the Parthenon hold, in their desolate space,  
 The memory of Phidias enshrined in their walls.  
 And Praxiteles' child, the young Venus, yet calls  
 From the altar, where smiling she still holds her place,  
 The centuries conquered, to worship her grace.

Thus, from age after age while new light we receive,  
 To rest at God's feet the old glories are gone;  
 And the accents of genius their echoes still weave  
 With the great human voice, till their thoughts are but one.  
 And of thee, dead but yesterday, all thy fame leaves  
 But a cross in the dim chapel's darkness — alone,



A cross, and oblivion, silence, and death!  
 Hark! the wind's softest sob; hark! the ocean's deep breath;  
 Hark! the fisher-boy singing his way o'er the plains:  
 Of thy glory, thy hope, thy young beauty's bright wreath,  
 Not a trace, not a sigh, not an echo remains.

## ON A SLAB OF ROSE MARBLE.

There should have come forth of thee  
 Some new-born divinity.  
 When the marble-cutters hewed  
 Through thy noble block their way,  
 They broke in with footsteps rude  
 Where a Venus sleeping lay,  
 And the Goddess' wounded veins  
 Colored thee with roseate stains.  
 Alas! and must we hold it truth  
 That every rare and precious thing,  
 Flung forth at random without ruth,  
 Trodden under foot may lie?  
 The crag where, in sublime repose,  
 The eagle stoops to rest his wing,  
 No less than any wayside rose  
 Dropped in the common dust to die?  
 Can the mother of us all  
 Leave her work, to fullness brought,  
 Lost in the gulf of chance to fall,  
 As oblivion swallows thought?  
 Does the briny tempest whirl  
 To the workman's feet the pearl?  
 Shall the vulgar, idle crowd  
 For all ages be allowed  
 To degrade earth's choicest treasure  
 At the arbitrary pleasure  
 Of a mason or a churl?

## TO PÉPA.

(Translated by Toru Dutt.)

PÉPA! when the night has come,  
 And Mamma has bid Good Night,  
 By thy light, half clad and dumb,  
 As thou kneelest out of sight, —

Laid by cap and sweeping vest  
 Ere thou sinkest to repose,

At the hour when half at rest  
Folds thy soul as folds a rose, —

When sweet Sleep, the sovereign mild,  
Peace to all the house has brought,  
Pépita! my charming child!  
What, O what is then thy thought?

Who knows? Haply dreamest thou  
Of some lady doomed to sigh,  
All that Hope a truth deems now,  
All that Truth shall prove a lie.

Haply of those mountains grand  
That produce — alas! but mice;  
Castles in Spain, a Prince's hand,  
Bonbons, lovers, or cream ice.

Haply of soft whispers breathed  
'Mid the mazes of a ball;  
Robes, or flowers, or hair enwreathed;  
Me; — or nothing, Dear! at all.



## ALFRED DE MUSSET.

By C. A. SAINTE-BEUVE.

(From "Portraits of Men": translated by Forsyth Edevenin.)

[CHARLES AUGUSTIN SAINTE-BEUVE, one of the greatest literary critics of modern times, was born at Boulogne-sur-Mer, December 23, 1804. Having completed his studies in Paris at the colleges Charlemagne and Bourbon, he entered upon his literary career as a book reviewer, and became a contributor to the *Globe*, the *Revue de Paris*, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *National*, and the *Constitutionnel*, in which last appeared, in 1849, the first series of his famous "Causeries du Lundi" ("Monday Talks"). They mark an epoch in the intellectual history of Europe, and revolutionized criticism. Sainte-Beuve was elected to the Academy in 1845, and was nominated senator in 1865. He died at Paris, October 13, 1869. Besides the "Causeries" he wrote: "History of Port-Royal," "Contemporary Portraits," "Châteaubriand," etc.]

AS WITH an army so with a nation: it is the bounden duty of every generation to bury their dead, and to confer the last honors on the departed. It were not right that the charming

poet who has recently been taken from our midst should be laid under the sod before receiving a few words of good-by from an old friend and witness of his first literary efforts. Alfred de Musset's poetry was so well known, so dear to us from the very first ; it touched our hearts so deeply in its freshness and delicate bloom ; he so belonged to our generation (though with a greater touch of youth) — a generation then essentially poetical, and devoted to feeling and its expression ! I see him as he looked twenty-nine years ago, at the time of his *début* in the world of literature, entering first into Victor Hugo's circle, then proceeding to that of Alfred de Vigny and the brothers Deschamps. With what an easy grace he made his first entrance ! What surprise and delight he aroused in the hearts of his listeners at the recital of his poems, "L'Andalouse," "Don Paez," and "Juana." It was Spring itself, a Spring of youth and poetry, that blossomed forth before our ravished gaze. He was scarcely eighteen years of age ; his brow betokened all the pride of manhood ; the bloom was on his cheek, for the roses of childhood still lingered there. Full of the pride of life, he advanced with haughty gait and head erect, as if assured of his conquest. Nobody at first sight could have suggested a better idea of youthful genius. There seemed promise of a French Byron in these brilliant verses of poetic fervor, the very success of which has since made them commonplace, but which were then so new in the poetry of France : —

Love, plague of the world, and unutterable madness, etc.

How lovely she is in the evening, under the beams of the moon,  
etc.

Oh ! decrepit old age, and heads bald and bare, etc.

Perchance the threshold of the ancient Palace Luigi, etc.

These lines, bearing a truly Shakespearian impress ; these wild flights of fancy, 'mid flashes of audacious wit ; these gleams of warmth and precocious passion, — all suggested the genius of England's fiery bard.

The light and elegant verses that proceeded every morning from his own lips, lingering soon afterwards on those of many others, were in accordance with his years. But passion he divined, and wished to outstrip. He would ask the secret of it

from his friends, richer in experience, and still suffering from some wound, as we can see in the lines addressed to Ulric Guttinguer—

Ulric, no eye has ever measured the abyss of the seas, . . .  
that end with this verse—

I, so young, envying thy wounds and thy pain!

When coming face to face with pleasure at some ball or festive gathering, De Musset was not captivated by the smiling surface; in his inward deep reflection he would seek the sadness and bitterness underlying it all; apparently abandoning himself to the joys of the moment, he would murmur inwardly, so as to enhance the very flavor of his enjoyment, that it was only a fleeting second that could never be recalled. In everything he sought a stronger and more acute sensation, in harmony with the tone of his own mind. He found that the roses of a day failed to succeed each other with sufficient rapidity; he would have liked to cull them one and all, so as better to inhale their sweetness and more fully express their essence.

At the time of his first success there was a new school of literature already greatly in vogue, and developing daily. It was in its bosom that De Musset produced his first works, and it might have seemed that he had been nourished on the principles of this school. He made a point of demonstrating that it was not so, or, at least, need not have been so; that he wrote on the lines of no previous author; that, even in the new ranks, he was entirely original. Here he undoubtedly displayed too much impatience. What had he to fear? The mere growth of his daring talent would in itself have sufficed to evince his originality. But he was not the man to await his fruit in due season.

The new school of poetry had been, up till then, of a somewhat solemn, dreamy, sentimental, and withal religious tone; it prided itself on its accuracy, I may even say strictness, of form. De Musset threw over this fastidious solemnity, exhibiting an excess of familiarity and raillery. He scorned both rhyme and rhythm; his poetry was in perfect *déshabillé*, and he wrote "Mardoche," followed shortly after by "Namouna." "Oh! the profane man, the libertine!" exclaimed the world; and yet, every one knew them by heart. Dozens of verses from "Mardoche" would be taken for recitation, though hardly any



one knew the reason why, unless it were that the poem was easy, and replete with fancy, marked here and there, even in its insolence, with a grain of unexpected good sense, and that the verses were "friends to the memory." Even the most sentimental dreamers would murmur to themselves, with an air of triumph, the verse, "Happy a lover," etc. As to the Don Juan in "Namouna," this new kind of *roué*, who appeared to be the author's favorite child — the ideal, alas! of his vice and grief — he was so fascinating, so boldly sketched; he occasioned the creation of such fine lines (two hundred of the most daring verses ever seen in French poetry), that one coincided with the poet himself in saying, "What do I say! Such as he is, the world loves him still."

In his drama, "The Cup and the Lips," Alfred de Musset expressed admirably in his creations of Frank and Belcolore the struggle between a noble and proud heart and the genius of the senses, to which that heart has once yielded. In this piece we catch glimpses — in fact, more than glimpses — of hideous truths, of monsters dragged into the light of day from out this cavern of the heart, as Bacon calls it; but this work is invested with a glamour, an incomparable power, and even though the monster is not vanquished, we can hear the golden arrows of Apollo falling and resounding on his scales.

Alfred de Musset, similar to more than one of the characters he has depicted, said that to be an artist such as he wished, he must see and know all, and dive into the very depths of everything. A most perilous and fatal theory! And by what a powerful and expressive image he rendered this idea in his comedy, "Lorenzaccio." Who, indeed, is this Lorenzo, whose youth has been as pure as gold, whose heart and hands were peaceful, who in the simple rising and setting of the sun seemed to see every human hope blossoming around him, who was goodness itself, and who brought his own destruction by wishing to be great? Lorenzo is not an artist, he wishes to be a man of action, a great citizen; he has determined upon a heroic plan; he has decided to deliver Florence, his native town, from the vile and debauched tyrant, Alexander de' Medici, his own cousin. In order to succeed in his enterprise, what does he propose undertaking? To play the part of Brutus, but of a Brutus adapted to the circumstances of the case; and to this end, to lend himself to all the frivolities and vices dear to the tyrant whose orgies dishonor Florence. He

creeps into Alexander's confidence, and becomes his accomplice and instrument, abiding his time and watching for the right moment. But, in the mean while, he has lived too dissipated a life: day by day he has plunged too deeply into the mire of uncleanness; he has seen too much of the dregs of humanity. He awakes from his dream. Nevertheless, he perseveres, resolved to attain his object, knowing, though, that it will be all in vain. He will destroy the monster who fills the city with disgust, but he knows full well that the day she is delivered from his tyranny, Florence will take unto herself another master, and that he, Lorenzo, will only incur disgrace. Thus Lorenzo, by dint of simulating vice, and putting on evil like a borrowed garment, is at last impregnated with the evil he at first only assumes.

The tunic steeped in the blood of Nessus has penetrated his skin and bones. The dialogue between Lorenzo and Philip Strozzi—a virtuous and honorable citizen, who merely sees things in their right and honest light—is one of startling truth. Lorenzo is conscious of having seen and experienced too much, of having ventured too far into the depths of life ever to return. He realizes that he has introduced into his heart that implacable intruder ennui, which forces him without pleasure to do from habit and necessity what he at first essayed through affectation and pretense. The whole of this deplorable moral attitude is portrayed in moving words: “Poor child! you rend my heart,” says Philip; and in answer to all the profound and contradictory revelations of the young man, he can only repeat: “All this astonishes me, and in what you relate there are things that pain, others that please me.”

I am merely touching lightly on the subject. But in thus re-glancing, now that Alfred de Musset is no more, over a good number of his characters and pieces, we discover in this child of genius the antithesis of Goethe. The German writer severed himself from his most intimate productions. He cut the link between them and himself, casting his imaginary characters from him, while invading fresh fields, wherein he could capture new creations. For him poetry signified deliverance. Unlike De Musset, Goethe, from the time he wrote “*Werther*”—that is, from his youth upwards—to the end of his eighty years of life, was doing his best to husband his mental and physical resources. For Alfred de Musset poetry was all in all, it was himself; it was his own youthful soul, his own flesh and blood, that he

transmuted into verse. When he had thrown to others the dazzling limbs of his poetic being — limbs that at times appeared like unto those of Phaeton or a youthful god (take, for instance, the splendid invocations in “Rolla”) — he still retained his own heart, bleeding, burning, and wearied. Why was he not more patient? Everything would have come in due course. But he hastened to anticipate and devour the seasons.

After the mimicry of passion — passion that as a child he so well divined — passion at last came of itself — real undeniable passion. We all know how, after it had for a time enhanced the glamour of his genius, it laid waste his whole existence. An allusion to this story of passion may be permitted, considering how well it is known.

The poets of our day, the children of this generation, are not deserving of reticence on our part — considering how little reticence they have exercised themselves. Above all, in this particular episode, confessions have proceeded from two sides, and we might remark with Bossuet, were we ourselves exceptions to the rule, that there are individuals who spend their life in filling the world with the “follies of their misspent youth.”

The world, or rather France, has in this case, it must be allowed, submitted with all good grace; she has listened with keen interest to what appeared to her at least eloquent and sincere. Alfred de Musset was indebted to these hours of storm and anguish for the creation, in his “Immortal Nights,” of lines which have vibrated through every heart, and that will forever stand the test of time. As long as France and French poetry exist, the flames of De Musset will live, like those of Sappho! Let us not forget to add a “Souvenir” to these celebrated “Nights” — a “Souvenir” closely associated with these poems. The “Souvenir” describes a return to the Forest of Fontainebleau, and is of a beauty pure and touching; and, what is rare in him, this work is imbued with infinite tenderness. In his rapid existence there was one moment of wondrous promise during the interval of his hours of intense excitement. It was at this period that De Musset’s poems acquired a new subtlety of thought, a touch of irony, a mocking lightness, withal exhaling the pristine freshness which his weariness of the world had not yet destroyed. Such an elegant and essentially French treatment had not been since the days of Hamilton and Voltaire. This moment, though, was of short duration, for De Musset drove everything at a rapid pace; but it was a precious moment, appearing to his

friends as precursory to a greater maturity of thought. He then wrote proverbs of an exquisite delicacy, and verses always beautiful, but light, and invested with a superior ease — verses withal pregnant of wit and reflection allied to an elegant carelessness. He would burst into accents of profound melody, that recalled the harmonious sounds of other times : —

Star of love, descend not from the skies !

All this seemed to promise a more temperate season, and the lasting reign of a talent that was sought after in the most critical circles, as well as by the most fervent of youth. Whether it were a question of singing the first triumphs of Rachel, or the *début* of Pauline Garcia, or railing at the coarsely emphatic effusions of patriotism from the free “German Rhine,” or writing a witty tale, De Musset would rise to the occasion, appropriately blending enthusiasm with satire. He verified more and more the device of the poet : “I am a light thing, flying to every subject.”

He was the fashion. His books, as I have already remarked in another article, became acceptable as bridal presents, and I have noticed young husbands giving them to their wives to read from the very first month of their marriage, so as to develop in them a poetical taste. It was then, also, that men of wit and reputed discernment, the *dilettanti* that are so numerous in our country, presumed to say they preferred De Musset’s prose to his poetry, as if his prose were not essentially that of a poet : only a poet could have written such fine prose. There are people who, if they could, would sever a bee in two. However, De Musset gained theatrical triumphs as well as the favor of society. It had been discovered for some time that more than one of the comedies composing “The Performance in an Armchair,” could, if understood and well rendered by amateur actors and actresses, procure an hour of very agreeable recreation. These little pieces were represented in the country houses, where there was always plenty of leisure time. To Madame Allan, the actress, is due the honor of having discovered that De Musset’s stage works were equally suitable for representation on the public boards. It was wittily said of her, that she brought his “Caprice” from Russia in her muff.

The success that was gained at the Comédie Française by this pretty poetical gem proved that the public still possessed



a latent refinement in literary taste, that merely required arousing. What, then, did the poet wish to render him happy? Why did he, who was still so young, not wish to live and enjoy life? Why did he not return the smiles that greeted his presence? Why did his genius, now influenced by a greater calm, not reawaken the old inspiration, which would have been purified by his later finer shades of taste?

De Musset was essentially a poet; he wished to feel. He belonged to a generation whose password, whose first vow, inscribed in the depths of the heart, was, "Poetry, poetry itself, poetry before anything." "During my youth," remarked one of the poets of this period, "I desired and worshiped nothing beyond passion," that is to say, the living part of poetry.

De Musset disdained adopting what is called wisdom, but which seemed to him merely the gradual decay of life. It was impossible for him to transform himself. Having attained and gone beyond the summit of the mountain, it seemed to him that he had come to the end of every desire; life had become a burden to him. He was not one of those to whom the pleasure of criticism could supply the place of artistic production; of those who can find interest in literary work, and who are capable of studying arduously, in order to avoid passions that are still in search of prey, without having any really serious object. He could but hate life from the moment (using his own language) that it was no longer sacred youth. He considered life not worth living unless mingled with a slight delirium.

His verses are steeped in these sentiments. He must often have experienced a feeling of anguish and defeat in reflecting on the existence of a superior truth; of a severer poetical beauty, of which he formed a perfect conception, but that he had no longer the power of attaining.

On a certain occasion, one of De Musset's most devoted friends, and whose recent death must have been a grievous omen to him — Alfred Tattet, whom I happened to encounter on the Boulevards — showed me a scrap of paper, containing some penciled lines, that he had found that very morning on the table at De Musset's bedside. The poet was at that time staying with him in his country house, in the Valley of Montmorency.

Here are the verses stolen from him by his friend, and since published, but they only possess their full meaning when one

knows they were written during a night of utter exhaustion and bitter regret : —

I have lost my strength and life,  
My friends and my joyous mood;  
I have even lost the pride  
That made me trust my genius.

When I discovered truth,  
Methought she was a friend;  
When I understood and felt her,  
She had already wearied me.

And yet she is immortal;  
And those who have lived without her  
Have ignored everything.

God speaks, and I must answer.  
The only thing that remains to me  
Is sometimes to have wept.

Let us remember his first songs of the Page or Amorous Knight—

To the hunt, the happy hunt!

—a matutinal sound of the horn,—and in placing it at the side of his final sorrowing lines, we seem to perceive the whole of De Musset's poetical career illustrated in the two poems representing glory and pardon. In the beginning, what a glorious train of light! Then, what gloom, what shadow! The poet who has been but the startling type of many unknown souls of his day,—he who has but expressed their attempts, their failures, their grandeur, their miseries,—his name, I say, will never die. Let us, in particular, engrave this name on our hearts. He has bequeathed to us the task of getting old,—to us, who could exclaim the other day, in all truth, on returning from his funeral: "For many years our youth has been dead, but we have only just buried it with him!" Let us admire, continue to love and to honor in its best and most beautiful expression, the profound and light spirit that he has breathed forth in his poems; but withal it behooves us not to forget the infirmity inherent in our being, and never to boast of the gifts that human nature has received.

## THE SEA.

By BRYAN WALLER PROCTER ("Barry Cornwall").

[1787-1874.]

THE Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!  
Without a mark, without a bound,  
It runneth the earth's wide regions 'round;  
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;  
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the Sea! I'm on the Sea!  
I am where I would ever be;  
With the blue above, and the blue below,  
And silence wheresoe'er I go;  
If a storm should come and awake the deep,  
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love (oh! *how* I love) to ride  
On the fierce foaming bursting tide,  
When every mad wave drowns the moon,  
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,  
And tells how goeth the world below,  
And why the southwest blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore,  
But I loved the great Sea more and more,  
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,  
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;  
And a mother she *was*, and *is* to me;  
For I was born on the open Sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,  
In the noisy hour when I was born;  
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,  
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;  
And never was heard such an outcry wild  
As welcomed to life the Ocean-child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,  
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,  
With wealth to spend and a power to range,  
But never have sought, nor sighed for change;  
And Death, whenever he come to me,  
Shall come on the wide unbounded Sea!

## THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.

BY THOMAS HARDY.

[THOMAS HARDY, O.M., British novelist and poet, was born in Dorsetshire, June 2, 1840. He studied architecture, but began writing verse and essays for his own satisfaction. His first story was published in 1865, and he soon gave himself entirely to literature. His first important book, "Under the Greenwood Tree," appeared in 1872. It was followed by "A Pair of Blue Eyes" (1873), and "Far from the Madding Crowd" (1874), but his genius was not fully recognized until the appearance of "The Return of the Native," in 1878. Among his other books are "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" (1891), perhaps his most famous book; "Jude the Obscure" (1895); "The Dynasts" (1904-06). He has besides published two volumes of poems. He received the Order of Merit in 1910, a proper recognition of his great work. This extract is printed by courtesy of Harper and Bros.]

ALONG the road walked an old man. He was white-headed as a mountain, bowed in the shoulders, and faded in general aspect. He wore a glazed hat, an ancient boat-cloak, and shoes; his brass buttons bearing an anchor upon their face. In his hand was a silver-headed walking-stick, which he used as a veritable third leg, perseveringly dotting the ground with its point at every few inches' interval. One would have said that he had been, in his day, a naval officer of some sort or other.

Before him stretched the long, laborious road, dry, empty, and white. It was quite open to the heath on each side, and bisected that vast dark surface like the parting-line on a head of black hair, diminishing and bending away on the furthest horizon.

The old man frequently stretched his eyes ahead to gaze over the trace that he had yet to traverse. At length he discerned, a long distance in front of him, a moving spot, which appeared to be a vehicle, and it proved to be going the same way as that in which he himself was journeying. It was the single atom of life that the scene contained, and it only served to render the general loneliness more evident. Its rate of advance was slow, and the old man gained upon it sensibly.

When he drew nearer he perceived it to be a spring van, ordinary in shape, but singular in color, this being a lurid red. The driver walked beside it; and like his van, he was completely red. One dye of that tincture covered his clothes, the cap upon his head, his boots, his face, and his hands. He was not temporarily overlaid with the color: it permeated him.



The old man knew the meaning of this. The traveler with the car was a reddleman — a person whose vocation it was to supply farmers with redding for their sheep. He was one of a class rapidly becoming extinct in Wessex, filling at present in the rural world the place which, during the last century, the dodo occupied in the world of animals. He is a curious, interesting, and nearly perished link between obsolete forms of life and those which generally prevail.

The decayed officer, by degrees, came up alongside his fellow wayfarer, and wished him good evening. The reddleman turned his head, and replied in sad and occupied tones. He was young, and his face, if not exactly handsome, approached so near to handsome that nobody would have contradicted an assertion that it really was so in its natural color. His eye, which glared so strangely through his stain, was in itself attractive — keen as that of a bird of prey, and blue as autumn mist. He had neither whisker nor moustache, which allowed the soft curves of the lower part of his face to be apparent. His lips were thin, and though, as it seemed, compressed by thought, there was a pleasant twitch at their corners now and then. He was clothed throughout in a tight-fitting suit of corduroy, excellent in quality, not much worn, and well-chosen for its purpose, but deprived of its original color by his trade. It showed to advantage the good shape of his figure. A certain well-to-do air about the man suggested that he was not poor for his degree. The natural query of an observer would have been, Why should such a promising being as this have hidden his prepossessing exterior by adopting that singular occupation?

After replying to the old man's greeting he showed no inclination to continue in talk, although they still walked side by side, for the elder traveler seemed to desire company. There were no sounds but that of the booming wind upon the stretch of tawny herbage around them, the crackling wheels, the tread of the men, and the footsteps of the two shaggy ponies which drew the van. They were small, hardy animals, of a breed between Galloway and Exmoor, and were known as "heath-croppers" here.

Now, as they thus pursued their way, the reddleman occasionally left his companion's side, and, stepping behind the van, looked into its interior through a small window. The look was always serious. He would then return to the old man, who made another remark about the state of the country and so on, to which the reddleman again abstractedly replied, and

then again they would lapse into silence. The silence conveyed to neither any sense of awkwardness; in these lonely places wayfarers, after a first greeting, frequently plod on for miles without speech; contiguity amounts to a tacit conversation where, otherwise than in cities, such contiguity can be put an end to on the merest inclination, and where not to put an end to it is intercourse in itself.

Possibly these two might not have spoken again till their parting, had it not been for the reddleman's visits to his van. When he returned from his fifth time of looking in the old man said, "You have something inside there besides your load?"

"Yes."

"Somebody who wants looking after?"

"Yes."

Not long after this a faint cry sounded from the interior. The reddleman hastened to the back, looked in, and came away again.

"You have a child there, my man?"

"No, sir, I have a woman."

"The deuce you have! Why did she cry out?"

"Oh, she has fallen asleep, and not being used to traveling, she's uneasy, and keeps dreaming."

"A young woman?"

"Yes, a young woman."

"That would have interested me forty years ago. Perhaps she's your wife?"

"My wife!" said the other bitterly. "She's above mating with such as I. But there's no reason why I should tell you about that."

"That's true. And there's no reason why you should not. What harm can I do to you or to her?"

The reddleman looked in the old man's face. "Well, sir," he said at last, "I knew her before to-day, though perhaps it would have been better if I had not. But she's nothing to me, and I am nothing to her; and she wouldn't have been in my van if any better carriage had been there to take her."

"Where, may I ask?"

"At Anglebury."

"I know the town well. What was she doing there?"

"Oh, not much — to gossip about. However, she's tired to death now, and not at all well, and that's what makes her so restless. She dropped off into a nap about an hour ago, and 'twill do her good."

"A nice-looking girl, no doubt?"

"You would say so."

The other traveler turned his eyes with interest towards the van window, and, without withdrawing them, said, "I presume I might look in upon her?"

"No," said the reddleman abruptly. "It is getting too dark for you to see much of her; and, more than that, I have no right to allow you. Thank God she sleeps so well: I hope she won't wake till she's home."

"Who is she? One of the neighborhood?"

"'Tis no matter who, excuse me."

"It is not that girl of Blooms-End, who has been talked about more or less lately? If so, I know her; and I can guess what has happened."

"'Tis no matter. . . . Now, sir, I am sorry to say that we shall soon have to part company. My ponies are tired, and I have further to go, and I am going to rest them under this bank for an hour."

The elder traveler nodded his head indifferently, and the reddleman turned his horses and van in upon the turf, saying, "Good night." The old man replied, and proceeded on his way as before.

The reddleman watched his form as it diminished to a speck on the road and became absorbed in the thickening films of night. He then took some hay from a truss which was slung up under the van, and, throwing a portion of it in front of the horses, made a pad of the rest, which he laid on the ground beside his vehicle. Upon this he sat down, leaning his back against the wheel. From the interior a low soft breathing came to his ear. It appeared to satisfy him, and he musingly surveyed the scene, as if considering the next step that he should take.

To do things musingly, and by small degrees, seemed, indeed, to be a duty in the Egdon valleys at this transitional hour, for there was that in the condition of the heath itself which resembled protracted and halting dubiousness. It was the quality of the repose appertaining to the scene. This was not the repose of actual stagnation, but the apparent repose of incredible slowness. A condition of healthy life so nearly resembling the torpor of death is a noticeable thing of its sort; to exhibit the inertness of the desert, and at the same time to be exercising powers akin to those of the meadow, and even of the forest, awakened in those who thought of it the attentiveness usually engendered by understatement and reserve.

The scene before the reddleman's eyes was a gradual series of ascents from the level of the road backward into the heart of the heath. It embraced hillocks, pits, ridges, acclivities, one behind the other, till all was finished by a high hill cutting against the still light sky. The traveler's eye hovered about these things for a time, and finally settled upon one noteworthy object up there. It was a barrow. This bossy projection of earth above its natural level occupied the loftiest ground of the loneliest height that the heath contained. Although from the vale it appeared but as a wart on an Atlantean brow, its actual bulk was great. It formed the pole and axis of this heathery world.

As the resting man looked at the barrow he became aware that its summit, hitherto the highest object in the whole prospect round, was surmounted by something higher. It rose from the semi-globular mound like a spike from a helmet. The first instinct of an imaginative stranger might have been to suppose it the person of one of the Celts who built the barrow, so far had all of modern date withdrawn from the scene. It seemed a sort of last man among them, musing for a moment before dropping into eternal night with the rest of his race.

There the form stood, motionless as the hill beneath. Above the plain rose the hill, above the hill rose the barrow, and above the barrow rose the figure. Above the figure was nothing that could be mapped elsewhere than on a celestial globe.

Such a perfect, delicate, and necessary finish did the figure give to the dark pile of hills that it seemed to be the only obvious justification of their outline. Without it, there was the dome without the lantern; with it the architectural demands of the mass were satisfied. The scene was strangely homogeneous. The vale, the upland, the barrow, and the figure above it amounted only to unity. Looking at this or that member of the group was not observing a complete thing, but a fraction of a thing.

The form was so much like an organic part of the entire motionless structure that to see it move would have impressed the mind as a strange phenomenon. Immobility being the chief characteristic of that whole which the person formed portion of, the discontinuance of immobility in any quarter suggested confusion.

Yet that is what happened. The figure perceptibly gave up its fixity, shifted a step or two, and turned round. As if alarmed, it descended on the right side of the barrow, with the



glide of a water-drop down a bud, and then vanished. The movement had been sufficient to show more clearly the characteristics of the figure, and that it was a woman's

The reason of her sudden displacement now appeared. With her dropping out of sight on the right side, a new-comer, bearing a burden, protruded into the sky on the left side, ascended the tumulus, and deposited the burden on the top. A second followed, then a third, a fourth, a fifth, and ultimately the whole barrow was peopled with burdened figures.

The only intelligible meaning in this sky-backed pantomime of silhouettes was that the woman had no relation to the forms who had taken her place, was sedulously avoiding these, and had come thither for another object than theirs. The imagination of the observer clung by preference to that vanished, solitary figure, as to something more interesting, more important, more likely to have a history worth knowing than these new-comers, and unconsciously regarded them as intruders. But they remained, and established themselves; and the lonely person who hitherto had been queen of the solitude did not at present seem likely to return.

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## THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.

By RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

❖ (From the "Ingoldsby Legends.")

[RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM, English humorist and antiquary, was born December 6, 1788, at Canterbury; died June 17, 1845, at London. Of a good old family, with a jolly and literary father, he had a first-rate private education, finished at St. Paul's in London, and at Brasenose College, Oxford. Entering the church, he held livings in the district near Romney Marsh, with smuggling its chief trade, and desperadoes its most noted denizens; he made rich literary capital out of it later. Finally he obtained livings in London, and became a member of a famous circle of wits, including Sydney Smith and Theodore Hook. In 1834 he began in *Bentley's Miscellany* the series of "Ingoldsby Legends," chiefly in verse, which still remain in unabated popularity, another series appearing in Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine* in 1843; they are largely burlesque developments of mediæval church legends or other stories, or local traditions.]

THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!  
 Bishop, and abbot, and prior were there;  
 Many a monk, and many a friar,  
 Many a knight, and many a squire,

With a great many more of lesser degree —  
 In sooth a goodly company ;  
 And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.  
     Never, I ween,   Was a prouder seen,  
 Read of in books, or dreamed of in dreams,  
 Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims !

    In and out   Through the motley rout  
 That little Jackdaw kept hopping about ;  
     Here and there   Like a dog in a fair  
     Over comfits and cakes,   And dishes and plates,  
 Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,  
 Miter and crosier ! He hopped upon all !

    With saucy air,   He perched on the chair  
 Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat  
 In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat ;  
     And he peered in the face   Of his Lordship's Grace,  
 With a satisfied look, as if he would say,  
 "We two are the greatest folks here to-day !"

    And the priests, with awe,   As such freaks they saw,  
 Said, "The devil must be in that little Jackdaw !"

The feast was over, the board was cleared,  
 The flawns and the custards had all disappeared,  
 And six little Singing Boys, — dear little souls !  
 In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,  
     Came, in order due,   Two by two  
 Marching that grand refectory through.

A nice little boy held a golden ewer,  
 Embossed and filled with water, as pure  
 As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,  
 Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch  
 In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.  
 Two nice little boys, rather more grown,  
 Carried lavender water and eau de Cologne ;  
 And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,  
 Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.

    One little boy more   A napkin bore,  
 Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,  
 And a Cardinal's Hat marked in "permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight  
 Of these nice little boys dressed all in white :  
     From his finger he draws   His costly turquoise ;

And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,  
 Deposits it straight By the side of his plate,  
 While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;  
 Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,  
 That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring.

---

There's a cry and a shout, And a deuce of a rout,  
 And nobody seems to know what they're about,  
 But the monks have their pockets all turned inside out;  
 The friars are kneeling, And hunting, and feeling  
 The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.

The Cardinal drew Off each plum-colored shoe,  
 And left his red stockings exposed to the view;

He peeps, and he feels In the toes and the heels;  
 They turn up the dishes,—they turn up the plates,—  
 They take up the poker and poke out the grates,—

They turn up the rugs,— They examine the mugs:—

But no!—no such thing;— They can't find the RING!  
 And the Abbot declared that, “when nobody twigged it,  
 Some rascal or other had popped in and prigged it!”

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,  
 He called for his candle, his bell, and his book!

In holy anger, and pious grief,

He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!

He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;

From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;

He cursed him in sleeping, that every night

He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright;

He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,

He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;

He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;

He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying;

He cursed him in living, he cursed him dying!—

Never was heard such a terrible curse!

But what gave rise To no little surprise,  
 Nobody seemed one penny the worse!

The day was gone, The night came on,  
 The Monks and the Friars they searched till dawn;

When the Sacristan saw, On crumpled claw,  
 Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw;

No longer gay, As on yesterday;  
 His feathers all seemed to be turned the wrong way;—  
 His pinions drooped—he could hardly stand—

His head was as bald as the palm of your hand ;

His eye so dim, So wasted each limb,  
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, "THAT'S HIM!—  
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!  
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's Ring!"

The poor little Jackdaw, When the monks he saw,  
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw ;  
And turned his bald head, as much as to say,  
"Pray, be so good as to walk this way!"

Slower and Slower He limped on before,  
Till they came to the back of the belfry door,

Where the first thing they saw, Midst the sticks and the straw  
Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw !

Then the great Lord Cardinal called for his book,  
And off that terrible curse he took ;

The mute expression Served in lieu of confession,  
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,  
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!—

When those words were heard, That poor little bird  
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd,  
He grew sleek, and fat; In addition to that,  
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat !

His tail waggled more Even than before ;  
But no longer it wagged with an impudent air,  
No longer he perched on the Cardinal's chair.

He hopped now about With a gait devout ;  
At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out ;  
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,  
He always seemed telling the Confessor's beads.  
If any one lied, — or if any one swore, —  
Or slumbered in prayer time and happened to snore,

That good Jackdaw Would give a great "Caw!"  
As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"  
While many remarked, as his manners they saw,  
That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"

He long lived the pride Of that country side,  
And at last in the odor of sanctity died ;

When, as words were too faint, His merits to paint,  
The Conclave determined to make him a Saint ;  
And on newly made Saints and Popes, as you know,  
It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,  
So they canonized him by the name of Jim Crow !



## ROARING RALPH AND THE JIBBENAINOSAY.

BY ROBERT M. BIRD.

(From "Nick of the Woods.")

[ROBERT MONTGOMERY BIRD, novelist and playwright, was born at Newcastle, Del., 1803 or 1805; studied medicine and practiced a year in Philadelphia, but gave his time chiefly to letters, and wrote three very popular plays, — "The Gladiator" (a favorite part of Forrest), "Oraloosa," and "The Broker of Bogota." His novels were "Calavar" (1834), "The Infidel" (1835), both on the Spanish conquest of Mexico; "The Hawks of Hawk Hollow"; "Sheppard Lee"; "Nick of the Woods" (1837), still remembered and effectively dramatized; "Peter Pilgrim" (1839), tales and sketches; and "Robin Day" (1839). Dr. Bird in his later years became joint owner and editor of the Philadelphia *North American Gazette*, and died there in 1854.]

"WHAT'S the matter, Tom Bruce?" said the father, eying him with surprise.

"Matter enough," responded the young giant, with a grin of mingled awe and delight; "the Jibbenainosay is up again!"

"Whar?" cried the senior, eagerly; "not in our limits?"

"No, by Jehoshaphat!" replied Tom; "but nigh enough to be neighborly — on the north bank of Kentuck, whar he has left his mark right in the middle of the road, as fresh as though it war but the work of the morning!"

"And a clear mark, Tom? no mistake in it?"

"Right to an iota!" said the young man; "a reggelar cross on the breast, and a good tomahawk dig right through the skull; and a long-legg'd fellow, too, that looked as though he might have fou't old Sattan himself!"

"It's the Jibbenainosay, sure enough, and so good luck to him!" cried the commander; "thar's a harricane coming!"

"Who is the Jibbenainosay?" demanded Forrester.

"Who?" cried Tom Bruce. "Why, Nick, Nick of the Woods."

"And who, if you please, is Nick of the Woods?"

"Thar," replied the junior, with another grin, "thar, strannger, you're too hard for me. Some think one thing, and some another; but thar's many reckon he's the devil."

"And his mark that you were talking of in such mysterious terms, what is that?"

"Why, a dead Injun, to be sure, with Nick's mark on him, — a knife-cut, or a brace of 'em, over the ribs in the shape of a

cross. That's the way the Jibbenainosay marks all the meat of his killing. It has been a whole year now since we h'ard of him."

"Captain," said the elder Bruce, "you don't seem to understand the affa'r altogether, but if you were to ask Tom about the Jibbenainosay till doomsday, he could tell you no more than he has told already. You must know thar's a creatur' of some sort or other that ranges the woods round about our station h'yar, keeping a sort of guard over us like, and killing all the brute Injuns that ar' onlucky enough to come in his way, besides scalping them and marking them with his mark. The Injuns call him Jibbenainosay, or a word of that natur', which them that know more about the Injun gabble than I do say means the *Spirit-that-walks*; and if we can believe any such lying devils as Injuns (which I am loath to do, for the truth ar'nt in 'em), he is neither man nor beast, but a great ghost or devil that knife cannot harm nor bullet touch; and they have always had an idea that our fort h'yar in partickelar, and the country round about, war under his friendly protection — many thanks to him, whether he be a devil or not; for that war the reason the savages so soon left off a worrying of us."

"Is it possible," said Roland, "that any one can believe such an absurd story?"

"Why not?" said Bruce, stoutly. "Thar's the Injuns themselves, — Shawnees, Hurons, Delawares, and all, but partickelarly the Shawnees, for he beats all creation a-killing of Shawnees, — that believe in him, and hold him in such eternal dread that thar's scarce a brute of 'em has come within ten miles of the station h'yar this three y'ar: because as how he haunts about our woods h'yar in partickelar, and kills 'em wheresomever he catches 'em, especially the Shawnees, as I said afore, against which the creatur' has a most butchering spite; and there's them among the other tribes that call him *Shawneewannaween*, or the Howl of the Shawnees, because of his keeping them ever a howling. And thar's his marks, captain, what do you make of *that*? When you find an Injun lying scalped and tomahawked, it stands to reason thar war something to kill him."

"Ay, truly," said Forrester; "but I think you have human beings enough to give the credit to without referring it to a supernatural one."

"Stramnger," said Big Tom Bruce, the younger, with a sagacious nod, "when you kill an Injun yourself, I reckon —

meaning no offense — you will be willing to take all the honor that can come of it without leaving it to be scrambled after by others. Thar's no man 'arns a scalp in Kentucky without taking great pains to show it to his neighbors."

"And besides, captain," said the father, very gravely, "thar are men among us who have *seen* the creatur'!"

"*That*," said Roland, who perceived his new friends were not well pleased with his incredulity, "is an argument I can resist no longer."

"Thar war Ben Jones, and Samuel Sharp, and Peter Small-eye, and a dozen more, who all had a glimpse of him stalking through the woods at different times; and, they agree, he looks more like a devil nor a mortal man, — a great tall fellow with horns and a hairy head like a buffalo bull, and a little devil, that looks like a black b'ar, that walks before him to point out the way. He war always found in the deepest forests, and that's the reason we call him Nick of the Woods, wharby we mean Old Nick of the Woods; for we hold him to be the devil, though a friendly one to all but Injuns. Now, captain, I war never superstitious in my life, but I go my death on the Jibbenainosay! I never seed the creatur' himself, but I have seen, in my time, two different savages of his killing. It's a sure sign if you see him in the woods, that thar's Injuns at hand: and it's a good sign when you find his mark without seeing him yourself, for then you may be sure the brutes are off, — for they can't stand old Nick of the Woods no how! At first he war never h'ard of afar from our station, but he has begun to widen his range. Last year he left his marks down Salt River in Jefferson; and now, you see, he is striking game north of the Kentucky; and I've h'ard of them that say he kills Shawnees even in their own country, though consarn'ing *that* I'll not be so partickelar. No, no, captain, thar's no mistake in Nick of the Woods; and if you are so minded, we will go and h'ar the whole news of him. But, I say, Tom," continued the Kentuckian, as the three left the porch together, "who brought the news?"

"Captain Ralph, — Roaring Ralph Stackpole," replied Tom Bruce, with a knowing and humorous look.

"What!" cried the father, in sudden alarm. "Look to the horses, Tom!"

"I will," said the youth, laughing: "it war no sooner known that Captain Ralph war among us than it was resolved to have

six Regulators in the range all night ! Thar's some of these new colts, (not to speak of our own creatur's,) and especially that blooded brown beast of the captain's, which the niggarr calls Brown Briery, or some such name, would set a better man than Roaring Ralph Stackpole's mouth watering."

"And who," said Roland, "is Roaring Ralph Stackpole? and what has he to do with Brown Briareus?"

"A proper fellow as ever you saw !" replied Tom, approvingly ; "killed two Injuns once, single-handed, on Bear-Grass, and has stolen more horses from them than ar another man in Kentucky. A prime creatur' ! but he has his fault, poor fellow, and sometimes mistakes a Christian's horse for an Injun's, thar's the truth of it !"

"And such scoundrels you make officers of?" demanded the soldier, indignantly.

"Oh," said the elder Bruce, "thar's no reggelar commission in the case. But whar thar's a knot of our poor folks out of horses, and inclined to steal a lot from the Shawnees, (which is all fa'r plundering, you see, for thar's not a horse among them, the brutes, that they did not steal from Kentucky,) they send for Roaring Ralph and make him their captain ; and a capital one he is, too, being all fight from top to bottom ; and as for the stealing part, thar's no one can equal him. But, as Tom says, he sometimes *does* make mistakes, having stolen horses so often from the Injuns, he can scarce keep his hands off a Christian's, and that makes us wrathy."

By this time the speakers had reached the gate of the fort, and passed among the cabins outside, where they found a throng of the villagers, surrounding the captain of horse-thieves, and listening with great edification to, and deriving no little amusement from, his account of the last achievement of the Jibbenainosay. Of this, as it related no more than young Bruce had already repeated, — namely, that, while riding that morning from the north side, he had stumbled upon the corse of an Indian, which bore all the marks of having been a late victim to the wandering demon of the woods, — we shall say nothing : — but the appearance and conduct of the narrator, one of the first, and perhaps the parent, of the race of men who have made Salt River so renowned in story, were such as to demand a less summary notice. He was a stout, bandy-legged, broad-shouldered, and bull-headed tatterdemalion, ugly, mean, and villainous of look ; yet with an impudent, swaggering, joyous



self-esteem traced in every feature and expressed in every action of body, that rather disposed the beholder to laugh than to be displeased at his appearance. An old blanket-coat, or wrap-rascal, once white, but now of the same muddy brown hue that stained his visage — and once also of sufficient length to defend his legs, though the skirts had long since been transferred to the cuffs and elbows, where they appeared in huge patches — covered the upper part of his body ; while the lower boasted a pair of buckskin breeches and leather wrappers, somewhat its junior in age, but its rival in mud and maculation. An old round fur hat, intended originally for a boy, and only made to fit his head by being slit in sundry places at the bottom, thus leaving a dozen yawning gaps, through which, as through the chinks of a lattice, stole out as many stiff bunches of black hair, gave to the capital excrescence an air as ridiculous as it was truly uncouth ; which was not a little increased by the absence on one side of the brim, and by a loose fragment of it hanging down on the other. To give something martial to an appearance in other respects so outlandish and ludicrous, he had his rifle, and other usual equipments of a woodsman, including the knife and tomahawk, the first of which he carried in his hand, swinging it about at every moment, with a vigor and apparent carelessness well fit to discompose a nervous person, had any such happened among his auditors. As if there was not enough in his figure, visage, and attire to move the mirth of beholders, he added to his other attractions a variety of gestures and antics of the most extravagant kinds, dancing, leaping and dodging about, clapping his hands and cracking his heels together, with the activity, restlessness, and, we may add, the grace of a jumping-jack. Such was the worthy, or unworthy, son of Salt River, a man wholly unknown to history, though not to local and traditionary fame, and much less to the then inhabitants of Bruce's Station, to whom he related his news of the Jibbenainosay with that emphasis and importance of tone and manner which are most significantly expressed in the phrase of "laying down the law."

As soon as he saw the commander of the Station approaching, he cleared the throng around him by a skip and a hop, seized the colonel by the hand, and doing the same with the soldier, before Roland could repel him, as he would have done, exclaimed, "Glad to see you, cunnel ; — same to you, strannger — What's the news from Virginnie ? Strannger, my name's Ralph Stackpole, and I'm a ring-tailed squealer !"

"Then, Mr. Ralph Stackpole, the ring-tailed squealer," said Roland, disengaging his hand, "be so good as to pursue your business, without regarding or taking any notice of me."

"Tarnal death to me!" cried the captain of horse-thieves, indignant at the rebuff, "I'm a gentleman, and my name's *Fight!* Foot and hand, tooth and nail, claw and mud-scraper, knife, gun, and tomahawk, or any other way you choose to take me, I'm your man! Cock-a-doodle-doo!" And with that the gentleman jumped into the air, and flapped his wings; as much to the amusement of the provoker of his wrath as of any other person present.

"Come, Ralph," said the commander of the Station, "whar'd you steal that brown mar' thar?"—a question whose abruptness somewhat quelled the ferment of the man's fury, while it drew a roar of laughter from the lookers-on.

"Thar it is!" said he, striking an attitude and clapping a hand on his breast, like a man who felt his honor unjustly assailed. "Steal! I steal any horse but an Injun's! Whar's the man dar's insinivate that? Blood and massaccree-ation! whar's the man?"

"Il'yar," said Bruce, very composedly. "I know that old mar' belongs to Peter Harper, on the north side."

"You're right, by Hookey!" cried Roaring Ralph; at which seeming admission of his knavery the merriment of the spectators was greatly increased; nor was it much lessened when the fellow proceeded to aver that he had borrowed it, and that with the express stipulation that it should be left at Bruce's Station, subject to the orders of its owner. "Thar, cunnel," said he, "thar's the beast; take it; and just tell me whar's the one you mean to lend me,—for I must be off afore sunset."

"And whar are you going?" demanded Bruce.

"To St. Asaphs,"—which was a station some twenty or thirty miles off,—replied Captain Stackpole.

"Too far for the Regulators to follow, Ralph," said Colonel Bruce; at which the young men present laughed louder than ever, and eyed the visitor in a way that seemed both to disconcert and offend him.

"Cunnel," said he, "you're a man in authority, and my superior officer; wharfo' thar' can be no scalping between us. But my name's Tom Dowdle, the rag-man!" he screamed, suddenly skipping into the thickest of the throng, and sounding a note of defiance; "my name's Tom. Dowdle, the rag-man,

and I'm for any man that insults me ! log-leg or leather-breeches, green-shirt or blanket-coat, land-trotter or river-roller, — I'm the man for a massacre ! ” Then, giving himself a whirl upon his foot that would have done credit to a dancing-master, he proceeded to other antic demonstrations of hostility, which when performed in after years on the banks of the Lower Mississippi, by himself and his worthy imitators, were, we suspect, the cause of their receiving the name of the mighty alligator. It is said, by naturalists, of this monstrous reptile, that he delights, when the returning warmth of spring has brought his fellows from their holes, and placed them basking along the banks of a swampy lagoon, to dart into the center of the expanse, and challenge the whole field to combat. He roars, he blows the water from his nostrils, he lashes it with his tail, he whirls round and round, churning the water into foam ; until, having worked himself into a proper fury, he darts back again to the shore, to seek an antagonist. Had the gallant captain of horse-thieves boasted the blood, as he afterwards did the name, of an “alligator half-breed,” he could have scarce conducted himself in a way more worthy of his parentage. He leaped into the center of the throng, where having found elbow-room for his purpose, he performed the gyration mentioned before, following it up by other feats expressive of his hostile humor. He flapped his wings and crowded, until every chanticleer in the settlement replied to the note of battle ; he snorted and neighed like a horse ; he bellowed like a bull ; he barked like a dog ; he yelled like an Indian ; he whined like a panther ; he howled like a wolf ; until one would have thought he was a living menagerie, comprising within his single body the spirit of every animal noted for its love of conflict. Then, not content with such a display of readiness to fight the field, he darted from the center of the area allowed him for his exercise, and invited the lookers-on individually to battle. “ Whar's your buffalo-bull,” he cried, “ to cross horns with the roarer of Salt River ? Whar's your full-blood colt that can shake a saddle off ? h'yar's an old nag can kick off the top of a buck-eye ! Whar's your cat of the Knobs, your wolf of the Rolling Prairies ? h'yar's the old brown b'ar can claw the bark off a gum-tree ! H'yar's a man for you, Tom Bruce ! Same to you, Sim Roberts ! to you, Jim Big-nose ! to you, and to you and to you ! Ar'n't I a ring-tailed squealer ? Can go down Salt on my back and swim up the

Ohio! Whar's the man to fight Roaring Ralph Stackpole?"

Now, whether it happened that there were none present inclined to a contest with such a champion, or whether it was that the young men looked upon the exhibition as mere bravado meant rather to amuse them than to irritate, it so occurred that not one of them accepted the challenge; though each, when personally called on, did his best to add to the roarer's fury, if fury it really were, by letting off sundry jests in relation to borrowed horses, and Regulators. That the fellow's rage was in great part assumed, Roland, who was at first somewhat amused at his extravagance, became soon convinced; and growing at last weary of it, he was about to signify to his host his inclination to return into the fort, when the appearance of another individual on the ground suddenly gave promise of new entertainment.

"If you're rarely ripe for a fight, Roaring Ralph," cried Tom Bruce the younger, who had shown, like the others, a greater disposition to jest than to do battle with the champion, "here comes the very man for you. "Look, boys, thar comes Bloody Nathan!" At which formidable name there was a loud shout set up, with an infinite deal of laughing and clapping of hands.

"Whar's the feller?" cried Captain Stackpole, springing six feet into the air, and uttering a whoop of anticipated triumph. "I've heerd of the brute, and 'tarnal death to me, but I'm his super-superior! Show me the critter, and let me fly! Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

"Hurrah for Roaring Ralph Stackpole!" cried the young men, some of whom proceeded to pat him on the back in compliment to his courage, while others ran forward to hasten the approach of the expected antagonist.

The appearance of the comer, at a distance, promised an equal match to the captain of horse-thieves; but Roland perceived, from the increase of merriment among the Kentuckians, and especially from his host joining heartily in it, that there was more in Bloody Nathan than met the eye. And yet there was enough in his appearance to attract attention, and to convince the soldier that if Kentucky had shown him, in Captain Stackpole, one extraordinary specimen of her inhabitants, she had others to exhibit not a whit less remarkable. It is on the frontiers, indeed, where adventurers from every corner of the



world, and from every circle of society, are thrown together, that we behold the strongest contrasts, and the strangest varieties, of human character.

Casting his eyes down the road or street, (for it was flanked by the outer cabins of the settlement, and perhaps deserved the latter name,) which led, among stumps and gullies, from the gate of the stockade to the bottom of the hill, Forrester beheld a tall man approaching, leading an old lame white horse, at the heels of which followed a little silky black or brown dog, dragging its tail betwixt its legs, in compliment to the curs of the Station, which seemed as hospitably inclined to spread a field of battle for the submissive brute, as their owners were to make ready another for its master. The first thing that surprised the soldier in the appearance of the person bearing so formidable a name, was an incongruity which struck others as well as himself, even the colonel of militia exclaiming, as he pointed it out with his finger, "It's old Nathan Slaughter, to the backbone ! Thar he comes, the brute, leading a horse in his hand, and carrying his pack on his own back ! But he's a marcifful man, old Nathan, and the horse thar, old White Dobbin, war foundered and good for nothing ever since the boys made a race with him against Sammy Parker's jackass."

As he approached yet nigher, Roland perceived that his tall, gaunt figure was arrayed in garments of leather from top to toe, even his cap, or hat, (for such it seemed, having several broad flaps suspended by strings, so as to serve the purpose of a brim,) being composed of fragments of tanned skins rudely sewed together. His upper garment differed from a hunting shirt only in wanting the fringes usually appended to it, and in being fashioned without any regard to the body it encompassed, so that in looseness and shapelessness it looked more like a sack than a human vestment ; and, like his breeches and leggings, it bore the marks of the most reverend antiquity, being covered with patches and stains of all ages, sizes, and colors.

Thus far Bloody Nathan's appearance was not inconsistent with his name, being uncommonly wild and savage ; and to assist in maintaining his claims to the title, he had a long rifle on his shoulder, and a knife in his belt, both of which were in a state of dilapidation worthy of his other equipments ; the knife, from long use and age, being worn so thin that it seemed scarce worthy the carrying, while the rifle boasted a stock

so rude, shapeless, and, as one would have judged from its magnitude and weight, so unserviceable, that it was easy to believe it had been constructed by the unskillful hands of Nathan himself. Such, then, was the appearance of the man who seemed so properly called the Bloody ; but when Roland came to survey him a little more closely, he could not avoid suspecting that the sobriquet, instead of being given to indicate warlike and dangerous traits of character, had been bestowed out of pure wantonness and derision. His visage, seeming to belong to a man of at least forty-five or fifty years of age, was hollow, and almost as weather-worn as his apparel, with a long hooked nose, prominent chin, a wide mouth exceedingly straight and pinched, with a melancholy or contemplative twist at the corners, and a pair of black staring eyes, that beamed a good-natured, humble, and perhaps submissive, simplicity of disposition. His gait, too, as he stumbled along up the hill, with a shuffling, awkward, hesitating step, was more like that of a man who apprehended injury and insult, than of one who possessed the spirit to resist them. The fact, moreover, of his sustaining on his own shoulders a heavy pack of deer and other skins, to relieve the miserable horse which he led, betokened a merciful temper, scarce compatible with qualities of a man of war and contention. Another test and criterion by which Roland judged his claims to the character of a roarer, he found in the little black dog ; for the Virginian was a devout believer, as we are ourselves, in that maxim of practical philosophy, namely, that by the dog you shall know the master, the one being fierce, magnanimous, or cowardly, just as his master is a bully, a gentleman, or a dastard. The little dog of Bloody Nathan was evidently a coward, creeping along at White Dobbin's heels, and seeming to supplicate with his tail, which now draggled in the mud, and now attempted a timid wag, that his fellow-curs of the Station should not be rude and inhospitable to a peaceable stranger.

On the whole the appearance of the man was anything in the world but that of the gory and ferocious ruffian whom the nickname had led Roland to anticipate ; and he scarce knew whether to pity him, or to join in the laugh with which the young men of the settlement greeted his approach. Perhaps his sense of the ridiculous would have disposed the young soldier to merriment ; but the wistful look, with which, while advancing, Nathan seemed to deprecate the insults he evidently

expected, spoke volumes of reproach to his spirit, and the half-formed smile faded from his countenance.

"Thar!" exclaimed Tom Bruce, slapping Stackpole on the shoulder, with great glee, "thar's the man that calls himself Dannger! At him, for the honor of Salt River; but take care of his forelegs, for, I tell you, he's the Pennsylvania war-horse!"

"And arn't I the ramping tiger of the Rolling Fork?" cried Captain Ralph; "and can't I eat him, hoss, dog, dirty jacket, and all? Hold me by the tail while I devour him!"

With that, he executed two or three escapades, demivoltes, curvets, and other antics of a truly equine character, and, galloping up to the amazed Nathan, saluted him with a neigh so shrill and hostile that even White Dobbin pricked up his ears, and betrayed other symptoms of alarm.

"Surely, Colonel," said Roland, "you will not allow that mad ruffian to assail the poor man?"

"Oh," said Bruce, "Ralph won't hurt him; he's never ambitious, except among Injuns and horses. He's only for skearing the old feller."

"And who," said Forrester, "may the old fellow be? and why do you call him Bloody Nathan?"

"We call him Bloody Nathan," replied the commander, "because he's the only man in all Kentucky that *won't fight!* and thar's the way he beats us all hollow. Lord, Captain, you'd hardly believe it, but he's nothing more than a poor Pennsylvania Quaker; and what brought him out to Kentucky, whar thar's nar another creatur' of his tribe, thar's no knowing. Some say he war dishonest, and so had to cut loose from Pennsylvania; but I never heerd of his stealing anything in Kentucky; I reckon thar's too much of the chicken about him for that. Some say he is hunting rich lands; which war like enough for anybody that war not so poor and lazy. And some say his wits are unsettled, and I hold that that's the truth of the creatur'; for he does nothing but go wandering up and down the country, now h'yar and now thar, hunting for meat and skins; and that's pretty much the way he makes a living: and once I see'd the creatur' have a fit—a right up-and-down touch of the falling sickness, with his mouth all of a foam. Thar's them that's good-natur'd that calls him Wandering Nathan, because of his being h'yar and thar, and every whar. He don't seem much afear'd of the Injuns; but, they say, the

red brutes never disturbs the Pennsylvania Quakers. However, he makes himself useful; for sometimes he finds Injun signs whar thar's no Injuns thought of, and so he gives information; but he always does it, as he says, to save bloodshed, not to bring on a fight. He comes to me once, thar's more than three years ago, and instead of saying, 'Cunnel, thar's twenty Injuns lying on the road at the lower ford of Salt, whar ycu may nab them;' he says, says he, 'Friend Thomas, thee must keep the people from going nigh the ford, for thar's Injuns thar that will hurt them;' and then he takes himself off; whilst I rides down thar with twenty-five men and exterminates them, killing six, and driving others the Lord knows whar. He has had but a hard time of it among us, poor creatur'; for it used to make us wrathly to find thar war so little fight in him that he wouldn't so much as kill a murdering Injun. I took his gun from him once; for why, he wouldn't attend muster when I had enrolled him. But I pitied the brute for he war poor, and thar war but little corn in his cabin and nothing to shoot meat with; and so I gave it back, and told him to take his own ways for an old fool."

While Colonel Bruce was thus delineating the character of Nathan Slaughter, the latter found himself surrounded by the men of the Station, the butt of a thousand jests, and the victim of the insolence of the captain of horse-thieves. . . .

"Bloody Nathan!" said he, as soon as he had concluded his neighing and curveting, "if you ever said your prayers, now's the time. Down with your pack—for I can't stand deer's ha'r sticking in my swallow, no how!"

"Friend," said Bloody Nathan, meekly, "I beg thee will not disturb me. I am a man of peace and quiet."

And so saying, he endeavored to pass onwards, but was prevented by Ralph, who, seizing his heavy bundle with one hand, applied his right foot to it with a dexterity that not only removed it from the poor man's back, but sent the dried skins scattering over the road. This feat was rewarded by the spectators with loud shouts, all which, as well as the insult itself, Nathan bore with exemplary patience.

"Friend," he said, "what does thee seek of me, that thee treats me thus?"

"A fight!" replied Captain Stackpole, uttering a war-whoop; "a fight, strannger, for the love of heaven!"

"Thee seeks it of the wrong person," said Nathan; "and I beg thee will get thee away."



"What!" said Stackpole, "arn't thee the Pennsylvany war-horse, the screamer of the meeting-house, the bloody-mouthed ba'r of Yea-Nay-and-Verily?"

"I am a man of peace," said the submissive Slaughter.

"Yea verily, verily and yea!" cried Ralph, snuffling through the nostrils, but assuming an air of extreme indignation. "Strannger, I've heerd of you! You're the man that holds it agin duty and conscience to kill Injuns, the redskin screamers—that refuses to defend the women, the splendiferous creatur's! and the little children, the squall-a-baby d'ars! And wharfo'? Because as how you're a man of peace and no fight, you superiferous, long-legged, no-souled crittur! But I'm the gentleman to make a man of you. So down with your gun, and 'tarnal death to me, I'll whip the cowardly devil out of you."

"Friend," said Nathan, his humility yielding to a feeling of contempt, "thee is theeself a cowardly person, or thee wouldn't seek a quarrel with one thee knows can't fight thee. Thee would not be so ready with thee match."

With that, he stooped to gather up his skins, a proceeding that Stackpole, against whom the laugh was turned by this sally of Nathan's, resisted him by catching him by the nape of the neck, twirling him round, and making as if he really would have beaten him.

Even this the peaceful Nathan bore without anger or murmuring; but his patience fled, when Stackpole, turning to the little dog, which by bristling its back and growling, expressed a half inclination to take up its master's quarrel, applied his foot to its ribs with a violence that sent it rolling some five or six yards down the hill, where it lay for a time yelping and whining with pain.

"Friend!" said Nathan, sternly, "thee is but a dog thee-self, to harm the creature! What will thee have with me?"

"A fight! a fight, I tell thee!" replied Captain Ralph, "till I teach thy leatherified conscience the new doctrines of Kentucky."

"Fight thee I cannot and dare not," said Nathan; and then added, much to the surprise of Forrester, who, sharing his indignation at the brutality of his tormentor, had approached to drive the fellow off,— "But if thee must have thee deserts, thee *shall* have them. Thee prides theeself upon thee courage and strength—will thee adventure with me a friendly fall?"

"Hurrah for Bloody Nathan!" cried the young men, vastly

delighted at his unwonted spirit, while Captain Ralph himself expressed his pleasure, by leaping into the air, crowing, and dashing off his hat, which he kicked down the hill with as much good will as he had previously bestowed upon the little dog.

"Off with your leather nightcap, and down with your rifle," he cried, giving his own weapon into the hands of a looker-on, "and scrape some of the grease off your jacket; for, 'tarnal death to me, I shall give you the Virginny lock, fling you head-fo'most, and you'll find yourself, in a twinkling, sticking fast right in the centre of the 'arth!"

"Thee may find theeself mistaken," said Nathan, giving up his gun to one of the young men, but instead of rejecting his hat, pulling it down tight over his brows. "There is locks taught among the mountains of Bedford, that may be as good as them learned on the hills of Virginia—I am ready for thee."

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" cried Ralph Stackpole, springing towards his man, and clapping his hands, one on Nathan's left shoulder, the other on his right hip: "Are you ready?"

"I am," replied Nathan.

"Down then, you go, war you a buffalo!". And with that the captain of the horse-thieves put forth his strength, which was very great, in an effort that appeared to Roland quite irresistible; though, as it happened, it scarce moved Nathan from his position.

"Thee is mistaken, friend!" he cried, exerting his strength in return, and with an effort that no one had anticipated. By magic, as it seemed, the heels of the captain of the horse-thieves were suddenly seen flying in the air, his head aiming at the earth, upon which it as suddenly descended with the violence of a bombshell; and there it would doubtless have burrowed, like the aforesaid implement of destruction, had the soil been soft enough for the purpose, or exploded into a thousand fragments, had not the shell been double the thickness of an ordinary skull.

"Huzza! Bloody Nathan for ever!" shouted the delighted villagers.

"He has killed the man," said Forrester; "but bear witness, all, the fellow provoked his fate."

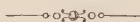
"Thanks to you, stranger! but not so dead as you reckon," said Ralph, rising to his feet, and scratching his poll with a stare of comical confusion. "I say, stranger, here's my

shoulders, — but whar's my head? — Do you reckon I had the worst of it?"

"Huzza for Bloody Nathan Slaughter! He has whipped the ramping tiger of Salt River!" cried the young men of the station.

"Well, I reckon he has," said the magnanimous Captain Ralph, picking up his hat: then, walking up to Nathan, who had taken his dog into his arms, to examine into the little animal's hurts, he cried, with much good-humored energy, — "Thar's my fo'paw, in token I've had enough of you, and want no mo'."

[Of course Nathan is himself the Jibbenainosay.]



## RORY O'MORE'S PRESENT TO THE PRIEST.

By SAMUEL LOVER.

[SAMUEL LOVER, Irish artist, songster, and story-teller, was born in Dublin in 1797. He began as an artist, acquiring repute as a miniature painter and becoming secretary of the Royal Hibernian Society of Arts. His "Legends and Stories of Ireland" (1831) gave him reputation as an author. About 1835 he went to London, and became very popular as an entertainer, singing his own songs in companies, to his own music (collected 1839). In 1837 he published the novel "Rory O'More," which was a great success and was dramatized; in 1842 "Handy Andy" appeared. In 1844 he began giving public entertainments with his own songs and recitations, which had great vogue in England and America. He died July 6, 1868.]

"WHY, thin, I'll tell you," said Rory. "I promised my mother to bring a present to the priest from Dublin, and I could not make up my mind rightly what to get all the time I was there. I thought of a pair o' top-boots; for, indeed, his reverence's is none of the best, and only you *know* them to be top-boots, you would not *take* them to be top-boots, bekase the bottoms has been put in so often that the tops is wore out intirely, and is no more like top-boots than my brogues. So I wint to a shop in Dublin, and picked out the purtiest pair o' top-boots I could see; — whin I say purty, I don't mane a flourishin' taarin' pair, but sich as was fit for a priest, a respectable pair o' boots; — and with that, I pulled out my good money to pay for thim, whin jist at that minit, remembering the thricks o' the town, I bethought o' myself, and says I, 'I suppose these are the right thing?' says I to the man. — 'You

can thry them,' says he. — 'How can I thry them?' says I. — 'Pull them on you,' says he. — 'Throth, an' I'd be sorry,' says I, 'to take sich a liberty with them,' says I. — 'Why, aren't you goin' to ware thim?' says he. — 'Is it me?' says I, 'me ware top-boots? Do you think it's takin' lave of my sinsis I am?' says I. — 'Then what do you want to buy them for?' says he. — 'For his reverence, Father Kinshela,' says I. 'Are they the right sort for him?' — 'How should I know?' says he. — 'You're a purty bootmaker,' says I, 'not to know how to make a priest's boot!' — 'How do I know his size?' says he. — 'Oh, don't be comin' off that away,' says I. 'There's no sich great differ betune priests and other min!'"

"I think you were very right there," said the pale traveler.

"To be sure, sir," said Rory; "and it was only jist a *come off* for his own ignorance. — 'Tell me his size,' says the fellow, 'and I'll fit him.' — 'He's betune five and six fut,' says I. — 'Most men are,' says he, laughin' at me. He was an impidint fellow. 'It's not the five, nor six, but his *two* feet I want to know the size of,' says he. So I persaived he was jeerin' me, and says I, 'Why, thin, you respectful vagabone o' the world, you Dublin jackeen! do you mane to insinivate that Father Kinshela ever wint barefuttet in his life, that I could know the size of his fut,' says I; and with that I threw the boots in his face. 'Take that,' says I, 'you dirty thief o' the world! you impidint vagabone o' the world! you ignorant citizen o' the world!' And with that I left the place."

"It is their usual practice," said the traveler, "to take measure of their customers."

"Is it, thin?"

"It really is."

"See that, now!" said Rory, with an air of triumph. "You would think that they wor cleverer in the town than in the counthry; and they ought to be so, by all accounts; — but in the regard of what I towld you, you see, we're before them intirely."

"How so?" said the traveler.

"Arrah! bekase they never throuble people in the counthry at all with takin' their measure; but you jist go to a fair, and bring your fut along with you, and somebody else dhrives a cartful o' brogues into the place, and there you sarve yourself; and so the man gets his money and you get your shoes, and every one's plazed."



"But what I mane is — where did I lave off tellin' you about the present for the priest? — wasn't it at the bootmaker's shop? — yes, that was it. Well, sir, on laving the shop, as soon as I kem to myself afther the fellow's impudence, I begun to think what was the next best thing I could get for his reverence; and with that, while I was thinkin' about it, I seen a very respectable owld gintleman goin' by, with the most beautiful stick in his hand I ever set my eyes on, and a goolden head to it that was worth its weight in goold; and it gev him such an iligant look altogether, that says I to myself, 'It's the very thing for Father Kinshela, if I could get sich another.' And so I wint lookin' about me every shop I seen as I wint by, and at last, in a sthreet they call Dame Sthreet — and, by the same token, I didn't know why they called it Dame Sthreet till I ax'd; and I was towld they called it Dame Sthreet bekase the ladies were so fond o' walkin' there; — and lovely craythurs they wor! and I can't b'lieve that the town is such an onwholesome place to live in, for most o' the ladies I seen there had the most beautiful rosy cheeks I ever clapt my eyes upon — and the beautiful rowlin' eyes o' them! Well, it was in Dame Sthreet, as I was sayin', that I kem to a shop where there was a power o' sticks, and so I wint in and looked at thim; and a man in the place kem to me and ax'd me if I wanted a cane? 'No,' says I, 'I don't want a cane; it's a stick I want,' says I. 'A cane, you mane,' says he. 'No,' says I, 'it's a stick, — for I was determined to have no cane, but to stick to the stick. 'Here's a nate one,' says he. 'I don't want a nate one,' says I, 'but a responsible one,' says I. 'Faith!' says he, 'if an Irishman's stick was responsible, it would have a great dale to answer for' — and he laughed a power. I didn't know myself what he meant, but that's what he said."

"It was because you asked for a responsible stick," said the traveler.

"And why wouldn't I," said Rory, "when it was for his reverence I wanted it? Why wouldn't he have a nice-lookin', respectable, responsible stick?"

"Certainly," said the traveler.

"Well, I picked out one that looked to my likin' — a good substantial stick, with an ivory top to it — for I seen that the goold-headed ones was so dear I couldn't come up to them; and so says I, 'Give me a howld o' that,' says I — and I tuk a grip iv it. I never was so surprised in my life. I thought to get a

good, brave handful of a solid stick, but, my dear, it was well it didn't fly out o' my hand a'most, it was so light. 'Phew!' says I, 'what sort of a stick is this?' 'I tell you it's not a stick, but a cane,' says he. 'Faith! I b'lieve you,' says I. 'You see how good and light it is,' says he. Think o' that, sir! — to call a stick good and light — as if there could be any good in life in a stick that wasn't heavy, and could sthreck a good blow! 'Is it jokin' you are?' says I. 'Don't you feel it yourself?' says he. 'Throth, I can hardly feel it at all,' says I. 'Sure that's the beauty of it,' says he. Think o' the ignorant vagabone! — to call a stick a beauty that was as light a'most as a bulrush! 'And so you can hardly feel it!' says he, grinnin'. 'Yis, indeed,' says I; 'and what's worse, I don't think I could make any one else feel it either.' 'Oh! you want a stick to bate people with!' says he. 'To be sure,' says I; 'sure that's the use of a stick.' 'To knock the sinsis out o' people!' says he, grinnin' again. 'Sartinly,' says I, 'if they're saucy' — lookin' hard at him at the same time. 'Well, these is only walkin' sticks,' says he. 'Throth, you may say *runnin'* sticks,' says I, 'for you daren't stand before any one with sich a *thraneen* as that in your fist.' 'Well, pick out the heaviest o' them you plaze,' says he; 'take your choice.' So I wint pokin' and rummagin' among thim, and, if you believe me, there wasn't a stick in their whole shop worth a kick in the shins — divil a one!"

"But why did you require such a heavy stick for the priest?"

"Bekase there is not a man in the parish wants it more," said Rory.

"Is he so quarrelsome, then?" said the traveler.

"No, but the greatest o' pacemakers," said Rory.

"Then what does he want the heavy stick for?"

"For wallopin' his flock, to be sure," said Rory.

"Walloping!" said the traveler, choking with laughter.

"Oh! you may laugh," said Rory, "but 'pon my sowl! you wouldn't laugh if you wor undher his hand, for he has a brave heavy one, God bless him and spare him to us!"

"And what is all this walloping for?"

"Why, sir, whin we have a bit of a fight, for fun, or the regular faction one, at the fair, his reverence sometimes hears of it, and comes av coorse."

"Good God!" said the traveler, in real astonishment, "does the priest join the battle?"

"No, no, no, sir! I see you're quite a sthranger in the

counthry. The priest join it! — Oh! by no manes. But he comes and stops it; and, av coorse, the only way he can stop it is to ride into thim, and wallop thim all round before him, and disperse thim — scatther thim like chaff before the wind; and it's the best o' sticks he requires for that same."

"But might he not have his heavy stick on purpose for that purpose, and make use of a lighter one on other occasions?"

"As for that matther, sir," said Rory, "there's no knowin' the minit he might want it, for he is often necessitated to have recoorse to it. It might be, going through the village, the public house is too full, and in he goes and dh rives thim out. Oh! it would delight your heart to see the style he clears a public house in, in no time!"

"But wouldn't his speaking to them answer the purpose as well?"

"Oh, no! he doesn't like to throw away his discoorse on thim: and why should he? — he keeps that for the blessed althar on Sunday, which is a fitter place for it: besides, he does not like to be sebare on us."

"Severe!" said the traveler, in surprise, "why, haven't you said that he thrashes you round on all occasions?"

"Yis, sir; but what o' that? — sure that's nothin' to his tongue — his words is like swords or razhors, I may say: we're used to a lick of a stick every day, but not to sich language as his reverence sometimes murders us with whin we displace him. Oh! it's terrible, so it is, to have the weight of his tongue on you! Throth! I'd rather let him bate me from this till to-morrow, than have one angry word with him."

"I see, then, he must have a heavy stick," said the traveler.

"To be sure he must, sir, at all times; and that was the raison I was so particular in the shop; and afther spendin' over an hour — would you b'lieve it? — divil a stick I could get in the place fit for a child, much less a man."

"But about the gridiron?"

"Sure I'm tellin' you about it," said Rory; "only I'm not come to it yet. You see," continued he, "I was so disgusted with them shopkeepers in Dublin, that my heart was fairly broke with their ignorance, and I seen they knew nothin' at all about what I wanted, and so I came away without anything for his reverence, though it was on my mind all this day on the road; and comin' through the last town in the middle o' the rain, I thought of a gridiron."

"A very natural thing to think of in a shower of rain," said the traveler.

"No, 'twasn't the rain made me think of it—I think it was God put a gridiron in my heart, seein' that it was a present for the priest I intended; and when I thought of it, it came into my head, afther, that it would be a fine thing to sit on, for to keep one out of the rain, that was ruinatin' my cordheroys on the top o' the coach; so I kept my eye out as we dhrove along up the sthreet, and sure enough what should I see at a shop halfway down the town but a gridiron hanging up at the door! and so I wint back to get it."

"But isn't a gridiron an odd present?—hasn't his reverence one already?"

"He had, sir, before it was bruk—but that's what I remembered, for I happened to be up at his place one day, sittin' in the kitchen, when Molly was brilin' some mate an it for his reverence; and while she jist turned about to get a pinch o' salt to shake over it, the dog that was in the place made a dart at the gridiron on the fire, and threwn it down, and up he whips the mate, before one of us could stop him. With that Molly whips up the gridiron, and says she, 'Bad luck to you, you disrespectful baste! would nothin' sarve you but the priest's dinner?' and she made a crack o' the gridiron at him. 'As you have the mate, you shall have the gridiron too,' says she; and with that she gave him such a rap on the head with it, that the bars flew out of it, and his head went through it, and away he pulled it out of her hands, and ran off with the gridiron hangin' round his neck like a necklace; and he went mad a'most with it; for though a kettle to a dog's tail is nath'rel, a gridiron round his neck is very surprisin' to him; and away he tatthered over the counthry, till there wasn't a taste o' the gridiron left together."



## RORY O'MORE.

By SAMUEL LOVER.

YOUNG Rory O'More courted Kathleen bawn;  
 He was bold as a hawk, and she soft as the dawn;  
 He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,  
 And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.  
 "Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,  
 Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye;



"With your tricks, I don't know, in troth, what I'm about;  
Faith you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside out."

"Och! jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way  
You've thrated my heart for this many a day;  
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?  
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,  
For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike;  
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound" —  
"Faith!" says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."  
"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go:  
Sure I dream ev'ry night that I'm hating you so!"  
"Och!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,  
For dhrames always go by contraries, my dear.  
Och! jewel, keep dhraming that same till you die,  
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie!  
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?  
Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teased me enough;  
Sure, I've thrashed, for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff;  
And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste,  
So I think, after that, I may talk to the priest."  
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,  
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck;  
And he looked in her eyes, that were beaming with light,  
And he kissed her sweet lips — Don't you think he was right?  
"Now, Rory, leave off, sir — you'll hug me no more, —  
That's eight times to-day you have kissed me before."  
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,  
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.



## MR. PICKWICK'S ADVENTURE WITH THE MIDDLE- AGED LADY IN YELLOW CURL PAPERS.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

[CHARLES DICKENS, one of the greatest novelists and humorists of the world, was born February 7, 1812, at Portsea, Eng. His father being unprosperous, he had no regular education and much hardship; at fourteen became an attorney's clerk, and at seventeen a reporter. His first short story appeared in December, 1833; the collected "Sketches by Boz" in 1836, which also saw the first number of "The Pickwick Papers," finished in November, 1837. There followed "Oliver

Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Master Humphrey's Clock" (finally dissolved into the "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge"), the "American Notes," "Martin Chuzzlewit," the "Christmas Carol" (other Christmas stories followed later), "Notes from Italy," "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," "Bleak House," "Hard Times," "Little Dorrit," "Great Expectations," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Our Mutual Friend," and the unfinished "Edwin Drood." Several of these, and his "Uncommercial Traveller" papers, appeared in *All the Year Round*, which he edited. He died June 9, 1870.]

"THAT 'ere your governor's luggage, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller senior, of his affectionate son, as he entered the yard of the Bull Inn, Whitechapel, with a traveling bag and a small portmanteau.

"You might ha' made a worser guess than that, old feller," replied Mr. Weller the younger, setting down his burden in the yard, and sitting himself down upon it afterwards. "The Governor hisself'll be down here presently."

"He's a cabbin' it, I suppose?" said the father.

"Yes, he's a havin' two mile o' danger at eight-pence," responded the son. "How's mother-in-law this mornin'?"

"Queer, Sammy, queer," replied the elder Mr. Weller, with impressive gravity. "She's been gettin' rayther in the Methodistical order lately, Sammy; and she is uncommon pious, to be sure. She's too good a creetur for me, Sammy—I feel I don't deserve her."

"Ah," said Mr. Samuel, "that's verry self-denyin' o' you."

"Wery," replied his parent, with a sigh. "She's got hold o' some invention for grown-up people being born again, Sammy—the new birth, I thinks they calls it. I should verry much like to see that system in haction, Sammy. I should verry much like to see your mother-in-law born again. Wouldn't I put her out to nurse!

"What do you think them women does t'other day?" continued Mr. Weller, after a short pause, during which he had significantly struck the side of his nose with his forefinger, some half-dozen times. "What do you think they does, t'other day, Sammy?"

"Don't know," replied Sam, "what?"

"Goes and gets up a grand tea drinkin' for a feller they calls their shepherd," said Mr. Weller. "I was a standing starin' in, at the pictur shop down at our place, when I sees a little bill about it; 'Tickets half a crown. All applications to be made to the committee. Secretary, Mrs. Weller;' and when I got home, there was the committee a sittin' in our back parlor

—fourteen women ; I wish you could ha' heard 'em, Sammy. There they was, a passin' resolutions, and wotin' supplies, and all sorts o' games. Well, what with your mother-in-law a worrying me to go, and what with my looking for'ard to seein' some queer starts if I did, I put my name down for a ticket ; at six o'clock on the Friday evenin' I dresses myself out, very smart, and off I goes vith the old 'ooman, and up we walks into a fust floor where there was tea things for thirty, and a whole lot o' women as begins whisperin' to one another, and lookin' at me, as if they'd never seen a rayther stout gen'lm'n of eight and fifty afore. By and by, there comes a great bustle downstairs, and a lanky chap with a red nose and white neckcloth rushes up, and sings out, 'Here's the shepherd a coming to wisit his faithful flock ;' and in comes a fat chap in black, vith a great white face, a smilin' away like clockwork. Such goin's on, Sammy. 'The kiss of peace,' says the shepherd ; and then he kissed the women all round, and ven he'd done, the man vith the red nose began. I was just a thinkin' whether I hadn't better begin too — 'specially as there was a very nice lady a sittin' next me — ven in comes the tea, and your mother-in-law, as had been makin' the kettle boil, downstairs. At it they went, tooth and nail. Such a precious loud hymn, Sammy, while the tea was a brewing ; such a grace, such eatin' and drinkin'. I wish you could ha' seen the shepherd walkin' into the ham and muffins. I never see such a chap to eat and drink — never. The red-nosed man warn't by no means the sort of person you'd like to grub by contract, but he was nothin' to the shepherd. Well, arter the tea was over, they sang another hymn, and then the shepherd began to preach : and very well he did it, considerin' how heavy them muffins must have lied on his chest. Presently he pulls up, all of a sudden, and hollers out, 'Where is the sinner ; where is the mis'erable sinner ?' upon which, all the women looked at me, and begun to groan as if they was dying. I thought it was rather sing'ler, but hows'ever, I says nothing. Presently he pulls up again, and lookin' very hard at me, says, 'Where is the sinner ; where is the mis'erable sinner !' and all the women groans again, ten times louder than afore. I got rather savage at this, so I takes a step or two for'ard and says, 'My friend,' says I, 'did you apply that 'ere observation to me ?' — 'Stead of beggin' my pardon as any gen'lm'n would ha' done, he got more abusive than ever : called me a vessel, Sammy — a vessel of wrath — and all sorts o' names. So my

blood being reg'larly up, I first gave him two or three for himself, and then two or three more to hand over to the man with the red nose, and walked off. I wish you could ha' heard how the women screamed, Sammy, ven they picked up the shepherd from under the table. — Hallo ! here's the governor, the size of life."

As Mr. Weller spoke, Mr. Pickwick dismounted from a cab, and entered the yard.

"Fine mornin', sir," — said Mr. Weller senior.

"Beautiful indeed" — replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Beautiful indeed," echoed a red-haired man with an inquisitive nose and blue spectacles, who had unpacked himself from a cab at the same moment as Mr. Pickwick. "Going to Ipswich, sir ?"

"I am," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Extraordinary coincidence. So am I."

Mr. Pickwick bowed.

"Going outside ?" said the red-haired man.

Mr. Pickwick bowed again.

"Bless my soul, how remarkable — I am going outside, too," said the red-haired man : "we are positively going together." And the red-haired man, who was an important-looking, sharp-nosed, mysterious-spoken personage, with a birdlike habit of giving his head a jerk every time he said anything, smiled as if he had made one of the strangest discoveries that ever fell to the lot of human wisdom.

"I am happy in the prospect of your company, sir," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Ah," said the newcomer, "it's a good thing for both of us, isn't it ? Company, you see — company is — is — it's a very different thing from solitude — a'n't it ?"

"There's no denyin' that 'ere," said Mr. Weller, joining in the conversation, with an affable smile. "That's what I call a self-evident proposition, as the dog's-meat man said, when the housemaid told him he warn't a gentleman."

"Ah," said the red-haired man, surveying Mr. Weller from head to foot, with a supercilious look. "Friend of yours, sir ?"

"Not exactly a friend," replied Mr. Pickwick, in a low tone. "The fact is, he is my servant, but I allow him to take a good many liberties ; for, between ourselves, I flatter myself he is an original, and I am rather proud of him."



"Ah," said the red-haired man, "that, you see, is a matter of taste. I am not fond of anything original ; I don't like it ; don't see the necessity for it. What's your name, sir ?"

"Here is my card, sir," replied Mr. Pickwick, much amused by the abruptness of the question, and the singular manner of the stranger.

"Ah," said the red-haired man, placing the card in his pocket-book, "Pickwick ; very good. I like to know a man's name, it saves so much trouble. That's my card, sir. Magnus, you will perceive, sir — Magnus is my name. It's rather a good name, I think, sir ?"

"A very good name indeed," said Mr. Pickwick, wholly unable to repress a smile.

"Yes, I think it is," resumed Mr. Magnus. "There's a good name before it, too, you will observe. Permit me, sir — if you hold the card a little slanting, this way, you catch the light upon the up stroke. There — Peter Magnus — sounds well, I think, sir."

"Very," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Curious circumstance about those initials, sir," said Mr. Magnus. "You will observe — P. M. — post meridian. In hasty notes to intimate acquaintance, I sometimes sign myself 'Afternoon.' It amuses my friends very much, Mr. Pickwick."

"It is calculated to afford them the highest gratification, I should conceive," said Mr. Pickwick, rather envying the ease with which Mr. Magnus's friends were entertained.

"Now, gen'lm'n," said the hostler, "coach is ready, if you please."

"Is all my luggage in ?" inquired Mr. Magnus.

"All right, sir."

"Is the red bag in ?"

"All right, sir."

"And the striped bag ?"

"Fore boot, sir."

"And the brown-paper parcel ?"

"Under the seat, sir."

"And the leather hatbox ?"

"They're all in, sir."

"Now, will you get up ?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Excuse me," replied Magnus, standing on the wheel.  
"Excuse me, Mr. Pickwick. I cannot consent to get up, in

this state of uncertainty. I am quite satisfied from that man's manner, that that leather hatbox is *not* in."

The solemn protestations of the hostler being wholly unavailing, the leather hatbox was obliged to be raked up from the lowest depth of the boot, to satisfy him that it had been safely packed; and after he had been assured on this head, he felt a solemn presentiment, first, that the red bag was mislaid, and next that the striped bag had been stolen, and then that the brown-paper parcel had "come untied." At length, when he had received ocular demonstrations of the groundless nature of each and every of these suspicions, he consented to climb up to the roof of the coach, observing that now he had taken everything off his mind, he felt quite comfortable and happy.

"You're given to nervousness, a'n't you, sir?" inquired Mr. Weller senior, eying the stranger askance, as he mounted to his place.

"Yes; I always am rather, about these little matters," said the stranger, "but I am all right now — quite right."

"Well, that's a blessin'," said Mr. Weller. "Sammy, help your master up to the box: t'other leg, sir, that's it; give us your hand, sir. Up with you. You was a lighter weight when you was a boy, sir."

"True enough, that, Mr. Weller," said the breathless Mr. Pickwick, good-humoredly, as he took his seat on the box beside him.

"Jump up in front, Sammy," said Mr. Weller. "Now, Villam, run 'em out. Take care o' the archvay, gen'lm'n. 'Heads,' as the pieman says. That'll do, Villam. Let 'em alone." And away went the coach up Whitechapel, to the admiration of the whole population of that pretty densely populated quarter.

"Not a wery nice neighborhood this, sir," said Sam, with the touch of the hat which always preceded his entering into conversation with his master.

"It is not indeed, Sam," replied Mr. Pickwick, surveying the crowded and filthy street through which they were passing.

"It's a wery remarkable circumstance, sir," said Sam, "that poverty and oysters always seem to go together."

"I don't understand you, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

"What I mean, sir," said Sam, "is, that the poorer a place is, the greater call there seems to be for oysters. Look here,

sir; here's a oyster stall to every half-dozen houses—the street's lined with 'em. Blessed if I don't think that ven a man's wery poor, he rushes out of his lodgings, and eats oysters in reg'lar desperation."

"To be sure he does," said Mr. Weller senior, "and it's just the same vith pickled salmon!"

"Those are two very remarkable facts, which never occurred to me before," said Mr. Pickwick. "The very first place we stop at, I'll make a note of them."

By this time they had reached the turnpike at Mile End; a profound silence prevailed, until they had got two or three miles further on, when Mr. Weller senior, turning suddenly to Mr. Pickwick, said:—

"Wery queer life is a pike keeper's, sir."

"A what?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"A pike keeper."

"What do you mean by a pike keeper?" inquired Mr. Peter Magnus.

"The old 'un means a turnpike keeper, gen'lm'n," observed Mr. Weller, in explanation.

"Oh," said Mr. Pickwick, "I see. Yes; very curious life. Very uncomfortable."

"They're all on 'em men as has met vith some disappointment in life," said Mr. Weller senior.

"Ay, ay?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Yes. Consequence of vich, they retires from the world, and shuts themselves up in pikes; partly vith the view of being solitary, and partly to rewenge themselves on mankind, by takin' tolls."

"Dear me," said Mr. Pickwick, "I never knew that before."

"Fact, sir," said Mr. Weller; "if they was gen'lm'n you'd call 'em misanthropes, but as it is they only takes to pike keepin'."

With such conversation, possessing the inestimable charm of blending amusement with instruction, did Mr. Weller beguile the tediousness of the journey, during the greater part of the day. Topics of conversation were never wanting, for even when any pause occurred in Mr. Weller's loquacity, it was abundantly supplied by the desire evinced by Mr. Magnus to make himself acquainted with the whole of the personal history of his fellow-travelers, and his loudly expressed anxiety at

every stage, respecting the safety and well-being of the two bags, the leather hatbox, and the brown-paper parcel.

In the main street of Ipswich, on the left-hand side of the way, a short distance after you have passed through the open space fronting the Townhall, stands an inn known far and wide by the appellation of "The Great White Horse," rendered the more conspicuous by a stone statue of some rampacious animal with flowing mane and tail, distantly resembling an insane cart horse, which is elevated above the principal door. The Great White Horse is famous in the neighborhood, in the same degree as a prize ox, or county paper-chronicled turnip, or unwieldy pig—for its enormous size. Never were such labyrinths of uncarpeted passages, such clusters of moldy, badly lighted rooms, such huge numbers of small dens for eating or sleeping in, beneath any one roof, as are collected together between the four walls of the Great White Horse at Ipswich.

It was at the door of this overgrown tavern that the London coach stopped at the same hour every evening; and it was from this same London coach that Mr. Pickwick, Sam Weller, and Mr. Peter Magnus dismounted, on the particular evening to which this chapter of our history bears reference.

"Do you stop here, sir?" inquired Mr. Peter Magnus, when the striped bag, and the red bag, and the brown-paper parcel, and the leather hatbox had all been deposited in the passage. "Do you stop here, sir?"

"I do," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Dear me," said Mr. Magnus, "I never knew anything like these extraordinary coincidences. Why, I stop here, too. I hope we dine together?"

"With pleasure," replied Mr. Pickwick. "I am not quite certain whether I have any friends here or not, though. Is there any gentleman of the name of Tupman here, waiter?"

A corpulent man, with a fortnight's napkin under his arm, and coeval stockings on his legs, slowly desisted from his occupation of staring down the street, on this question being put to him by Mr. Pickwick; and, after minutely inspecting that gentleman's appearance, from the crown of his hat to the lowest button of his gaiters, replied emphatically:—

"No."

"Nor any gentleman of the name of Snodgrass?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"No."



"Nor Winkle?"

"No."

"My friends have not arrived to-day, sir," said Mr. Pickwick. "We will dine alone, then. Show us a private room, waiter."

On this request being preferred, the corpulent man condescended to order the boots to bring in the gentlemen's luggage, and preceding them down a long dark passage, ushered them into a large, badly furnished apartment, with a dirty grate, in which a small fire was making a wretched attempt to be cheerful, but was fast sinking beneath the dispiriting influence of the place. After the lapse of an hour, a bit of fish and a steak were served up to the travelers, and when the dinner was cleared away, Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Peter Magnus drew their chairs up to the fire, and having ordered a bottle of the worst possible port wine, at the highest possible price, for the good of the house, drank brandy and water for their own.

Mr. Peter Magnus was naturally of a very communicative disposition, and the brandy and water operated with wonderful effect in warming into life the deepest hidden secrets of his bosom. After sundry accounts of himself, his family, his connections, his friends, his jokes, his business, and his brothers (most talkative men have a great deal to say about their brothers), Mr. Peter Magnus took a blue view of Mr. Pickwick through his colored spectacles for several minutes, and then said, with an air of modesty:—

"And what do you think—what *do* you think, Mr. Pickwick—I have come down here for?"

"Upon my word," said Mr. Pickwick, "it is wholly impossible for me to guess; on business, perhaps."

"Partly right, sir," replied Mr. Peter Magnus, "but partly wrong, at the same time: try again, Mr. Pickwick."

"Really," said Mr. Pickwick, "I must throw myself on your mercy, to tell me or not, as you may think best; for I should never guess, if I were to try all night."

"Why, then, he—he—he!" said Mr. Peter Magnus, with a bashful titter, "what should you think, Mr. Pickwick, if I had come down here to make a proposal, sir, eh? He—he—he!"

"Think! that you are very likely to succeed," replied Mr. Pickwick, with one of his most beaming smiles.

"Ah!" said Mr. Magnus, "but do you really think so, Mr. Pickwick? Do you, though?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Pickwick.

"No ; but you're joking, though."

"I am not, indeed."

"Why, then," said Mr. Magnus, "to let you into a little secret, *I* think so too. I don't mind telling you, Mr. Pickwick, although I'm dreadful jealous by nature — horrid — that the lady is in this house." Here Mr. Magnus took off his spectacles, on purpose to wink, and then put them on again.

"That's what you were running out of the room for, before dinner, then, so often," said Mr. Pickwick, archly.

"Hush — yes, you're right, that was it ; not such a fool as to see her, though."

"No !"

"No ; wouldn't do, you know, after having just come off a journey. Wait till to-morrow, sir ; double the chance then. Mr. Pickwick, sir, there is a suit of clothes in that bag, and a hat in that box, which I expect, in the effect they will produce, will be invaluable to me, sir."

"Indeed !" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Yes ; you must have observed my anxiety about them to-day. I do not believe that such another suit of clothes, and such a hat, could be bought for money, Mr. Pickwick."

Mr. Pickwick congratulated the fortunate owner of the irresistible garments, on their acquisition ; and Mr. Peter Magnus remained for a few moments, apparently absorbed in contemplation.

"She's a fine creature," said Mr. Magnus.

"Is she ?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Very," said Mr. Magnus, "very. She lives about twenty miles from here, Mr. Pickwick. I heard she would be here to-night and all to-morrow forenoon, and came down to seize the opportunity. I think an inn is a good sort of place to propose to a single woman in, Mr. Pickwick. She is more likely to feel the loneliness of her situation in traveling, perhaps, than she would be at home. What do you think, Mr. Pickwick ?"

"I think it very probable," replied that gentleman.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Pickwick," said Mr. Peter Magnus, "but I am naturally rather curious ; what may *you* have come down here for ?"

"On a far less pleasant errand, sir," replied Mr. Pickwick, the color mounting to his face at the recollection — "I have come down here, sir, to expose the treachery and falsehood of

an individual, upon whose truth and honor I placed implicit reliance."

"Dear me," said Mr. Peter Magnus, "that's very unpleasant. It is a lady, I presume? Eh? ah! Sly, Mr. Pickwick, sly. Well, Mr. Pickwick, sir, I wouldn't probe your feelings for the world. Painful subjects, these, sir, very painful. Don't mind me, Mr. Pickwick, if you wish to give vent to your feelings. I know what it is to be jilted, sir; I have endured that sort of thing three or four times."

"I am much obliged to you, for your condolence on what you presume to be my melancholy case," said Mr. Pickwick, winding up his watch, and laying it on the table, "but——"

"No, no," said Mr. Peter Magnus, "not a word more: it's a painful subject, I see, I see. What's the time, Mr. Pickwick?"

"Past twelve."

"Dear me, it's time to go to bed. It will never do, sitting here. I shall be pale to-morrow, Mr. Pickwick."

At the bare notion of such a calamity, Mr. Peter Magnus rang the bell for the chambermaid; and the striped bag, the red bag, the leather hatbox, and the brown-paper parcel having been conveyed to his bedroom, he retired in company with a japanned candlestick, to one side of the house, while Mr. Pickwick, and another japanned candlestick, were conducted through a multitude of tortuous windings, to another.

"This is your room, sir," said the chambermaid.

"Very well," replied Mr. Pickwick, looking round him. It was a tolerably large double-bedded room, with a fire; upon the whole, a more comfortable-looking apartment than Mr. Pickwick's short experience of the accommodations of the Great White Horse had led him to expect.

"Nobody sleeps in the other bed, of course," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh no, sir."

"Very good. Tell my servant to bring me up some hot water at half-past eight in the morning, and that I shall not want him any more to-night."

"Yes, sir." And bidding Mr. Pickwick good night, the chambermaid retired, and left him alone.

Mr. Pickwick sat himself down in a chair before the fire, and fell into a train of rambling meditations. First he thought of his friends, and wondered when they would join him; then

his mind reverted to Mrs. Martha Bardell ; and from that lady it wandered, by a natural process, to the dingy countinghouse of Dodson and Fogg. From Dodson and Fogg's it flew off at a tangent, to the very center of the history of the queer client ; and then it came back to the Great White Horse at Ipswich, with sufficient clearness to convince Mr. Pickwick that he was falling asleep : so he roused himself, and began to undress, when he recollected he had left his watch on the table downstairs.

Now this watch was a special favorite with Mr. Pickwick, having been carried about, beneath the shadow of his waistcoat for a greater number of years than we feel called upon to state, at present. The possibility of going to sleep, unless it were ticking gently beneath his pillow, or in the watch pocket over his head, had never entered Mr. Pickwick's brain. So as it was pretty late now, and he was unwilling to ring his bell at that hour of the night, he slipped on his coat, of which he had just divested himself, and taking the japed candlestick in his hand, walked quietly downstairs.

The more stairs Mr. Pickwick went down, the more stairs there seemed to be to descend, and again and again, when Mr. Pickwick got into some narrow passage, and began to congratulate himself on having gained the ground floor, did another flight of stairs appear before his astonished eyes. At last he reached a stone hall, which he remembered to have seen when he entered the house. Passage after passage did he explore ; room after room did he peep into ; at length, just as he was on the point of giving up the search in despair, he opened the door of the identical room in which he had spent the evening, and beheld his missing property on the table.

Mr. Pickwick seized the watch in triumph, and proceeded to retrace his steps to his bedchamber. If his progress downwards had been attended with difficulties and uncertainty, his journey back was infinitely more perplexing. Rows of doors, garnished with boots of every shape, make, and size, branched off in every possible direction. A dozen times did he softly turn the handle of some bedroom door which resembled his own, when a gruff cry from within of " Who the devil's that ? " or " What do you want here ? " caused him to steal away, on tiptoe, with a perfectly marvelous celerity. He was reduced to the verge of despair, when an open door attracted his attention. He peeped in — right at last. There were the two beds,



whose situation he perfectly remembered, and the fire still burning. His candle, not a long one when he first received it, had flickered away in the draughts of air through which he had passed, and sank into the socket, just as he closed the door after him. "No matter," said Mr. Pickwick, "I can undress myself just as well, by the light of the fire."

The bedsteads stood one on each side of the door; and on the inner side of each was a little path, terminating in a rush-bottom chair, just wide enough to admit of a person's getting into, or out of, bed, on that side, if he or she thought proper. Having carefully drawn the curtains of his bed on the outside, Mr. Pickwick sat down on the rush-bottomed chair, and leisurely divested himself of his shoes and gaiters. He then took off, and folded up, his coat, waistcoat, and neckcloth, and slowly drawing on his tasseled nightcap, secured it firmly on his head, by tying beneath his chin the strings which he always had attached to that article of dress. It was at this moment that the absurdity of his recent bewilderment struck upon his mind; and throwing himself back in the rush-bottomed chair, Mr. Pickwick laughed to himself so heartily, that it would have been quite delightful to any man of well-constituted mind to have watched the smiles which expanded his amiable features as they shone forth from beneath the nightcap.

"It is the best idea," said Mr. Pickwick to himself, smiling till he almost cracked the nightcap strings-- "It is the best idea, my losing myself in this place, and wandering about those staircases, that I ever heard of. Droll, droll, very droll." Here Mr. Pickwick smiled again, a broader smile than before, and was about to continue the process of undressing, in the best possible humor, when he was suddenly stopped by a most unexpected interruption; to wit, the entrance into the room of some person with a candle, who, after knocking the door, advanced to the dressing table, and set down the light upon it.

The smile that played on Mr. Pickwick's features was instantaneously lost in a look of the most unbounded and wonder-stricken surprise. The person, whoever it was, had come in so suddenly and with so little noise, that Mr. Pickwick had had no time to call out, or oppose their entrance. Who could it be? A robber? Some evil-minded person who had seen him come upstairs with a handsome watch in his hand, perhaps. What was he to do?

The only way in which Mr. Pickwick could catch a glimpse of his mysterious visitor with the least danger of being seen himself, was by creeping on to the bed, and peeping out from between the curtains on the opposite side. To this maneuver he accordingly resorted. Keeping the curtains carefully closed with his hand, so that nothing more of him could be seen than his face and nightcap, and putting on his spectacles, he mustered up courage, and looked out.

Mr. Pickwick almost fainted with horror and dismay. Standing before the dressing glass was a middle-aged lady in yellow curl papers, busily engaged in brushing what ladies call their "back hair." However the unconscious middle-aged lady came into that room, it was quite clear that she contemplated remaining there for the night; for she had brought a rushlight and shade with her, which, with praiseworthy precaution against fire, she had stationed in a basin on the floor, where it was glimmering away, like a gigantic lighthouse, in a particularly small piece of water.

"Bless my soul," thought Mr. Pickwick, "what a dreadful thing!"

"Hem!" said the lady; and in went Mr. Pickwick's head with automatonlike rapidity.

"I never met with anything so awful as this," — thought poor Mr. Pickwick, the cold perspiration starting in drops upon his nightcap. "Never. This is fearful."

It was quite impossible to resist the urgent desire to see what was going forward. So out went Mr. Pickwick's head again. The prospect was worse than before. The middle-aged lady had finished arranging her hair; had carefully enveloped it in a muslin nightcap with a small plaited border, and was gazing pensively on the fire.

"This matter is growing alarming" — reasoned Mr. Pickwick with himself. "I can't allow things to go on in this way. By the self-possession of that lady, it's clear to me that I must have come into the wrong room. If I call out, she'll alarm the house, but if I remain here the consequences will be still more frightful."

Mr. Pickwick, it is quite unnecessary to say, was one of the most modest and delicate-minded of mortals. The very idea of exhibiting his nightcap to a lady overpowered him, but he had tied those confounded strings in a knot, and do what he would, he couldn't get it off. The disclosure must be

made. There was only one other way of doing it. He shrank behind the curtains, and called out very loudly :—

“Ha — hum.”

That the lady started at this unexpected sound was evident, by her falling up against the rushlight shade; that she persuaded herself it must have been the effect of imagination was equally clear, for when Mr. Pickwick, under the impression that she had fainted away, stone-dead from fright, ventured to peep out again, she was gazing pensively on the fire as before.

“Most extraordinary female this,” thought Mr. Pickwick, popping in again. “Ha — hum.”

These last sounds, so like those in which, as legends inform us, the ferocious giant Blunderbore was in the habit of expressing his opinion that it was time to lay the cloth, were too distinctly audible to be again mistaken for the workings of fancy.

“Gracious Heaven!” said the middle-aged lady, “what’s that!”

“It’s — it’s only a gentleman, ma’am,” said Mr. Pickwick from behind the curtains.

“A gentleman!” said the lady, with a terrific scream.

“It’s all over,” thought Mr. Pickwick.

“A strange man!” shrieked the lady. Another instant, and the house would be alarmed. Her garments rustled as she rushed towards the door.

“Ma’am” — said Mr. Pickwick, thrusting out his head, in the extremity of his desperation, “ma’am.”

Now although Mr. Pickwick was not actuated by any definite object in putting out his head, it was instantaneously productive of a good effect. The lady, as we have already stated, was near the door. She must pass it, to reach the staircase, and she would most undoubtedly have done so, by this time, had not the sudden apparition of Mr. Pickwick’s nightcap driven her back, into the remotest corner of the apartment, where she stood, staring wildly at Mr. Pickwick, while Mr. Pickwick, in his turn, stared wildly at her.

“Wretch,” — said the lady, covering her eyes with her hands, “what do you want here?”

“Nothing, ma’am — nothing whatever, ma’am,” said Mr. Pickwick, earnestly.

“Nothing!” said the lady, looking up.

"Nothing, ma'am, upon my honor," said Mr. Pickwick, nodding his head so energetically that the tassel of his nightcap danced again. "I am almost ready to sink, ma'am, beneath the confusion of addressing a lady in my nightcap [here the lady hastily snatched off hers], but I can't get it off, ma'am — here Mr. Pickwick gave it a tremendous tug, in proof of the statement. It is evident to me, ma'am, now, that I have mistaken this bedroom for my own. I had not been here five minutes, ma'am, when you suddenly entered it."

"If this improbable story be really true, sir" — said the lady, sobbing violently, "you will leave it instantly."

"I will, ma'am, with the greatest pleasure" — replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Instantly, sir," said the lady.

"Certainly, ma'am," interposed Mr. Pickwick, very quickly. "Certainly, ma'am. I — I — am very sorry, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, making his appearance at the bottom of the bed, "to have been the innocent occasion of this alarm and emotion; deeply sorry, ma'am."

The lady pointed to the door. One excellent quality of Mr. Pickwick's character was beautifully displayed at this moment, under the most trying circumstances. Although he had hastily put on his hat over his nightcap, after the manner of the old patrol; although he carried his shoes and gaiters in his hand, and his coat and waistcoat over his arm, nothing could subdue his native politeness.

"I am exceedingly sorry, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, bowing very low.

"If you are, sir, you will at once leave the room," said the lady.

"Immediately, ma'am; this instant, ma'am," said Mr. Pickwick, opening the door, and dropping both his shoes with a loud crash in so doing.

"I trust, ma'am," resumed Mr. Pickwick, gathering up his shoes, and turning round to bow again, "I trust, ma'am, that my unblemished character, and the devoted respect I entertain for your sex, will plead as some slight excuse for this — " But before Mr. Pickwick could conclude the sentence, the lady had thrust him into the passage and locked and bolted the door behind him.

Whatever grounds of self-congratulation Mr. Pickwick might have, for having escaped so quietly from his late awk-



ward situation, his present position was by no means enviable. He was alone, in an open passage, in a strange house, in the middle of the night, half-dressed ; it was not to be supposed that he could find his way in perfect darkness to a room he had been wholly unable to discover with a light, and if he made the slightest noise in his fruitless attempts to do so, he stood every chance of being shot at, and perhaps killed, by some wakeful traveler. He had no resource but to remain where he was, until daylight appeared. So, after groping his way a few paces down the passage, and to his infinite alarm stumbling over several pairs of boots in so doing, Mr. Pickwick crouched into a little recess in the wall, to wait for morning as philosophically as he might.

He was not destined, however, to undergo this additional trial of patience : for he had not been long ensconced in his present concealment when, to his unspeakable horror, a man, bearing a light, appeared at the end of the passage. His horror was suddenly converted into joy, however, when he recognized the form of his faithful attendant. It was indeed Mr. Samuel Weller, who after sitting up thus late, in conversation with the boots, who was sitting up for the mail, was now about to retire to rest.

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, suddenly appearing before him, "where's my bedroom?"

Mr. Weller stared at his master with the most emphatic surprise ; and it was not until the question had been repeated three several times, that he turned round, and led the way to the long-sought apartment.

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, as he got into bed, "I have made one of the most extraordinary mistakes to-night, that ever were heard of."

"Wery likely, sir," replied Mr. Weller, dryly.

"But of this I am determined, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, "that if I were to stop in this house for six months, I would never trust myself about it, alone, again."

"That's the wery prudentest resolution as you could come to, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "You rayther want somebody to look arter you, sir, ven your judgment goes out a wisitin'."

"What do you mean by that, Sam?" said Mr. Pickwick. He raised himself in bed, and extended his hand, as if he were about to say something more ; but suddenly checking himself, turned round, and bade his valet "Good night."

"Good night, sir," replied Mr. Weller. He paused when he got outside the door—shook his head—walked on—stopped—snuffed the candle—shook his head again—and finally proceeded slowly to his chamber, apparently buried in the profoundest meditation.



## THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

By FRANCIS MAHONY.

[FRANCIS MAHONY, better known as "Father Prout," was born in Cork, Ireland, 1804. He was educated by the Jesuits at Amiens, studied theology at Paris, and became a priest. In London he formed one of the famous group about Maginn who wrote for *Fraser's Magazine*, and about 1834 began to contribute to it under the name of "Father Prout," mainly translations of English songs into foreign languages and foreign ones into English, which remain his literary monument. Later he was correspondent of English papers from Rome and Paris. Though much more wit, diner-out, bohemian, and scholarly *littérateur* than priest, he remained faithful to the beliefs and loyal to the pride of his church. He died in May, 1866.]

With deep affection  
And recollection,  
I often think of  
Those Shandon bells,  
Whose sounds so wild would,  
In the days of childhood,  
Eling round my cradle  
Their magic spells.

On this I ponder  
Where'er I wander,  
And thus grow fonder,  
Sweet Cork, of thee,  
With thy bells of Shandon  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters  
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming  
Full many a clime in,  
Tolling sublime in  
Cathedral shrine,  
While at a glib rate  
Brass tongues would vibrate;

But all their music  
Spoke naught like thine.

For memory dwelling  
On each proud swelling  
Of thy belfry knelling  
Its bold notes free,  
Made the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters  
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling  
Old Adrian's mole in,  
Their thunder rolling  
From the Vatican;  
And cymbals glorious  
Swinging uproarious  
In the gorgeous turrets  
Of Notre Dame.

But thy sounds were sweeter  
Than the dome of Peter  
Flings o'er the Tiber,  
Pealing solemnly:  
Oh, the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters  
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,  
While on tower and kiosk, oh,  
In Saint Sophia  
The Turkman gets,  
And loud in air  
Calls men to prayer,  
From the tapering summits  
Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom  
I freely grant them;  
But there's an anthem  
More dear to me:  
'Tis the bells of Shandon  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters  
Of the river Lee.

## SAM SLICK AND THE NOVA SCOTIANS.

BY THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON.

[THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON, Canadian judge and humorist, was born in Windsor, Nova Scotia, December, 1796; called to the bar in 1820; chief justice of the Court of Common Pleas and judge of the Supreme Court from 1828 to 1856, when he resigned and removed to England, where he remained till his death, August 27, 1865. He wrote very many works, including a history of Nova Scotia; but one of them has sunk deep into popular memory, — "The Clockmaker; or, Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville" (1837-1840). It was the first work in which "dialect" American was used; Artemus Ward says it founded the American school of humor. It is a bitter satire on the sluggishness and inefficiency of the Nova Scotians, contrasted with the alert wits of the New Englanders.]

## THE CLOCKMAKER.

I HAD heard of Yankee clock peddlers, tin peddlers, and Bible peddlers, especially of him who sold Polyglot Bibles (*all in English*) to the amount of sixteen thousand pounds. The house of every substantial farmer had three substantial ornaments, — a wooden clock, a tin reflector, and a Polyglot Bible. How is it that an American can sell his wares, at whatever price he pleases, where a bluenose would fail to make a sale at all? I will inquire of the Clockmaker the secret of his success.

"What a pity it is, Mr. *Slick*" (for such was his name), "what a pity it is," said I, "that you, who are so successful in teaching these people the value of *clocks*, could not also teach them the value of *time*." "I guess," said he, "they have got that ring to grow on their horns yet, which every four-year-old has in our country. We reckon hours and minutes to be dollars and cents. They do nothing in these parts, but eat, drink, smoke, sleep, ride about, lounge at taverns, make speeches at temperance meetings, and talk about '*House of Assembly*.' If a man don't hoe his corn, and he don't hoe a crop, he says it is all owing to the Bank; and if he runs into debt and is sued, why he says the lawyers are a curse to the country. They are a most idle set of folks, I tell you."

"But how is it," said I, "that you manage to sell such an immense number of clocks (which certainly cannot be called necessary articles) among a people with whom there seems to be so great a scarcity of money?"

Mr. Slick paused, as if considering the propriety of answer-



ing the question, and looking me in the face said, in a confidential tone, "Why, I don't care if I do tell you, for the market is glutted, and I shall quit this circuit. It is done by a knowledge of *soft sawder* and *human natur*. But here is Deacon Flint's," said he; "I have but one clock left, and I guess I will sell it to him."

At the gate of a most comfortable-looking farmhouse stood Deacon Flint, a respectable old man, who had understood the value of time better than most of his neighbors, if one might judge from the appearance of everything about him. After the usual salutation, an invitation to "alight" was accepted by Mr. Slick, who said he wished to take leave of Mrs. Flint before he left Colchester.

We had hardly entered the house, before the Clockmaker pointed to the view from the window, and, addressing himself to me, said, "If I was to tell them in Connecticut, there was such a farm as this away down east here in Nova Scotia, they wouldn't believe me — why there ain't such a location in all New England. The Deacon has a hundred acres of dike —" "Seventy," said the Deacon, "only seventy." "Well, seventy; but then there is your fine deep bottom, why I could run a ramrod into it —" "Interval, we call it," said the Deacon, who, though evidently pleased at this eulogium, seemed to wish the experiment of the ramrod to be tried in the right place. "Well, interval, if you please (though Professor Eleazar Cumstick, in his work on Ohio, calls them bottoms), is just as good as dike. Then there is that water privilege, worth 3000 or 4000 dollars, twice as good as what Governor Cass paid 15,000 dollars for. I wonder, Deacon, you don't put up a carding mill on it: the same works would carry a turning lathe, a shingle machine, a circular saw, grind bark, and —" "Too old," said the Deacon, "too old for all those speculations." — "Old," repeated the Clockmaker, "not you; why you are worth half a dozen of the young men we see nowadays; you are young enough to have —" here he said something in a lower tone of voice, which I did not distinctly hear; but whatever it was, the Deacon was pleased; he smiled and said he did not think of such things now.

"But your beasts, dear me, your beasts must be put in and have a feed," saying which, he went out to order them to be taken to the stable.

As the old gentleman closed the door after him, Mr. Slick drew near to me, and said in an undertone, "That is what I call

'*soft sawder.*' An Englishman would pass that man as a sheep passes a hog in a pasture, without looking at him; or," said he, looking rather archly, "if he was mounted on a pretty smart horse, I guess he'd trot away, *if he could.* Now I find ——" here his lecture on "*soft sawder*" was cut short by the entrance of Mrs. Flint. "Jist come to say good-by, Mrs. Flint." "What, have you sold all your clocks?" "Yes, and very low, too, for money is scarce, and I wished to close the consarn; no, I am wrong in saying all, for I have just one left. Neighbor Steel's wife asked to have the refusal of it, but I guess I won't sell it; I had but two of them, this one and the feller of it, that I sold Governor Lincoln. General Green, the Secretary of State for Maine, said he'd give me 50 dollars for this here one — it has composition wheels and patent axles, it is a beautiful article — a real first chop — no mistake, genuine supertine, but I guess I'll take it back; and beside, Squire Hawk might think kinder harder, that I did not give him the offer." "Dear me," said Mrs. Flint, "I should like to see it; where is it?" "It is in a chest of mine over the way, at Tom Tape's store. I guess he can ship it on to Eastport." "That's a good man," said Mrs. Flint, "jist let's look at it."

Mr. Slick, willing to oblige, yielded to these entreaties, and soon produced the clock, a gaudy, highly varnished, trumpery-looking affair. He placed it on the chimney-piece, where its beauties were pointed out and duly appreciated by Mrs. Flint, whose admiration was about ending in a proposal, when Mr. Flint returned from giving his directions about the care of the horses. The Deacon praised the clock, he too thought it a handsome one; but the Deacon was a prudent man, he had a watch — he was sorry, but he had no occasion for a clock. "I guess you're in the wrong furrow this time, Deacon, it ain't for sale," said Mr. Slick; "and if it was, I reckon neighbor Steel's wife would have it, for she gives me no peace about it." Mrs. Flint said that Mr. Steel had enough to do, poor man, to pay his interest, without buying clocks for his wife. "It's no consarn of mine," said Mr. Slick, "as long as he pays me, what he has to do, but I guess I don't want to sell it, and besides it comes too high; that clock can't be made at Rhode Island under 40 dollars. Why, it ain't possible," said the Clockmaker, in apparent surprise, looking at his watch, "why, as I'm alive it is 4 o'clock, and if I haven't been two hours here — how on airth shall I reach River Philip to-night? I'll tell you what, Mrs.

Flint, I'll leave the clock in your care till I return on my way to the States — I'll set it a going and put it to the right time."

As soon as this operation was performed, he delivered the key to the Deacon with a sort of serio-comic injunction to wind up the clock every Saturday night, which Mrs. Flint said she would take care should be done, and promised to remind her husband of it, in case he should chance to forget it.

"That," said the Clockmaker, as soon as we were mounted, "that I call '*human natur*!' Now that clock is sold for 40 dollars — it cost me just 6 dollars and 50 cents. Mrs. Flint will never let Mrs. Steel have the refusal — nor will the Deacon learn until I call for the clock, that having once indulged in the use of a superfluity, how difficult it is to give it up. We can do without any article of luxury we have never had, but when once obtained, it is not '*in human natur*' to surrender it voluntarily. Of fifteen thousand sold by myself and partners in this Province, twelve thousand were left in this manner, and only ten clocks were ever returned — when we called for them, they invariably bought them. We trust to '*soft sawder*' to get them into the house, and to '*human natur*' that they never come out of it."

#### THE ROAD TO A WOMAN'S HEART — THE BROKEN HEART.

As we approached the Inn at Amherst, the Clockmaker grew uneasy. "It's pretty well on in the evening, I guess," said he, "and Marm Pugwash is as onsartin in her temper as a mornin in April; it's all sunshine or all clouds with her, and if she's in one of her tantrums, she'll stretch out her neck and hiss, like a goose with a flock of goslings. I wonder what on airth Pugwash was a thinkin on, when he signed articles of partnership with that are woman; she's not a bad-lookin piece of furniture neither, and it's a proper pity sich a clever woman should carry such a stiff upper lip — she reminds me of our old minister Joshua Hopewell's apple trees.

"The old minister had an orchard of most particular good fruit, for he was a great hand at buddin, graftin, and what not, and the orchard (it was on the south side of the house) stretched right up to the road. Well, there were some trees hung over the fence; I never seed such bearers, the apples hung in ropes, for all the world like strings of onions, and the fruit was beautiful. Nobody touched the minister's apples, and when other

folks lost their'n from the boys, his'n always hung there like bait to a hook, but there never was so much as a nibble at 'em. So I said to him one day, 'Minister,' said I, 'how on airth do you manage to keep your fruit that's so exposed, when no one else can't do it nohow?' 'Why,' says he, 'they are dreadful pretty fruit, ain't they?' 'I guess,' said I, 'there ain't the like on 'em in all Connecticut.' 'Well,' says he, 'I'll tell you the secret, but you needn't let on to no one about it. That are row next the fence, I grafted it myself, I took great pains to get the right kind, I sent clean up to Roxberry and away down to Squawneck Creek.' I was afeared he was a goin to give me day and date for every graft, being a terrible long-winded man in his stories; so says I, 'I know that, Minister, but how do you preserve them?' 'Why, I was a goin to tell you,' said he, 'when you stopped me. That are outward row I grafted myself with the choicest kind I could find, and I succeeded. They are beautiful, but so eternal sour, no human soul can eat them. Well, the boys think the old minister's graftin has all succeeded about as well as that row, and they sarch no farther. They snicker at my graftin, and I laugh in my sleeve, I guess, at their penetration.'

"Now, Marm Pugwash is like the minister's apples, very temptin fruit to look at, but desperate sour. If Pugwash had a watery mouth when he married, I guess it's pretty puckery by this time. However, if she goes to act ugly, I'll give her a dose of 'soft sawder,' that will take the frown out of her frontispiece, and make her dial plate as smooth as a lick of copal varnish. It's a pity she's such a kickin devil, too, for she has good points — good eye — good foot — neat pastern — fine chest — a clean set of limbs, and carries a good — But here we are; now you'll see what 'soft sawder' will do."

When we entered the house, the travelers' room was all in darkness, and on opening the opposite door into the sitting room, we found the female part of the family extinguishing the fire for the night. Mrs. Pugwash had a broom in her hand, and was in the act (the last act of female housewifery) of sweeping the hearth. The strong flickering light of the fire, as it fell upon her tall fine figure and beautiful face, revealed a creature worthy of the Clockmaker's comments.

"Good evening, Marm," said Mr. Slick, "how do you do and how's Mr. Pugwash?" "He," said she, "why he's been abed this hour, you don't expect to disturb him this time of



night, I hope." "Oh no," said Mr. Slick, "certainly not, and I am sorry to have disturbed you, but we got detained longer than we expected; I am sorry that——" "So am I," said she, "but if Mr. Pugwash will keep an Inn when he has no occasion to, his family can't expect no rest."

Here the Clockmaker, seeing the storm gathering, stooped down suddenly, and staring intently, held out his hand and exclaimed, "Well, if that ain't a beautiful child—come here, my little man, and shake hands along with me—well, I declare, if that are little feller ain't the finest child I ever seed—what, not abed yet? Ah, you rogue, where did you get them are pretty rosy cheeks; stole them from mamma, eh? Well, I wish my old mother could see that child, it is such a treat. In our country," said he, turning to me, "the children are all as pale as chalk, or as yaller as an orange. Lord, that are little feller would be a show in our country—come to me, my man." Here the "soft sawder" began to operate. Mrs. Pugwash said in a milder tone than we had yet heard, "Go, my dear, to the gentleman—go, dear." Mr. Slick kissed him, asked him if he would go to the States along with him, told him all the little girls there would fall in love with him, for they didn't see such a beautiful face once in a month of Sundays. "Black eyes—let me see—ah, mamma's eyes too, and black hair also; as I am alive, why you are mamma's own boy, the very image of mamma." "Do be seated, gentlemen," said Mrs. Pugwash—"Sally, make a fire in the next room." "She ought to be proud of you," he continued. "Well, if I live to return here, I must paint your face, and have it put on my clocks, and our folks will buy the clocks for the sake of the face. "Did you ever see," said he, again addressing me, "such a likeness between one human and another, as between this beautiful little boy and his mother?" "I am sure you have had no supper," said Mrs. Pugwash to me; "you must be hungry and weary, too—I will get you a cup of tea." "I am sorry to give you so much trouble," said I. "Not the least trouble in the world," she replied; "on the contrary, a pleasure."

We were then shown into the next room, where the fire was now blazing up, but Mr. Slick protested he could not proceed without the little boy, and lingered behind to ascertain his age, and concluded by asking the child if he had any aunts that looked like mamma.

As the door closed, Mr. Slick said, "It's a pity she don't go well in gear. The difficulty with those critters is to git them

to start; arter that there is no trouble with them if you don't check 'em too short. If you do they'll stop again, run back and kick like mad, and then Old Nick himself wouldn't start 'em. Pugwash, I guess, don't understand the natur of the critter; she'll never go kind in harness for him. *When I see a child,*" said the Clockmaker, *"I always feel safe with these women folk; for I have always found that the road to a woman's heart lies through her child."*

"You seem," said I, "to understand the female heart so well, I make no doubt you are a general favorite among the fair sex."

"Any man," he replied, "that understands horses, has a pretty considerable fair knowledge of women, for they are jist alike in temper, and require the very identical same treatment. *Encourage the timid ones, be gentle and steady with the fractious, but lather the sulky ones like blazes.*

"People talk an everlastin sight of nonsense about wine, women, and horses. I've bought and sold 'em all, I've traded in all of them, and I tell you, there ain't one in a thousand that knows a grain about either on 'em. You hear folks say, 'Oh, such a man is an ugly-grained critter, he'll break his wife's heart;' jist as if a woman's heart was as brittle as a pipe stalk. The female heart, as far as my experience goes, is jist like a new india-rubber shoe: you may pull and pull at it till it stretches out a yard long, and then let go, and it will fly right back to its old shape. Their hearts are made of stout leather, I tell you; there's a plaguy sight of wear in 'em.

"I never knowed but one case of a broken heart, and that was in t'other sex, one Washington Banks. He was a sneezer. He was tall enough to spit down on the heads of your grenadiers, and near about high enough to wade across Charlestown River, and as strong as a towboat. I guess he was somewhat less than a foot longer than the moral law and catechism too. He was a perfect pictur of a man; you couldn't fault him in no particular, he was so jist a made critter; folks used to run to the winder when he passed, and say, 'There goes Washington Banks, bean't he lovely?'

"I do believe there wasn't a gall in the Lowell factories that warn't in love with him. Sometimes, at intermission, on Sabbath days, when they all came out together (an amazin hansom sight too, near about a whole congregation of young

galls), Banks used to say, 'I vow, young ladies, I wish I had five hundred arms to reciprocate one with each of you; but I reckon I have a heart big enough for you all; it's a whopper, you may depend, and every mite and morsel of it at your service.' 'Well, how you do act, Mr. Banks,' half a thousand little clipper-clapper tongues would say, all at the same time, and their dear little eyes sparklin, like so many stars twinklin of a frosty night.

"Well, when I last seed him, he was all skin and bone, like a horse turned out to die. He was teetotally defleshed, a mere walkin skeleton. 'I am dreadful sorry,' says I, 'to see you, Banks, lookin so peeked; why, you look like a sick turkey hen, all legs; what on airth ails you?' 'I am dyin,' says he, '*of a broken heart.*' 'What,' says I, 'have the galls been jiltin you?' 'No, no,' says he, 'I bean't such a fool as that neither.' 'Well,' says I, 'have you made a bad speculation?' 'No,' says he, shakin his head, 'I hope I have too much clear grit in me to take on so bad for that.' 'What under the sun is it, then?' said I. 'Why,' says he, 'I made a bet the fore part of summer with Lieutenant Oby Knowles, that I could shoulder the best bower of the Constitution frigate. I won my bet, *but the Anchor was so etarnal heavy it broke my heart.*' Sure enough he did die that very fall, and he was the only instance I ever heerd-tell of *a broken heart.*"

#### A TALE OF BUNKER'S HILL.

Mr. Slick, like all his countrymen whom I have seen, felt that his own existence was involved in that of the Constitution of the United States, and that it was his duty to uphold it upon all occasions. He affected to consider its government and its institutions as perfect, and if any doubt was suggested as to the stability or character of either, would make the common reply of all Americans, "I guess you don't understand us," or else enter into a labored defense. When left, however, to the free expression of his own thoughts, he would often give utterance to those apprehensions which most men feel in the event of an experiment not yet fairly tried, and which has in many parts evidently disappointed the sanguine hopes of its friends. But, even on these occasions, when his vigilance seemed to

slumber, he would generally cover them, by giving them as the remarks of others, or concealing them in a tale. It was this habit that gave his discourse rather the appearance of thinking aloud than a connected conversation.

"We are a great nation, Squire," he said, "that's sartin; but I'm afeard'd we didn't altogether start right. It's in politics as in racin, everything depends upon a fair start. If you are off too quick, you have to pull up and turn back agin, and your beast gets out of wind and is baffled, and if you lose in the start you hain't got a fair chance arterwards, and are plaguy apt to be jockeyed in the course. When we set up housekeepin, as it were, for ourselves, we hated our stepmother, Old England, so dreadful bad, we wouldn't foller any of her ways of managin at all, but made new receipts for ourselves. Well, we missed it in many things most consumedly, somehow or another. Did you ever see," said he, "a congregation split right in two by a quarrel, and one part go off and set up for themselves?" "I am sorry to say," said I, "that I have seen some melancholy instances of the kind." "Well, they shoot ahead, or drop astern, as the case may be, but they soon get on another tack, and leave the old ship clean out of sight. When folks once take to emigratin in religion in this way, they never know where to bide. First they try one location, and then they try another; some settle here and some improve there, but they don't hitch their horses together long. Sometimes they complain they *have too little water*, at other times that they *have too much*; they are never satisfied, and, wherever these separatists go, they onsettle others as bad as themselves. *I never look on a deserter as any great shakes.*

"My poor father used to say, 'Sam, mind what I tell you, if a man don't agree in all particulars with his church, and can't go the whole hog with 'em, he ain't justified on that account, nohow, to separate from them, for Sam "*Schism is a sin in the eye of God.*" The whole Christian world,' he would say, 'is divided into two great families, the Catholic and Protestant. Well, the Catholic is a united family, a happy family, and a strong family, all governed by one head; and, Sam, as sure as eggs is eggs, that are family will grub out t'other one, stalk, branch, and root, it won't so much as leave the seed of it in the ground, to grow by chance as a nateral curiosity. Now the Protestant family is like a bundle of refuse shingles, when withered up together (which it never was and never will be to all eternity), no great of a bundle arter all; you might take it



up under one arm, and walk off with it without winkin. But, when all lyin loose, as it always is, jist look at it, and see what a sight it is, all blowin about by every wind of doctrine, some away up een a'most out of sight, others rollin over and over in the dirt, some split to pieces, and others so warped by the weather and cracked by the sun — no two of 'em will lie so as to make a close jint. They are all divided into sects, railin, quarrelin, separatin, and agreein in nothin, but hatin each other. It is awful to think on. T'other family will some day or other gather them all up, put them into a bundle and bind them up tight, and condemn 'em as fit for nothin under the sun, but the fire. Now he who splits one of these here sects by schism, or he who preaches schism, commits a grievous sin; and, Sam, if you valy your own peace of mind, have nothin to do with such folks.

“It's pretty much the same in Politics. I ain't quite clear in my conscience, Sam, about our glorious revolution. If that are blood was shed justly in the rebellion, then it was the Lord's doin, but if unlawfully, how am I to answer for my share in it? I was at Bunker Hill (the most splendid battle it's generally allowed that ever was fought); what effect my shots had, I can't tell, and I am glad I can't, all except one, Sam, and that shot' — Here the old gentleman became dreadful agitated, he shook like an ague fit, and he walked up and down the room, and wrung his hands, and groaned bitterly. ‘I have wrastled with the Lord, Sam, and have prayed to him to enlighten me on that pint, and to wash out the stain of that are blood from my hands. I never told you that are story, nor your mother neither, for she could not stand it, poor critter, she's kinder narvous.

“Well, Doctor Warren (the first soldier of his age, though he never fought afore) commanded us all to resarve our fire till the British came within pint-blank shot, and we could cleverly see the whites of their eyes, and we did so — and we mowed them down like grass, and we repeated our fire with awful effect. I was among the last that remained behind the breast-work, for most on 'em, arter the second shot, cut and run full split. The British were close to us; and an officer, with his sword drawn, was leading on his men and encouragin them to the charge. I could see his features, he was a rael handsome man; I can see him now with his white breeches and black gaiters, and red coat, and three-cornered cocked hat, as plain as if it was yesterday instead of the year '75. Well, I took a

steady aim at him and fired. He didn't move for a space, and I thought I had missed him, when all of a sudden, he sprung right straight up on eend, his sword slipt through his hands up to the pint, and then he fell flat on his face atop of the blade, and it came straight out through his back. He was fairly skivered. I never seed anything so awful since I was raised, I actilly screamed out with horror — and I threw away my gun and joined them that were retreatin over the neck to Charlestown. Sam, that are British officer, if our rebellion was onjust or onlawful, was murdered, that's a fact; and the idee, now I am growin old, haunts me day and night. Sometimes I begin with the Stamp Act, and I go over all our grievances, one by one, and say, ain't they a sufficient justification. Well, it makes a long list, and I get kinder satisfied, and it appears as clear as anything. But sometimes there come doubts in my mind jist like a guest that's not invited or not expected, and takes you at a short like, and I say, warn't the Stamp Act repealed, and concessions made, and warn't offers sent to settle all fairly? — and I get troubled and oneasy agin. And then I say to myself, says I, oh yes, but them offers came too late. I do nothin now, when I am alone, but argue it over and over agin. I actilly dream on that man in my sleep sometimes, and then I see him as plain as if he was afore me, and I go over it all agin till I come to that are shot, and then I leap right up in bed and scream like all vengeance, and your mother, poor old critter, says, Sam, says she, "What on airth ails you to make you act so like old Scratch in your sleep — I do believe there's somethin or another on your conscience." And I say, "Polly dear, I guess we're a goin to have rain, for that plaguy cute rheumatis has seized my foot and it does antagonize me so I have no peace. It always does so when it's like for a change." "Dear heart," she says (the poor simple critter), "then I guess I had better rub it, hadn't I, Sam?" and she crawls out of bed and gets her red flannel petticoat, and rubs away at my foot ever so long. Oh, Sam, if she could rub it out of my heart as easy as she thinks she rubs it out of my foot, I should be in peace, that's a fact.

"What's done, Sam, can't be helped, there is no use in cryin over spilt milk, but still one can't help a thinkin on it. But I don't love schisms, and I don't love rebellion.

"Our revolution has made us grow faster and grow richer, but, Sam, when we were younger and poorer, we were more

pious and more happy. We have nothin fixed either in religion or politics. What connection there ought to be atween Church and State, I am not availed, but some there ought to be as sure as the Lord made Moses. Religion, when left to itself, as with us, grows too rank and luxuriant. Suckers and sprouts, and intersecting shoots, and superfluous wood make a nice shady tree to look at, but where's the fruit, Sam? that's the question — where's the fruit? No; the pride of human wisdom, and the presumption it breeds, will ruin us. Jefferson was an infidel, and avowed it, and gloried in it, and called it the enlightenment of the age. Cambridge College is Unitarian, 'cause it looks wise to doubt, and every drumstick of a boy ridicules the belief of his forefathers. If our country is to be darkened by infidelity, our Government defied by every State, and every State ruled by mobs — then, Sam, the blood we shed in our revolution will be atoned for in the blood and suffering of our fellow-citizens. The murders of that civil war will be expiated by a political suicide of the State.'

"I am somewhat of father's opinion," said the Clockmaker, "though I don't go the whole figur with him; but he needn't have made such an everlastin touss about fixin that are British officer's flint for him, for he'd a died himself by this time, I do suppose, if he had a missed his shot at him. P'r'aps we might have done a little better, and p'r'aps we mightn't, by stickin a little closer to the old constitution. But one thing I will say, I think, arter all, your Colony Government is about as happy and as good a one as I know on. A man's life and property are well protected here at little cost, and he can go where he likes, provided he don't trespass on his neighbor.

"I guess that's enough for any on us, now, ain't it?"

#### WINDSOR AND THE FAR WEST.

The next morning the Clockmaker proposed to take a drive round the neighborhood "You hadn't out," says he, "to be in a hurry; you should see the *vicinity* of this location; there ain't the beat of it to be found anywhere."

While the servants were harnessing old Clay, we went to see a new bridge, which had recently been erected over the Avon River. "That," said he, "is a splendid thing. A New Yorker built it, and the folks in St. John paid for it." "You mean of Halifax," said I. "St. John is in the other province."

"I mean what I say," he replied, "and it is a credit to New Brunswick. No, sir, the Halifax folks neither know nor keer much about the country — they wouldn't take hold on it, and if they had a waited for them, it would have been one while afore they got a bridge, I tell you. They've no spirit, and plaguy little sympathy with the country, and I'll tell you the reason on it. There are a great many people there from other parts, and always have been, who come to make money and nothin else, who don't call it home, and don't feel to home, and who intend to up killoch and off, as soon as they have made their ned out of the bluenoses. They have got about as much regard for the country as a peddler has, who trudges along with a pack on his back. He *walks*, 'cause he intends to *ride* at last; *trusts*, 'cause he intends to *sue* at last; *smiles*, 'cause he intends to *cheat* at last; *saves all*, 'cause he intends to *move all* at last. It's actilly overrun with transient paupers, and transient speculators, and these last grumble and growl like a bear with a sore head, the whole blessed time, at everything, and can hardly keep a civil tongue in their head, while they're fobbin your money hand over hand. These critters feel no interest in anything but cent per cent; they deaden public spirit; they hain't got none themselves, and they larf at it in others; and when you add their numbers to the timid ones, the stingy ones, the ignorant ones, and the poor ones, that are to be found in every place, why the few smart-spirited ones that's left are too few to do anything, and so nothin is done. It appears to me if I was a bluenose I'd — But thank fortin I ain't, so I says nothin — but there is something that ain't altogether jist right in this country, that's a fact.

"But what a country this Bay country is, isn't it? Look at that medder, bean't it lovely? The Prayer Eyes of the Illanoy are the top of the ladder with us, but these dikes take the shine off them by a long chalk, that's sartin. The land in our far west, it is generally allowed, can't be no better; what you plant is sure to grow and yield well, and food is so cheap, you can live there for half nothin. But it don't agree with us New England folks; we don't enjoy good health there; and what in the world is the use of food, if you have such an eternal dyspepsy you can't digest it. A man can hardly live there till next grass, afore he is in the yaller leaf. Just like one of our bran-new vessels built down in Maine, of the best hackmatack, or what's better still, of our real American live oak (and that's



allowed to be about the best in the world), send her off to the West Indies, and let her lie there awhile, and the worms will riddle her bottom all full of holes like a tin cullender, or a board with a grist of duck shot through it, you wouldn't believe what *a bore* they be. Well, that's jist the case with the western climate. The heat takes the solder out of the knees, and elbows, weakens the joints, and makes the frame rickety.

"Besides, we like the smell of the salt water, it seems kinder nateral to us New Englanders. We can make more a plowin of the seas, than plowin of a prayer eye. It would take a bottom near about as long as Connecticut River, to raise wheat enough to buy the cargo of a Nantucket whaler, or a Salem tea ship. And then to leave one's folks, and *native* place, where one was raised, halter-broke, and trained to go in gear, and exchange all the comforts of the Old States for them are new ones, don't seem to go down well at all. Why, the very sight of the Yankee galls is good for sore eyes, the dear little critters, they do look so scrumptious, I tell you, with their cheeks bloomin like a red rose budded on a white one, and their eyes like Mrs. Adams's diamonds (that folks say shine as well in the dark as in the light), neck like a swan, lips chock full of kisses—lick! it fairly makes one's mouth water to think on 'em. But it's no use talkin, they are just made critters, that's a fact, full of health and life and beauty,—now, to change them are splendid white water lilies of Connecticut and Rhode Island for the yaller crocuses of Illanoy, is what we don't like. It goes most confoundedly agin the grain, I tell you. Poor critters, when they get away back there, they grow as thin as a sawed lath, their little peepers are as dull as a boiled codfish, their skin looks like yaller fever, and they seem all mouth like a crocodile. And that's not the worst of it neither, for when a woman begins to grow saller it's all over with her; she's up a tree then you may depend, there's no mistake. You can no more bring back her bloom, than you can the color to a leaf the frost has touched in the fall. It's gone goose with her, that's a fact. And that's not all, for the temper is plaguy apt to change with the cheek, too. When the freshness of youth is on the move, the sweetness of temper is amazin apt to start along with it. A bilious cheek and a sour temper are like the Siamese twins, there's a nateral cord of union atween them. The one is a sign-board, with the name of the firm written on it in big letters. He that don't know this, can't read, I guess. It's no use to

cry over spilt milk, we all know, but it's easier said than done, that. Womenkind, and especially single folks, will take on dreadful at the fadin of their roses, and their frettin only seems to make the thorns look sharper. Our minister used to say to sister Sall (and when she was young she was a rael witch, a most everlastin sweet girl), 'Sally,' he used to say, 'now's the time to larn, when you are young; store your mind well, dear, and the fragrance will remain long arter the rose has shed its leaves. *The ottar of roses is stronger than the rose, and a plaguy sight more valuable.*' Sall wrote it down, she said it warn't a bad idee that; but father larked, he said he guessed Minister's courtin days warn't over, when he made such pretty speeches as that are to the galls. Now, who would go to expose his wife or his darters, or himself, to the dangers of such a climate, for the sake of 30 bushels of wheat to the acre, instead of 15. There seems a kinder somethin in us that rises in our throat when we think on it, and won't let us. We don't like it. Give me the shore, and let them that like the Far West go there, I say.

"This place is as fertile as Illanoy or Ohio, as healthy as any part of the globe, and right alongside of the salt water; but the folks want three things — *Industry, Enterprise, Economy*: these bluenoses don't know how to valy this location — only look at it, and see what a place for bisness it is — the center of the Province — the nateral capital of the Basin of Minas, and part of the Bay of Fundy — the great thoroughfare to St. John, Canada, and the United States — the exports of lime, gypsum, freestone and grindstone — the dikes — but it's no use talkin; I wish we had it, that's all. Our folks are like a rock-maple tree — stick 'em in anywhere, butt eend up and top down, and they will take root and grow; but put 'em in a rael good soil like this, and give 'em a fair chance, and they will go ahead and thrive right off, most amazin fast, that's a fact. Yes, if we had it we would make another guess place of it from what it is. *In one year we would have a railroad to Halifax, which, unlike the stone that killed two birds, would be the makin of both places.* I often tell the folks this, but all they can say is, 'Oh, we are too poor and too young.' Says I, 'You put me in mind of a great long-legged, long-tail colt father had. He never changed his name of colt as long as he lived, and he was as old as the hills; and though he had the best of feed, was as thin as a whippin post. He was colt all his days — always young —

always poor ; and young and poor you'll be, I guess, to the end of the chapter."

On our return to the Inn, the weather, which had been threatening for some time past, became very tempestuous. It rained for three successive days, and the roads were almost impassable. To continue my journey was wholly out of the question. I determined, therefore, to take a seat in the coach for Halifax.



## DOTHEBOYS HALL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

(From "Nicholas Nickleby.")

[For biographical sketch, see page 121.]

MR. SQUEERS, being safely landed, left Nicholas and the boys standing with the luggage in the road, to amuse themselves by looking at the coach as it changed horses, while he ran into the tavern and went through the leg-stretching process at the bar. After some minutes, he returned, with his legs thoroughly stretched, if the hue of his nose and a short hiccup afforded any criterion ; and at the same time there came out of the yard a rusty pony chaise, and a cart, driven by two laboring men.

"Put the boys and the boxes into the cart," said Squeers, rubbing his hands ; "and this young man and me will go on in the chaise. Get in, Nickleby."

Nicholas obeyed. Mr. Squeers with some difficulty inducing the pony to obey also, they started off, leaving the cart load of infant misery to follow at leisure.

"Are you cold, Nickleby?" inquired Squeers, after they had traveled some distance in silence.

"Rather, sir, I must say."

"Well, I don't find fault with that," said Squeers ; "it's a long journey this weather."

"Is it much farther to Dotheboys Hall, sir?" asked Nicholas.

"About three mile from here," replied Squeers. "But you needn't call it a Hall down here."

Nicholas coughed, as if he would like to know why.

"The fact is, it ain't a Hall," observed Squeers, dryly.

"Oh, indeed!" said Nicholas, whom this piece of intelligence much astonished.

"No," replied Squeers. "We call it a Hall up in London, because it sounds better, but they don't know it by that name in these parts. A man may call his house an island if he likes; there's no act of Parliament against that, I believe?"

"I believe not, sir," rejoined Nicholas.

Squeers eyed his companion slyly, at the conclusion of this little dialogue, and finding that he had grown thoughtful and appeared in no wise disposed to volunteer any observations, contented himself with lashing the pony until they reached their journey's end.

"Jump out," said Squeers. "Hallo there! come and put this horse up. Be quick, will you!"

While the schoolmaster was uttering these and other impatient cries, Nicholas had time to observe that the school was a long, cold-looking house, one story high, with a few straggling outbuildings behind, and a barn and stable adjoining. After the lapse of a minute or two, the noise of somebody unlocking the yard gate was heard, and presently a tall lean boy, with a lantern in his hand, issued forth.

"Is that you, Smike?" cried Squeers.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"Then why the devil didn't you come before?"

"Please, sir, I fell asleep over the fire," answered Smike, with humility.

"Fire! what fire? Where's there a fire?" demanded the schoolmaster, sharply.

"Only in the kitchen, sir," replied the boy. "Missus said as I was sitting up, I might go in there for a warm."

"Your Missus is a fool," retorted Squeers. "You'd have been a deuced deal more wakeful in the cold, I'll engage."

By this time Mr. Squeers had dismounted; and after ordering the boy to see to the pony, and to take care that he hadn't any more corn that night, he told Nicholas to wait at the front door a minute while he went round and let him in.

A host of unpleasant misgivings, which had been crowding upon Nicholas during the whole journey, thronged into his mind with redoubled force when he was left alone. His great distance from home and the impossibility of reaching it, except



on foot, should he feel ever so anxious to return, presented itself to him in most alarming colors; and as he looked up at the dreary house and dark windows, and upon the wild country round, covered with snow, he felt a depression of heart and spirit which he never had experienced before.

"Now then!" cried Squeers, poking his head out at the front door. "Where are you, Nickleby?"

"Here, sir," replied Nicholas.

"Come in, then," said Squeers, "the wind blows in, at this door, fit to knock a man off his legs."

Nicholas sighed, and hurried in. Mr. Squeers, having bolted the door to keep it shut, ushered him into a small parlor scantily furnished with a few chairs, a yellow map hung against the wall, and a couple of tables; one of which bore some preparations for supper, while, on the other, a tutor's assistant, a Murray's grammar, half a dozen cards of terms, and a worn letter directed to Wackford Squeers, Esquire, were arranged in picturesque confusion.

They had not been in this apartment a couple of minutes, when a female bounced into the room, and, seizing Mr. Squeers by the throat, gave him two loud kisses: one close after the other, like a postman's knock. The lady, who was of a large raw-boned figure, was about half a head taller than Mr. Squeers, and was dressed in a dimity night jacket, with her hair in papers; she had also a dirty nightcap on, relieved by a yellow cotton handkerchief which tied it under the chin.

"How is my Squeery?" said this lady in a playful manner, and a very hoarse voice.

"Quite well, my love," replied Squeers. "How's the cows?"

"All right, every one of 'em," answered the lady.

"And the pigs?" said Squeers.

"As well as they were when you went away."

"Come; that's a blessing," said Squeers, pulling off his greatcoat. "The boys are all as they were, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, they're well enough," replied Mrs. Squeers, snappishly. "That young Pitcher's had a fever."

"No!" exclaimed Squeers. "Damn that boy, he's always at something of that sort."

"Never was such a boy, I do believe," said Mrs. Squeers; "whatever he has is always catching too. I say it's obstinacy, and nothing shall ever convince me that it isn't. I'd beat it out of him; and I told you that, six months ago."

"So you did, my love," rejoined Squeers. "We'll try what can be done."

Pending these little endearments, Nicholas had stood, awkwardly enough, in the middle of the room, not very well knowing whether he was expected to retire into the passage or to remain where he was. He was now relieved from his perplexity by Mr. Squeers.

"This is the new young man, my dear," said that gentleman.

"Oh," replied Mrs. Squeers, nodding her head at Nicholas, and eying him coldly from top to toe.

"He'll take a meal with us to-night," said Squeers, "and go among the boys to-morrow morning. You can give him a shakedown here, to-night, can't you?"

"We must manage it somehow," replied the lady. "You don't much mind how you sleep, I suppose, sir?"

"No, indeed," replied Nicholas, "I am not particular."

"That's lucky," said Mrs. Squeers. And as the lady's humor was considered to lie chiefly in retort, Mr. Squeers laughed heartily, and seemed to expect that Nicholas should do the same.

After some further conversation between the master and mistress relative to the success of Mr. Squeers's trip, and the people who had paid, and the people who had made default in payment, a young servant girl brought in a Yorkshire pie and some cold beef, which being set upon the table, the boy Smike appeared with a jug of ale.

Mr. Squeers was emptying his greateat pockets of letters to different boys, and other small documents, which he had brought down in them. The boy glanced, with an anxious and timid expression, at the papers, as if with a sickly hope that one among them might relate to him. The look was a very painful one, and went to Nicholas's heart at once; for it told a long and very sad history.

It induced him to consider the boy more attentively, and he was surprised to observe the extraordinary mixture of garments which formed his dress. Although he could not have been less than eighteen or nineteen years old, and was tall for that age, he wore a skeleton suit, such as is usually put upon very little boys, and which, though most absurdly short in the arms and legs, was quite wide enough for his attenuated frame. In order that the lower part of his legs might be in perfect keep-

ing with this singular dress, he had a very large pair of boots, originally made for tops, which might have been once worn by some stout farmer, but were now too patched and tattered for a beggar. Heaven knows how long he had been there, but he still wore the same linen which he had first taken down; for, round his neck was a tattered child's frill, only half concealed by a coarse, man's neckerchief. He was lame; and as he feigned to be busy in arranging the table, glanced at the letters with a look so keen, and yet so dispirited and hopeless, that Nicholas could hardly bear to watch him.

"What are you bothering about there, Smike?" cried Mrs. Squeers; "let the things alone, can't you."

"Eh!" said Squeers, looking up. "Oh! it's you, is it?"

"Yes, sir," replied the youth, pressing his hands together, as though to control, by force, the nervous wandering of his fingers; "is there——"

"Well!" said Squeers.

"Have you—did anybody—has nothing been heard—about me?"

"Devil a bit," replied Squeers, testily.

The lad withdrew his eyes, and, putting his hand to his face, moved towards the door.

"Not a word," resumed Squeers, "and never will be. Now, this is a pretty sort of thing, isn't it, that you should have been left here, all these years, and no money paid after the first six—nor no notice taken, nor no clew to be got who you belong to? It's a pretty sort of thing that I should have to feed a great fellow like you, and never hope to get one penny for it, isn't it?"

The boy put his hand to his head as if he were making an effort to recollect something, and then, looking vacantly at his questioner, gradually broke into a smile, and limped away.

"I'll tell you what, Squeers," remarked his wife as the door closed, "I think that young chap's turning silly."

"I hope not," said the schoolmaster; "for he's a handy fellow out of doors, and worth his meat and drink, anyway. I should think he'd have wit enough for us though, if he was. But come; let us have supper, for I am hungry and tired, and want to get to bed."

This reminder brought in an exclusive steak for Mr. Squeers, who speedily proceeded to do it ample justice. Nicholas drew up his chair, but his appetite was effectually taken away.

"How's the steak, Squeers?" said Mrs. S.

"Tender as a lamb," replied Squeers. "Have a bit."

"I couldn't eat a morsel," replied his wife. "What'll the young man take, my dear?"

"Whatever he likes that's present," rejoined Squeers, in a most unusual burst of generosity.

"What do you say, Mr. Knuckleboy?" inquired Mrs. Squeers.

"I'll take a little of the pie, if you please," replied Nicholas. "A very little, for I'm not hungry."

"Well, it's a pity to cut the pie if you're not hungry, isn't it?" said Mrs. Squeers. "Will you try a bit of the beef?"

"Whatever you please," replied Nicholas, abstractedly: "it's all the same to me."

Mrs. Squeers looked vastly gracious on receiving this reply; and nodding to Squeers, as much as to say that she was glad to find the young man knew his station, assisted Nicholas to a slice of meat with her own fair hands.

"Ale, Squeery?" inquired the lady, winking and frowning to give him to understand that the question propounded was, whether Nicholas should have ale, and not whether he (Squeers) would take any.

"Certainly," said Squeers, re-telegraphing in the same manner. "A glassful."

So Nicholas had a glassful, and, being occupied with his own reflections, drank it, in happy innocence of all the foregone proceedings.

"Uncommon juicy steak that," said Squeers, as he laid down his knife and fork, after plying it, in silence, for some time.

"It's prime meat," rejoined his lady. "I bought a good large piece of it myself on purpose for ——"

"For what!" exclaimed Squeers, hastily. "Not for the ——"

"No, no; not for them," rejoined Mrs. Squeers; "on purpose for you against you came home. Lor! you didn't think I could have made such a mistake as that!"

"Upon my word, my dear, I didn't know what you were going to say," said Squeers, who had turned pale.

"You needn't make yourself uncomfortable," remarked his wife, laughing heartily. "To think that I should be such a noddy! Well!"

This part of the conversation was rather unintelligible; but popular rumor in the neighborhood asserted that Mr. Squeers,



being amiably opposed to cruelty to animals, not unfrequently purchased for boy consumption the bodies of horned cattle who had died a natural death ; possibly he was apprehensive of having unintentionally devoured some choice morsel intended for the young gentlemen.

Supper being over, and removed by a small servant girl with a hungry eye, Mrs. Squeers retired to lock it up, and also to take into safe custody the clothes of the five boys who had just arrived, and who were halfway up the troublesome flight of steps which leads to death's door, in consequence of exposure to the cold. They were then regaled with a light supper of porridge, and stowed away, side by side, in a small bedstead, to warm each other, and dream of a substantial meal with something hot after it, if their fancies set that way : which it is not at all improbable they did.

Mr. Squeers treated himself to a stiff tumbler of brandy and water, made on the liberal half-and-half principle, allowing for the dissolution of the sugar ; and his amiable helpmate mixed Nicholas the ghost of a small glassful of the same compound. This done, Mr. and Mrs. Squeers drew close up to the fire, and sitting with their feet on the fender, talked confidentially in whispers ; while Nicholas, taking up the tutor's assistant, read the interesting legends in the miscellaneous questions, and all the figures into the bargain, with as much thought or consciousness of what he was doing, as if he had been in a magnetic slumber.

At length, Mr. Squeers yawned fearfully, and opined that it was high time to go to bed ; upon which signal, Mrs. Squeers and the girl dragged in a small straw mattress and a couple of blankets, and arranged them into a couch for Nicholas.

"We'll put you into your regular bedroom to-morrow, Nickleby," said Squeers. "Let me see ! Who sleeps in Brooks's bed, my dear ?"

"In Brooks's," said Mrs. Squeers, pondering. "There's Jennings, little Bolder, Graymarsh, and what's his name."

"So there is," rejoined Squeers. "Yes ! Brooks is full."

"Full !" thought Nicholas. "I should think he was."

"There's a place somewhere, I know," said Squeers ; "but I can't at this moment call to mind where it is. However, we'll have that all settled to-morrow. Good night, Nickleby. Seven o'clock in the morning, mind."

"I shall be ready, sir," replied Nicholas. "Good night."

"I'll come in myself and show you where the well is," said Squeers. "You'll always find a little bit of soap in the kitchen window; that belongs to you."

Nicholas opened his eyes but not his mouth; and Squeers was again going away, when he once more turned back.

"I don't know, I am sure," he said, "whose towel to put you on; but if you'll make shift with something to-morrow morning, Mrs. Squeers will arrange that, in the course of the day. My dear, don't forget."

"I'll take care," replied Mrs. Squeers; "and mind *you* take care, young man, and get first wash. The teacher ought always to have it; but they get the better of him if they can."

Mr. Squeers then nudged Mrs. Squeers to bring away the brandy bottle, lest Nicholas should help himself in the night; and the lady having seized it with great precipitation, they retired together.

Nicholas, being left alone, took half a dozen turns up and down the room in a condition of much agitation and excitement; but, growing gradually calmer, sat himself down in a chair, and mentally resolved that, come what might, he would endeavor, for a time, to bear whatever wretchedness might be in store for him, and that remembering the helplessness of his mother and sister, he would give his uncle no plea for deserting them in their need. Good resolutions seldom fail of producing some good effect in the mind from which they spring. He grew less desponding, and—so sanguine and buoyant is youth—even hoped that affairs at Dotheboys Hall might yet prove better than they promised.

He was preparing for bed, with something like renewed cheerfulness, when a sealed letter fell from his coat pocket. In the hurry of leaving London, it had escaped his attention, and had not occurred to him since, but it at once brought back to him the recollection of the mysterious behavior of Newman Noggs.

"Dear me!" said Nicholas; "what an extraordinary hand!"

It was directed to himself, was written upon very dirty paper, and in such cramped and crippled writing as to be almost illegible. After great difficulty and much puzzling, he contrived to read as follows:—

MY DEAR YOUNG MAN,—I know the world. Your father did not, or he would not have done me a kindness when there was no

hope of return. You do not, or you would not be bound on such a journey.

If ever you want a shelter in London (don't be angry at this, *I* once thought I never should), they know where I live, at the sign of the Crown, in Silver Street, Golden Square. It is at the corner of Silver Street and James Street, with a bar door both ways. You can come at night. Once, nobody was ashamed — never mind that. It's all over.

Excuse errors. I should forget how to wear a whole coat now. I have forgotten all my old ways. My spelling may have gone with them.

NEWMAN NOGGS.

P.S. If you should go near Barnard Castle, there is good ale at the King's Head. Say you know me, and I am sure they will not charge you for it. You may say *Mr. Noggs* there, for I was a gentleman then. I was indeed.

It may be a very undignified circumstance to record, but after he had folded this letter and placed it in his pocketbook, Nicholas Nickleby's eyes were dimmed with a moisture that might have been taken for tears.

#### OF THE INTERNAL ECONOMY OF DOTHEBOYS HALL.

A ride of two hundred and odd miles in severe weather is one of the best softeners of a hard bed that ingenuity can devise. Perhaps it is even a sweetener of dreams, for those which hovered over the rough couch of Nicholas, and whispered their airy nothings in his ear, were of an agreeable and happy kind. He was making his fortune very fast indeed, when the faint glimmer of an expiring candle shone before his eyes, and a voice he had no difficulty in recognizing as part and parcel of Mr. Squeers, admonished him that it was time to rise.

"Past seven, Nickleby," said Mr. Squeers.

"Has morning come already?" asked Nicholas, sitting up in bed.

"Ah! that has it," replied Squeers, "and ready iced too. Now, Nickleby, come; tumble up, will you?"

Nicholas needed no further admonition, but "tumbled up" at once, and proceeded to dress himself by the light of the taper which Mr. Squeers carried in his hand.

"Here's a pretty go," said that gentleman; "the pump's froze."

"Indeed!" said Nicholas, not much interested in the intelligence.

"Yes," replied Squeers. "You can't wash yourself this morning."

"Not wash myself!" exclaimed Nicholas.

"No, not a bit of it," rejoined Squeers, tartly. "So you must be content with giving yourself a dry polish till we break the ice in the well, and can get a bucketful out for the boys. Don't stand staring at me, but do look sharp, will you?"

Offering no further observation, Nicholas huddled on his clothes. Squeers, meanwhile, opened the shutters and blew the candle out, when the voice of his amiable consort was heard in the passage demanding admittance.

"Come in, my love," said Squeers.

Mrs. Squeers came in, still habited in the primitive night jacket which had displayed the symmetry of her figure on the previous night, and further ornamented with a beaver bonnet of some antiquity, which she wore with much ease and lightness, on the top of the nightcap before mentioned.

"Drat the things," said the lady, opening the cupboard; "I can't find the school spoon anywhere."

"Never mind it, my dear," observed Squeers, in a soothing manner; "it's of no consequence."

"No consequence, why how you talk!" retorted Mrs. Squeers, sharply; "isn't it brimstone morning?"

"I forgot, my dear," rejoined Squeers; "yes, it certainly is. We purify the boys' bloods now and then, Nickleby."

"Purify fiddlesticks' ends," said his lady. "Don't think, young man, that we go to the expense of flower of brimstone and molasses, just to purify them; because if you think we carry on the business in that way, you'll find yourself mistaken, and so I tell you plainly."

"My dear," said Squeers, frowning. "Hem!"

"Oh! nonsense," rejoined Mrs. Squeers. "If the young man comes to be a teacher here, let him understand, at once, that we don't want any foolery about the boys. They have the brimstone and treacle, partly because if they hadn't something or other in the way of medicine they'd be always ailing and giving a world of trouble, and partly because it spoils their appetites and comes cheaper than breakfast and dinner. So, it does them good and us good at the same time, and that's fair enough, I'm sure."



Having given this explanation, Mrs. Squeers put her hand into the closet and instituted a stricter search after the spoon, in which Mr. Squeers assisted. A few words passed between them while they were thus engaged, but as their voices were partially stifled by the cupboard, all that Nicholas could distinguish was, that Mr. Squeers said what Mrs. Squeers had said, was injudicious, and that Mrs. Squeers said what Mr. Squeers said, was "stuff."

A vast deal of searching and rummaging ensued, and it proving fruitless, Smike was called in, and pushed by Mrs. Squeers and boxed by Mr. Squeers; which course of treatment brightening his intellects, enabled him to suggest that possibly Mrs. Squeers might have the spoon in her pocket, as indeed turned out to be the case. As Mrs. Squeers had previously protested, however, that she was quite certain she had not got it, Smike received another box on the ear for presuming to contradict his mistress, together with a promise of a sound thrashing if he were not more respectful in future; so that he took nothing very advantageous by his motion.

"A most invaluable woman, that, Nickleby," said Squeers when his consort had hurried away, pushing the drudge before her.

"Indeed, sir!" observed Nicholas.

"I don't know her equal," said Squeers; "I do not know her equal. That woman, Nickleby, is always the same—always the same bustling, lively, active, saving creetur that you see her now."

Nicholas sighed involuntarily at the thought of the agreeable domestic prospect thus opened to him; but Squeers was, fortunately, too much occupied with his own reflections to perceive it.

"It's my way to say, when I am up in London," continued Squeers, "that to them boys she is a mother. But she is more than a mother to them; ten times more. She does things for them boys, Nickleby, that I don't believe half the mothers going would do for their own sons."

"I should think they would not, sir," answered Nicholas.

Now the fact was that both Mr. and Mrs. Squeers viewed the boys in the light of their proper and natural enemies; or, in other words, they held and considered that their business and profession was to get as much from every boy as could by possibility be screwed out of him. On this point they were

both agreed, and behaved in unison accordingly. The only difference between them was, that Mrs. Squeers waged war against the enemy openly and fearlessly, and that Squeers covered his rascality, even at home, with a spice of his habitual deceit; as if he really had a notion of some day or other being able to take himself in, and persuade his own mind that he was a very good fellow.

"But come," said Squeers, interrupting the progress of some thoughts to this effect in the mind of his usher, "let's go to the schoolroom; and lend me a hand with my school coat, will you?"

Nicholas assisted his master to put on an old fustian shooting jacket, which he took down from a peg in the passage; and Squeers, arming himself with his cane, led the way across a yard to a door in the rear of the house.

"There," said the schoolmaster as they stepped in together; "this is our shop, Nickleby!"

It was such a crowded scene, and there were so many objects to attract attention, that, at first, Nicholas stared about him, really without seeing anything at all. By degrees, however, the place resolved itself into a bare and dirty room, with a couple of windows, whereof a tenth part might be of glass, the remainder being stopped up with old copybooks and paper. There were a couple of long old rickety desks, cut and notched, and inked, and damaged, in every possible way; two or three frames; a detached desk for Squeers; and another for his assistant. The ceiling was supported, like that of a barn, by cross beams and rafters; and the walls were so stained and discolored, that it was impossible to tell whether they had ever been touched with paint or whitewash.

But the pupils—the young noblemen! How the last faint traces of hope, the remotest glimmering of any good to be derived from his efforts in this den, faded from the mind of Nicholas as he looked in dismay around! Pale and haggard faces, lank and bony figures, children with the countenances of old men, deformities with irons upon their limbs, boys of stunted growth, and others whose long meager legs would hardly bear their stooping bodies, all crowded on the view together; there were the bleared eye, the harelip, the crooked foot, and every ugliness or distortion that told of unnatural aversion conceived by parents for their offspring, or of young lives which, from the earliest dawn of infancy, had been one

horrible endurance of cruelty and neglect. There were little faces which should have been handsome, darkened with the scowl of sullen, dogged suffering; there was childhood with the light of its eye quenched, its beauty gone, and its helplessness alone remaining; there were vicious-faced boys, glooming with leaden eyes, like malefactors in a jail; and there were young creatures on whom the sins of their frail parents had descended, weeping even for the mercenary nurses they had known, and lonesome even in their loneliness. With every kindly sympathy and affection blasted in its birth, with every young and healthy feeling flogged and starved down, with every revengeful passion that can fester in swollen hearts, eating its evil way to their core in silence, what an incipient Hell was breeding here!

And yet this scene, painful as it was, had its grotesque features, which, in a less interested observer than Nicholas, might have provoked a smile. Mrs. Squeers stood at one of the desks, presiding over an immense basin of brimstone and treacle, of which delicious compound she administered a large installment to each boy in succession, using for the purpose a common wooden spoon, which might have been originally manufactured for some gigantic top, and which widened every young gentleman's mouth considerably: they being all obliged, under heavy corporal penalties, to take in the whole of the bowl at a gasp. In another corner, huddled together for companionship, were the little boys who had arrived on the preceding night, three of them in very large leather breeches, and two in old trousers, a something tighter fit than drawers are usually worn; at no great distance from these was seated the juvenile son and heir of Mr. Squeers—a striking likeness of his father—kicking, with great vigor, under the hands of Smike, who was fitting upon him a pair of new boots that bore a most suspicious resemblance to those which the least of the little boys had worn on the journey down—as the little boy himself seemed to think, for he was regarding the appropriation with a look of most rueful amazement. Besides these, there was a long row of boys waiting, with countenances of no pleasant anticipation, to be treacled; and another file, who had just escaped from the infliction, making a variety of wry mouths indicative of anything but satisfaction. The whole were attired in such motley, ill-sorted, extraordinary garments, as would have been irresistibly ridiculous but for the

foul appearance of dirt, disorder, and disease with which they were associated.

"Now," said Squeers, giving the desk a great rap with his cane, which made half the little boys nearly jump out of their boots, "is that physicking over?"

"Just over," said Mrs. Squeers, choking the last boy in her hurry, and tapping the crown of his head with the wooden spoon to restore him. "Here, you Smike; take away now. Look sharp!"

Smike shuffled out with the basin, and Mrs. Squeers having called up a little boy with a curly head, and wiped her hands upon it, hurried out after him into a species of washhouse, where there was a small fire and a large kettle, together with a number of little wooden bowls which were arranged upon a board.

Into these bowls, Mrs. Squeers, assisted by the hungry servant, poured a brown composition, which looked like diluted pineushions without the covers, and was called porridge. A minute wedge of brown bread was inserted in each bowl, and when they had eaten their porridge by means of the bread, the boys ate the bread itself, and had finished their breakfast; whereupon Mr. Squeers said, in a solemn voice, "For what we have received, may the Lord make us truly thankful!"—and went away to his own.

Nicholas distended his stomach with a bowl of porridge, for much the same reason which induces some savages to swallow earth—lest they should be inconveniently hungry when there is nothing to eat. Having further disposed of a slice of bread and butter, allotted to him in virtue of his office, he sat himself down to wait for school time.

He could not but observe how silent and sad the boys all seemed to be. There was none of the noise and clamor of a schoolroom; none of its boisterous play, or hearty mirth. The children sat crouching and shivering together, and seemed to lack the spirit to move about. The only pupil who evinced the slightest tendency towards locomotion or playfulness was Master Squeers, and as his chief amusement was to tread upon the other boys' toes in his new boots, his flow of spirits was rather disagreeable than otherwise.

After some half-hour's delay, Mr. Squeers reappeared, and the boys took their places and their books, of which latter commodity the average might be about one to eight learners. A



few minutes having elapsed, during which Mr. Squeers looked very profound, as if he had a perfect apprehension of what was inside all the books, and could say every word of their contents by heart if he only chose to take the trouble, that gentleman called up the first class.

Obedient to this summons there ranged themselves in front of the schoolmaster's desk half a dozen scarecrows, out at knees and elbows, one of whom placed a torn and filthy book beneath his learned eye.

"This is the class in English spelling and philosophy, Nickleby," said Squeers, beckoning Nicholas to stand beside him. "We'll get up a Latin one, and hand that over to you. Now, then, where's the first boy?"

"Please, sir, he's cleaning the back parlor window," said the temporary head of the philosophical class.

"So he is, to be sure," rejoined Squeers. "We go upon the practical mode of teaching, Nickleby; the regular education system. C-l-e-a-n, clean, verb active, to make bright, to scour. W-i-n, win, d-e-r, der, winder, a casement. When the boy knows this out of book, he goes and does it. It's just the same principle as the use of the globes. Where's the second boy!"

"Please, sir, he's weeding the garden," replied a small voice.

"To be sure," said Squeers, by no means disconcerted. "So he is. B-o-t, bot, t-i-n, tin, bottin, n-e-y, ney, bottinney, noun substantive, a knowledge of plants. When he has learned that bottinney means a knowledge of plants, he goes and knows 'em. That's our system, Nickleby; what do you think of it?"

"It's a very useful one, at any rate," answered Nicholas.

"I believe you," rejoined Squeers, not remarking the emphasis of his usher. "Third boy, what's a horse?"

"A beast, sir," replied the boy.

"So it is," said Squeers. "Ain't it, Nickleby?"

"I believe there is no doubt of that, sir," answered Nicholas.

"Of course there isn't," said Squeers. "A horse is a quadruped, and quadruped's Latin for beast, as everybody that's gone through the grammar knows, or else where's the use of having grammars at all?"

"Where, indeed!" said Nicholas, abstractedly.

"As you're perfect in that," resumed Squeers, turning to the boy, "go and look after *my* horse, and rub him down well,

or I'll rub you down. The rest of the class go and draw water up, till somebody tells you to leave off, for it's washing day to-morrow, and they want the coppers filled."

So saying, he dismissed the first class to their experiments in practical philosophy, and eyed Nicholas with a look, half cunning and half doubtful, as if he were not altogether certain what he might think of him by this time.

"That's the way we do it, Nickleby," he said, after a pause.

Nicholas shrugged his shoulders in a manner that was scarcely perceptible, and said he saw it was.

"And a very good way it is, too," said Squeers. "Now just take them fourteen little boys and hear them some reading, because, you know, you must begin to be useful. Idling about here won't do."

Mr. Squeers said this, as if it had suddenly occurred to him, either that he must not say too much to his assistant, or that his assistant did not say enough to him in praise of the establishment. The children were arranged in a semicircle round the new master, and he was soon listening to their dull, drawling, hesitating recital of those stories of engrossing interest which are to be found in the more antiquated spelling books.

In this exciting occupation, the morning lagged heavily on. At one o'clock, the boys, having previously had their appetites thoroughly taken away by stirabout and potatoes, sat down in the kitchen to some hard salt beef, of which Nicholas was graciously permitted to take his portion to his own solitary desk, to eat it there in peace. After this, there was another hour of crouching in the schoolroom and shivering with cold, and then school began again.

It was Mr. Squeers's custom to call the boys together, and make a sort of report, after every half-yearly visit to the metropolis, regarding the relations and friends he had seen, the news he had heard, the letters he had brought down, the bills which had been paid, the accounts which had been left unpaid, and so forth. This solemn proceeding always took place in the afternoon of the day succeeding his return; perhaps, because the boys acquired strength of mind from the suspense of the morning, or possibly, because Mr. Squeers himself acquired greater sternness and inflexibility from certain warm potations in which he was wont to indulge after his early dinner. Be this as it may, the boys were recalled from

house window, garden, stable, and cow yard, and the school were assembled in full conclave, when Mr. Squeers, with a small bundle of papers in his hand, and Mrs. S. following with a pair of canes, entered the room and proclaimed silence.

"Let any boy speak a word without leave," said Mr. Squeers, mildly, "and I'll take the skin off his back."

This special proclamation had the desired effect, and a deathlike silence immediately prevailed, in the midst of which Mr. Squeers went on to say :—

"Boys, I've been to London, and have returned to my family and you, as strong and well as ever."

According to half-yearly custom, the boys gave three feeble cheers at this refreshing intelligence. Such cheers! Sighs of extra strength with the chill on.

"I have seen the parents of some boys," continued Squeers, turning over his papers, "and they're so glad to hear how their sons are getting on, that there's no prospect at all of their going away, which of course is a very pleasant thing to reflect upon, for all parties."

Two or three hands went to two or three eyes when Squeers said this, but the greater part of the young gentlemen having no particular parents to speak of, were wholly uninterested in the thing one way or other.

"I have had disappointments to contend against," said Squeers, looking very grim; "Bolder's father was two pound ten short. Where is Bolder?"

"Here he is, please, sir," rejoined twenty officious voices. Boys are very like men, to be sure.

"Come here, Bolder," said Squeers.

An unhealthy-looking boy, with warts all over his hands, stepped from his place to the master's desk, and raised his eyes imploringly to Squeers's face,—his own quite white from the rapid beating of his heart.

"Bolder," said Squeers, speaking very slowly, for he was considering, as the saying goes, where to have him. "Bolder, if your father thinks that because—why, what's this, sir?"

As Squeers spoke, he caught up the boy's hand by the cuff of his jacket, and surveyed it with an edifying aspect of horror and disgust.

"What do you call this, sir?" demanded the schoolmaster, administering a cut with the cane to expedite the reply.

"I can't help it, indeed, sir," rejoined the boy, crying.

"They will come ; it's the dirty work I think, sir — at least I don't know what it is, sir, but it's not my fault."

"Bolder," said Squeers, tucking up his wristbands, and moistening the palm of his right hand to get a good grip of the cane, "you are an incorrigible young scoundrel, and as the last thrashing did you no good, we must see what another will do towards beating it out of you."

With this, and wholly disregarding a piteous cry for mercy, Mr. Squeers fell upon the boy and caned him soundly : not leaving off indeed, until his arm was tired out.

"There," said Squeers, when he had quite done ; "rub away as hard as you like, you won't rub that off in a hurry. Oh ! you won't hold that noise, won't you ? Put him out, Smike."

The drudge knew better from long experience than to hesitate about obeying, so he bundled the victim out by a side door ; and Mr. Squeers perched himself again on his own stool, supported by Mrs. Squeers, who occupied another at his side.

"Now let us see," said Squeers. "A letter for Cobbey. Stand up, Cobbey."

Another boy stood up, and eyed the letter very hard, while Squeers made a mental abstract of the same.

"Oh !" said Squeers : "Cobbey's grandmother is dead, and his uncle John has took to drinking, which is all the news his sister sends, except eighteenpence, which will just pay for that broken square of glass. Mrs. Squeers, my dear, will you take the money ?"

The worthy lady pocketed the eighteenpence with a most businesslike air, and Squeers passed on to the next boy, as coolly as possible.

"Graymarsh," said Squeers, "he's the next. Stand up, Graymarsh."

Another boy stood up, and the schoolmaster looked over the letter as before.

"Graymarsh's maternal aunt," said Squeers, when he had possessed himself of the contents, "is very glad to hear he's so well and happy, and sends her respectful compliments to Mrs. Squeers, and thinks she must be an angel. She likewise thinks Mr. Squeers is too good for this world ; but hopes he may long be spared to carry on the business. Would have sent the two pair of stockings as desired, but is short of money, so forwards a tract instead, and hopes Graymarsh will put his trust in Providence. Hopes, above all, that he will study in everything to



please Mr. and Mrs. Squeers, and look upon them as his only friends ; and that he will love Master Squeers ; and not object to sleeping five in a bed, which no Christian should. Ah ! ” said Squeers, folding it up, “ a delightful letter. Very affecting indeed. ”

It was affecting in one sense, for Graymarsh’s maternal aunt was strongly supposed, by her more intimate friends, to be no other than his maternal parent ; Squeers, however, without alluding to this part of the story (which would have sounded immoral before boys), proceeded with the business by calling out “ Mobbs, ” whereupon another boy rose, and Graymarsh resumed his seat.

“ Mobbs’s mother-in-law, ” said Squeers, “ took to her bed on hearing that he wouldn’t eat fat, and has been very ill ever since. She wishes to know, by an early post, where he expects to go to, if he quarrels with his vittles ; and with what feelings he could turn up his nose at the cow’s liver broth, after his good master had asked a blessing on it. This was told her in the London newspapers—not by Mr. Squeers, for he is too kind and too good to set anybody against anybody—and it has vexed her so much, Mobbs can’t think. She is sorry to find he is discontented, which is sinful and horrid, and hopes Mr. Squeers will flog him into a happier state of mind ; with this view, she has also stopped his halfpenny a week pocket money, and given a double-bladed knife with a corkscrew in it to the Missionaries, which she had bought on purpose for him.

“ A sulky state of feeling, ” said Squeers, after a terrible pause, during which he had moistened the palm of his right hand again, “ won’t do. Cheerfulness and contentment must be kept up. Mobbs, come to me ! ”

Mobbs moved slowly towards the desk, rubbing his eyes in anticipation of good cause for doing so ; and he soon afterwards retired by the side door, with as good a cause as a boy need have.

Mr. Squeers then proceeded to open a miscellaneous collection of letters ; some inclosing money, which Mrs. Squeers “ took care of ” ; and others referring to small articles of apparel, as caps and so forth, all of which the same lady stated to be too large, or too small, and calculated for nobody but young Squeers, who would appear indeed to have had most accommodating limbs, since everything that came into the school fitted him to a nicety. His head, in particular, must have been

singularly elastic, for hats and caps of all dimensions were alike to him.

This business dispatched, a few slovenly lessons were performed, and Squeers retired to his fireside, leaving Nicholas to take care of the boys in the schoolroom, which was very cold, and where a meal of bread and cheese was served out shortly after dark.

There was a small stove at that corner of the room which was nearest to the master's desk, and by it Nicholas sat down, so depressed and self-degraded by the consciousness of his position, that if death could have come upon him at that time, he would have been almost happy to meet it. The cruelty of which he had been an unwilling witness, the coarse and ruffianly behavior of Squeers even in his best moods, the filthy place, the sights and sounds about him, all contributed to this state of feeling; but when he recollected that, being there as an assistant, he actually seemed—no matter what unhappy train of circumstances had brought him to that pass—to be the aider and abettor of a system which filled him with honest disgust and indignation, he loathed himself, and felt, for the moment, as though the mere consciousness of his present situation must, through all time to come, prevent his raising his head again.

But, for the present, his resolve was taken, and the resolution he had formed on the preceding night remained undisturbed. He had written to his mother and sister, announcing the safe conclusion of his journey, and saying as little about Dotheboys Hall, and saying that little as cheerfully as he possibly could. He hoped that by remaining where he was, he might do some good, even there; at all events, others depended too much on his uncle's favor, to admit of his awakening his wrath just then.

One reflection disturbed him far more than any selfish considerations arising out of his own position. This was the probable destination of his sister Kate. His uncle had deceived him, and might he not consign her to some miserable place where her youth and beauty would prove a far greater curse than ugliness and decrepitude? To a caged man, bound hand and foot, this was a terrible idea;—but no, he thought his mother was by; there was the portrait painter, too—simple enough, but still living in the world, and of it.

"MURDER WILL OUT."

BY W. G. SIMMS.

[WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS : An American author; born at Charleston, S.C., April 17, 1806; died there June 11, 1870. He was admitted to the bar, but chose to devote himself to literary work, and in 1827 published his first book, "Lyrical and Other Poems." He edited the *City Gazette*, 1828-1833, and wrote: "The Vision of Cortes" (1829); "The Tricolor" (1830); "Atalantis, a Story of the Sea" (1832); "Southern Passages and Pictures" (1839); "The Yemassee," "The Partisan," and "Beauchampe," novels; and many works of history, biography, and fiction. His life was written by Cable in 1888.]

THE revolutionary war had but a little while been concluded. The British had left the country; but peace did not imply repose. The community was still in that state of ferment which was natural enough to passions, not yet at rest, which had been brought into exercise and action during the protracted seven years' struggle through which the nation had just passed. The state was overrun by idlers, adventurers, profligates, and criminals. Disbanded soldiers, half-starved and reckless, occupied the highways,—outlaws, emerging from their hiding places, skulked about the settlements with an equal sentiment of hate and fear in their hearts,—patriots were clamoring for justice upon the Tories, and sometimes anticipating its course by judgments of their own; while the Tories, those against whom the proofs were too strong for denial or evasion, buckled on their armor for a renewal of the struggle. Such being the condition of the country, it may easily be supposed that life and property lacked many of their necessary securities. Men generally traveled with weapons, which were displayed on the smallest provocation; and few who could provide themselves with an escort ventured to travel any distance without one.

There was, about this time, and while such was the condition of the country, a family of the name of Grayling, that lived somewhere upon the skirts of "Ninety-six" district. Old Grayling, the head of the family, was dead. He was killed in Buford's massacre. His wife was a fine woman, not so very old, who had an only son named James, and a little girl, only five years of age, named Lucy. James was but fourteen when his father was killed, and that event made a man of him. He went out with his rifle in company with Joel Sparkman, who was his mother's brother, and joined himself to Pickens' Brigade.

Well, when the war was over, Joel Sparkman, who lived with his sister Grayling, persuaded her that it would be better to move down into the low country, and so, one sunny morning in April, their wagon started for the city. It was driven by a negro fellow named Clytus, and carried Mrs. Grayling and Lucy. James and his uncle loved the saddle too well to shut themselves up in such a vehicle; and both of them were mounted on fine horses which they had won from the enemy. The roads at that season were excessively bad, for the rains of March had been frequent and heavy, the track was very much cut up, and the red-clay gullies of the hills of "Ninety-six" were so washed that it required all shoulders, twenty times a day, to get the wagon wheels out of the bog. This made them travel very slowly,—perhaps not more than fifteen miles a day. Another cause for slow traveling was the necessity of great caution, and a constant lookout for enemies both up and down the road. James and his uncle took it by turns to ride ahead, precisely as they did when scouting in war; but one of them always kept along with the wagon. They had gone on this way for two days, and saw nothing to trouble and alarm them. But just as they were about to camp the evening of the second day, while they were splitting light wood, and getting out the kettles and the frying pan, a person rode up and joined them without much ceremony. He was a short, thick-set man, somewhere between forty and fifty; had on very coarse and common garments, though he rode a fine black horse of remarkable strength and vigor. He was very civil of speech, though he had but little to say, and that little showed him to be a person without much education and with no refinement. He begged permission to make one of the encampment, and his manner was very respectful and even humble; but there was something dark and sullen in his face. Mrs. Grayling did not like this man's looks, and whispered her dislike to her son; but James, who felt himself equal to any man, said promptly :—

"What of that, mother? We can't turn the stranger off and say 'No'; and if he means any mischief, there's two of us, you know."

The man had no weapons—none, at least, which were then visible, and departed himself in so humble a manner that the prejudice which the party had formed against him when he first appeared, if it was not dissipated while he remained, at least failed to gain any increase. He was very quiet, did not men-



tion an unnecessary word, and seldom permitted his eyes to rest upon those of any of the party, the females not excepted. This, perhaps, was the only circumstance that, in the mind of Mrs. Grayling, tended to confirm the hostile impression which his coming had originally occasioned. In a little while the temporary encampment was put in a state equally social and warlike. The wagon was wheeled a little way into the woods, and off the road; the horses fastened behind it in such a manner that any attempt to steal them would be difficult of success, even were the watch neglectful, which was yet to be maintained upon them. Extra guns, concealed in the straw at the bottom of the wagon, were kept well loaded. In the foreground, and between the wagon and the highway, a fire was soon blazing with a wild but cheerful gleam; and the worthy dame, Mrs. Grayling, assisted by the little girl Lucy, lost no time in setting on the frying pan, and cutting into slices the haunch of bacon which they had provided at leaving home. James Grayling patrolled the woods meanwhile for a mile or two round the encampment, while his uncle, Joel Sparkman, foot to foot with the stranger, seemed — if the absence of all care constitutes the supreme of human felicity — to realize the most perfect conception of mortal happiness. But Joel was very far from being the careless person that he seemed. Like an old soldier, he simply hung out false colors, and concealed his real timidity by an extra show of confidence and courage. He did not relish the stranger from the first, any more than his sister; and having subjected him to a searching examination, such as was considered, in those days of peril and suspicion, by no means inconsistent with becoming courtesy, he came rapidly to the conclusion that he was no better than he should be.

"You are a Scotchman, stranger?" said Joel. The answer was given with evident hesitation, but it was affirmative.

"Well, now, 'tis mighty strange that you should ha' fou't with us and not agin us," responded Joel Sparkman. "There was a precious few of the Scotch — and none that I knows on, saving yourself, perhaps — that didn't go dead agin us, and for the Tories, through thick and thin. That 'Cross Creek settlement' was a mighty ugly thorn in the sides of us Whigs. It turned out a real bad stock of varmints. I hope — I reckon, stranger — you ain't from that part?"

"No," said the other; "oh no! I'm from over the other quarter. I'm from the Duncan settlement above."

"I've hearn tell of that other settlement, but I never know'd as any of the men fou't with us. What ginerall did you fight under? What Carolina ginerall?"

"I was at Gum Swamp when General Gates was defeated," was the still hesitating reply of the other.

"Well, I thank God *I* warn't there, though I reckon things wouldn't ha' turned out quite so bad if there had been a leetle sprinkling of Sumter's, or Pickens', or Marion's men among them two-legged critters that run that day. They did tell that some of the regiments went off without ever once emptying their rifles. Now, stranger, I hope you warn't among them fellows?"

"I was not," said the other, with something more of promptness.

"I don't blame a chap for dodging a bullet if he can, or being too quick for a baguet, because, I'm thinking, a live man is always a better man than a dead one, or he can become so; but to run without taking a single crack at the inimy is downright cowardice. There's no two ways about it, stranger.

"But you ain't said," he continued, "who was your Carolina ginerall. Gates was from Virginny, and he stayed a mighty short time when he come. You didn't run far at Camden, I reckon, and you joined the army agin, and come in with Greene? Was that the how?"

To this the stranger assented, though with evident disinclination.

"Then, mou't be, we sometimes went into the same scratch together? I was at Cowpens and 'Ninety-six,' and seen sarvice at other odds and cends, where there was more fighting than fun. I reckon you must have been at 'Ninety-six' — perhaps at Cowpens, too, if you went with Morgan?"

The unwillingness of the stranger to respond to these questions appeared to increase. He admitted, however, that he had been at "Ninety-six," though, as Sparkman afterwards remembered, in this case, as in that of the defeat of Gates at Gum Swamp, he had not said on which side he had fought.

"And what mou't be your name, stranger?"

"Macnab," was the ready response — "Sandy Macnab."

"Well, Mr. Macnab, I see that my sister's got supper ready for us; so we mou't as well fall to upon the hoeecake and bacon."

Sparkman rose while speaking, and led the way to the spot.

near the wagon, where Mrs. Grayling had spread the feast. "We're pretty nigh on to the main road here, but I reckon there's no great danger now. Besides, Jim Grayling keeps watch for us, and he's got two as good eyes in his head as any scout in the country, and a rifle that, after you once know how it shoots, 'twould do your heart good to hear its crack, if so be that twa'n't your heart that he drawed sight on. He's a per-digious fine shot, and as ready to shoot and fight as if he had a nat'ral calling that way."

"Shall we wait for him before we eat?" demanded Macnab, anxiously.

"By no sort o' reason, stranger," answered Sparkman. "He'll watch for us while we're eating, and after that I'll change shoes with him. So fall to, and don't mind what's a coming."

Sparkman had just broken the hoecake when a distant whistle was heard.

"Ha! That's the lad now!" he exclaimed, rising to his feet. "He's on trail. He's got sight of an inimy's fire, I reckon. 'Twon't be onreasonable, friend Macnab, to get our we'pons in readiness;" and, so speaking, Sparkman bade his sister get into the wagon, where the little Lucy had already placed herself, while he threw open the pan of his rifle, and turned the priming over with his finger. Macnab, meanwhile, had taken from his holsters, which he had before been sitting upon, a pair of horseman's pistols, richly mounted with figures in silver. These were large and long, and had evidently seen service. Unlike his companion, his proceedings occasioned no comment. What he did seemed a matter of habit, of which he himself was scarcely conscious. Having looked at his priming, he laid the instruments beside him without a word, and resumed the bit of hoecake which he had just before received from Sparkman. Meanwhile, the signal whistle, supposed to come from James Grayling, was repeated. Silence ensued then for a brief space, which Sparkman employed in perambulating the grounds immediately contiguous. At length, just as he had returned to the fire, the sound of a horse's feet was heard, and a sharp, quick halloo from Grayling informed his uncle that all was right. The youth made his appearance a moment after, accompanied by a stranger on horseback—a tall, fine-looking young man, with a keen flashing eye, and a voice whose lively clear tones, as he was heard approaching, sounded cheerily like

those of a trumpet after victory. James Grayling kept along on foot beside the newcomer, and his hearty laugh and free, glib, garrulous tones betrayed to his uncle, long ere he drew nigh enough to declare the fact, that he had met unexpectedly with a friend, or, at least, an old acquaintance.

"Why, who have you got there, James?" was the demand of Sparkman, as he dropped the butt of his rifle upon the ground.

"Why, who do you think, uncle? Who but Major Spencer — our own major."

"You don't say so! — what! — well! Li'nel Spencer, for sartin! Lord bless you, major, who'd ha' thought to see you in these parts; and jest mounted, too, for all natur, as if the war was to be fou't over agin. Well, I'm raal glad to see you. I am, that's sartin!"

"And I'm very glad to see you, Sparkman," said the other, as he alighted from his steed, and yielded his hand to the cordial grasp of the other.

"Well, I knows that, major, without you saying it. But you've jest come in the right time. The bacon's frying, and here's the bread; — let's down upon our haunches, in right good airnest, camp fashion, and make the most of what God gives us in the way of blessings. I reckon you don't mean to ride any farther to-night, major?"

"No," said the person addressed, "not if you'll let me lay my heels at your fire. But who's in your wagon? My old friend, Mrs. Grayling, I suppose?"

"That's a true word, major," said the lady herself, making her way out of the vehicle with good-humored agility, and coming forward with extended hand.

"Really, Mrs. Grayling, I'm very glad to see you." Their greetings once over, Major Spencer readily joined the group about the fire, while James Grayling — though with some reluctance — disappeared to resume his toils of the scout while the supper proceeded.

"And who have you here?" demanded Spencer, as his eye rested on the dark, hard features of the Scotchman. Sparkman told him all that he himself had learned of the name and character of the stranger, in a brief whisper, and, in a moment after, formally introduced the parties.

Major Spencer scrutinized the Scotchman keenly. He put a few questions to him on the subject of the war, and some of



the actions in which he allowed himself to have been concerned; but his evident reluctance to unfold himself—a reluctance so unnatural to the brave soldier who has gone through his toils honorably—had the natural effect of discouraging the young officer, whose sense of delicacy had not been materially impaired amid the rude jostlings of military life. But, though he forbore to propose any other questions to Macnab, his eyes continued to survey the features of his sullen countenance with curiosity and a strangely increasing interest. This he subsequently explained to Sparkman, when, at the close of supper, James Grayling came in, and the former assumed the duties of the scout.

"I have seen that Scotchman's face somewhere, Sparkman, and I'm convinced at some interesting moment; but where, when, or how, I cannot call to mind. The sight of it is even associated in my mind with something painful and unpleasant; where could I have seen him?"

"I don't somehow like his looks myself," said Sparkman, "and I mislikes he's been rether more of a Tory than a Whig; but that's nothing to the purpose now; and he's at our fire, and we've broken hoecake together; so we cannot rake up the old ashes to make a dust with."

"No, surely not," was the reply of Spencer. "Even though we knew him to be a Tory, that cause of former quarrel should occasion none now. But it should produce watchfulness and caution. I'm glad to see that you have not forgot your old business of scouting in the swamp."

"Kin I forget it, major?" demanded Sparkman, in tones which, though whispered, were full of emphasis, as he laid his ear to the earth to listen.

"James has finished supper, major,—that's his whistle to tell me so; and I'll jest step back to make it el'ar to him how we're to keep up the watch to-night."

"Count me in your arrangements, Sparkman, as I am one of you for the night," said the major.

"By no sort of means," was the reply. "The night must be shared between James and myself. Ef so be you wants to keep company with one or t'other of us, why, that's another thing, and, of course, you can do as you please."

The arrangements of the party were soon made. Spencer renewed his offer at the fire to take his part in the watch; and the Scotchman, Macnab, volunteered his services also; but the

offer of the latter was another reason why that of the former should be declined. Sparkman was resolute to have everything his own way: and while James Grayling went out upon his lonely rounds, he busied himself in cutting bushes and making a sort of tent for the use of his late commander. Mrs. Grayling and Lucy slept in a wagon. The Scotchman stretched himself with little effort before the fire; while Joel Sparkman, wrapping himself up in his cloak, crouched under the wagon body, with his back resting partly against one of the wheels. From time to time he rose and thrust additional brands into the fire, looked up at the night, and round upon the little encampment, then sank back to his perch and stole a few moments, at intervals, of uneasy sleep. The first two hours of the watch were over, and James Grayling was relieved. The youth, however, felt in no mood for sleep, and taking his seat by the fire he drew from his pocket a little volume of Easy Reading Lessons, and by the fitful flame of the resinous light wood he prepared, in this rude manner, to make up for the precious time which his youth had lost of its legitimate employment, in the stirring events of the preceding seven years consumed in war. He was surprised at this employment by his late commander, who, himself sleepless, now emerged from the bushes and joined Grayling at the fire. They sat by the fire and talked of old times and told old stories with the hearty glee and good nature of the young. Their mutual inquiries led to the revelation of their several objects in pursuing the present journey. Those of James Grayling were scarcely, indeed, to be considered his own. They were plans and purposes of his uncle, and it does not concern this narrative that we should know more of their nature than has already been revealed. But, whatever they were, they were as freely unfolded to his hearer as if the parties had been brothers, and Spencer was quite as frank in his revelations as his companion. He, too, was on his way to Charleston, from whence he was to take passage for England.

"I am rather in a hurry to reach town," he said, "as I learn that the Falmouth packet is preparing to sail for England in a few days, and I must go in her."

"For England, major!" exclaimed the youth with unaffected astonishment.

"Yes, James, for England. But why -- what astonishes you?"

"Why, Lord!" exclaimed the simple youth, "if they only

knew there, as I do, what a cutting and slashing you did use to make among their redcoats, I reckon they'd hang you to the first hickory."

"Oh, no! scarcely," said the other, with a smile.

"But I reckon you'll change your name, major?" continued the youth.

"No," responded Spencer; "if I did that, I should lose the object of my voyage. You must know, James, that an old relative has left me a good deal of money in England, and I can only get it by proving that I am Lionel Spencer; so you see I must carry my own name, whatever may be the risk."

"Well, major, you know best. But I don't see what occasion you have to be going clear away to England for money, when you've got a sight of your own already."

"Not so much as you think for," replied the major, giving an involuntary and uneasy glance at the Scotchman, who was seemingly sound asleep on the opposite side of the fire. "There is, you know, but little money in the country at any time, and I must get what I want for my expenses when I reach Charleston. I have just enough to carry me there."

"Well, now, major, that's mighty strange. I always thought that you was about the best off of any man in our parts; but if you're strained so close, I'm thinking, major,—if so be you wouldn't think me too presumptuous,—you'd better let me lend you a guinea or so that I've got to spare, and you can pay me back when you get the English money."

And the youth fumbled in his bosom for a little cotton wallet, which, with its limited contents, was displayed in another instant to the eyes of the officer.

"No, no, James," said the other, putting back the generous tribute, "I have quite enough to carry me to Charleston, and when there I can easily get a supply from the merchants. But I thank you, my good fellow, for your offer. You *are* a good fellow, James, and I will remember you."

The night passed away without any alarms, and at dawn of the next day the whole party was engaged in making preparation for a start. Mrs. Grayling was soon busy in getting breakfast in readiness. Major Spencer consented to remain with them until it was over; but the Scotchman, after returning thanks very civilly for his accommodation of the night, at once resumed his journey. His course seemed, like their own, to lie below; but he neither declared his route nor betrayed the

least desire to know that of Spencer. When he was fairly out of sight, Spencer said to Sparkman:—

"Had I liked that fellow's looks, nay, had I not positively disliked them, I should have gone with him. As it is, I will remain and share your breakfast."

The repast being over, all parties set forward; but Spencer, after keeping along with them for a mile, took his leave also. The slow wagon pace at which the family traveled did not suit the high-spirited cavalier; and it was necessary, as he assured them, that he should reach the city in two nights more. James Grayling never felt the tedium of wagon traveling to be so severe as throughout the whole of that day when he separated from his favorite captain. But he was too stout-hearted a lad to make any complaint; and his satisfaction only showed itself in his unwonted silence and an overanxiety, which his steed seemed to feel in common with himself, to go rapidly ahead. Thus the day passed, and the wayfarers at its close had made a progress of some twenty miles from sun to sun. The same precautions marked their encampment this night as the last, and they rose in better spirits with the next morning, the dawn of which was very bright and pleasant and encouraging. A similar journey of twenty miles brought them to the place of bivouac as the sun went down; and they prepared as usual for their security and supper. Their wagon was wheeled into an area on a gently rising ground in front. Here the horses were taken out, and James Grayling prepared to kindle up a fire; but, looking for his ax, it was unaccountably missing, and after a fruitless search of half an hour the party came to the conclusion that it had been left on the spot where they had slept last night. This was a disaster, and while they meditated in what manner to repair it, a negro boy appeared in sight, passing along the road at their feet, and driving before him a small herd of cattle. From him they learned that they were only a mile or two from a farmstead, where an ax might be borrowed; and James, leaping on his horse, rode forward in the hope to obtain one. He found no difficulty in his quest; and, having obtained it from the farmer, who was also a tavern keeper, he casually asked if Major Spencer had not stayed with him the night before. He was somewhat surprised when told that he had not.

"There was one man stayed with me last night," said the farmer, "but he didn't call himself a major, and didn't much look like one."



"He rode a fine sorrel horse, — tali, bright color, with white forefoot, didn't he?" asked James.

"No, that he didn't! He rode a powerful black, coal black, and not a bit of white about him."

"That was the Scotchman! But I wonder the major didn't stop with you. He must have rode on. Isn't there another house near you, below?"

"Not one. There's ne'er a house either above or below for a matter of fifteen miles. I'm the only man in all that distance that's living on this road; and I don't think your friend could have gone below, as I should have seen him pass."

Somewhat wondering that the major should have turned aside from the track, though without attaching to it any importance at that particular moment, James Grayling took up the borrowed ax and hurried back to the encampment, where the toil of cutting an extra supply of light wood to meet the exigencies of the ensuing night sufficiently exercised his mind as well as his body to prevent him from meditating upon the seeming strangeness of the circumstance. But when he sat down to his supper over the fire that he had kindled, his fancies crowded thickly upon him, and he felt a confused doubt and suspicion that something was to happen, he knew not what. His conjectures and apprehensions were without form, though not altogether void; and he felt a strange sickness and a sinking at the heart which was very unusual with him. Joel Sparkman was in the best of humors, and his mother was so cheery and happy that, when the thoughtful boy went off into the woods to watch, he could hear her at every moment breaking out into little catches of a country ditty, which the gloomy events of the late war had not yet obliterated from her memory.

"It's very strange!" soliloquized the youth, as he wandered along the edges of the dense bay or swamp bottom, which we have passingly referred to,— "it's very strange what troubles me so! I feel almost frightened, and yet I know I'm not to be frightened easily, and I don't see anything in the woods to frighten me. It's strange the major didn't come along this road! Maybe he took another higher up that leads by a different settlement. I wish I had asked the man at the house if there's such another road. I reckon there must be, however, for where could the major have gone?"

He proceeded to traverse the margin of the bay, until he came to its junction with, and termination at, the highroad.

The youth turned into this, and, involuntarily departing from it a moment after, soon found himself on the opposite side of the bay thicket. He wandered on and on, as he himself described it, without any power to restrain himself. He knew not how far he went; but, instead of maintaining his watch for two hours only, he was gone more than four; and, at length, a sense of weariness, which overpowered him all of sudden, caused him to seat himself at the foot of a tree, and snatch a few moments of rest. He denied that he slept in this time. He insisted to the last moment of his life that sleep never visited his eyelids that night,—that he was conscious of fatigue and exhaustion, but not drowsiness,—and that this fatigue was so numbing as to be painful, and effectually kept him from any sleep. While he sat thus beneath the tree, with a body weak and nerveless, but a mind excited, he knew not how or why, to the most acute degree of expectation and attention, he heard his name called by the well-known voice of his friend, Major Spencer. The voice called him three times,—“James Grayling!—James!—James Grayling!” before he could muster strength enough to answer. It was not courage he wanted,—of that he was positive, for he felt sure, as he said, that something had gone wrong, and he was never more ready to fight in his life than at that moment, could he have commanded the physical capacity; but his throat seemed dry to suffocation,—his lips effectually sealed up as if with wax, and when he did answer, the sounds seemed as fine and soft as the whisper of some child just born.

“Oh, major! is it you?”

Such, he thinks, were the very words he made use of in reply; and the answer that he received was instantaneous, though the voice came from some little distance in the bay, and his own voice he did not hear. He only knows what he meant to say. The answer was to this effect.

“It is, James! It is your own friend, Lionel Spencer, that speaks to you; do not be alarmed when you see me! I have been shockingly murdered!”

James asserts that he tried to tell him that he would not be frightened, but his own voice was still a whisper which he himself could scarcely hear. A moment after he had spoken, he heard something like a sudden breeze that rustled through the bay bushes at his feet, and his eyes were closed without his effort, and indeed in spite of himself. When he opened them,

he saw Major Spencer standing at the edge of the bay about twenty steps from him. Though he stood in the shade of a thicket, and there was no light in the heavens save that of the stars, he was yet enabled to distinguish perfectly, and with great ease, every lineament of his friend's face.

He looked very pale, and his garments were covered with blood; and James said that he strove very much to rise from the place where he sat and approach him;—"for, in truth," said the lad, "so far from feeling any fear, I felt nothing but fury in my heart; but I could not move a limb. My feet were fastened to the ground; my hands to my sides; and I could only bend forward and gasp. I felt as if I should have died with vexation that I could not rise; but a power which I could not resist made me motionless and almost speechless. I could only say, 'Murdered!'—and that one word I believe I must have repeated a dozen times.

"Yes, murdered!—murdered by the Scotchman who slept with us at your fire the night before last. James, I look to you to have the murderer brought to justice! James!—do you hear me, James?"

"These," said James, "I think were the very words, or near about the very words, that I heard; and I tried to ask the major to tell me how it was, and how I could do what he required; but I didn't hear myself speak, though it would appear that he did, for almost immediately after I had tried to speak what I wished to say, he answered me just as if I had said it. He told me that the Scotchman had waylaid, killed, and hidden him in that very bay; that his murderer had gone to Charleston; and that if I made haste to town, I would find him in the Falmouth packet, which was then lying in the harbor and ready to sail for England. He further said that everything depended on my making haste,—that I must reach town by to-morrow night if I wanted to be in season, and go right on board the vessel and charge the criminal with the deed. 'Do not be afraid,' said he, when he had finished; 'be afraid of nothing, James, for God will help and strengthen you to the end.' When I heard all I burst into a flood of tears, and then I felt strong. I felt that I could talk, or fight, or do almost anything; and I jumped up to my feet, and was just about to run down to where the major stood, but, with the first step which I made forward, he was gone. I stopped and looked all around me, but I could see nothing; and the bay was just as black as midnight. But

I went down to it, and tried to press in where I thought the major had been standing; but I couldn't get far, the brush and bay bushes were so close and thick. I was now bold and strong enough, and I called out, loud enough to be heard half a mile. I didn't exactly know what I called for, or what I wanted to learn, or I have forgotten. But I heard nothing more. Then I remembered the camp, and began to fear that something might have happened to mother and uncle, for I now felt, what I had not thought of before, that I had gone too far round the bay to be of much assistance, or, indeed, to be in time for any, had they been suddenly attacked. Besides, I could not think how long I had been gone; but it now seemed very late. Well, I bethought me of my course,—for I was a little bewildered and doubtful where I was; but, after a little thinking, I took the back track, and soon got a glimpse of the camp fire, which was nearly burnt down; and by this I reckoned I was gone considerably longer than my two hours. When I got back into the camp, I looked under the wagon, and found uncle in a sweet sleep, and though my heart was full almost to bursting with what I had heard, and the cruel sight I had seen, yet I wouldn't waken him; and I beat about and mended the fire, and watched, and waited, until near daylight, when mother called to me out of the wagon, and asked who it was. This wakened my uncle, and then I up and told all that had happened; for if it had been to save my life, I couldn't have kept it in much longer. But though mother said it was very strange, Uncle Sparkman considered that I had been only dreaming; but he couldn't persuade me of it; and when I told him I intended to be off at daylight, just as the major had told me to do, and ride my best all the way to Charleston, he laughed, and said I was a fool. But I felt that I was no fool, and I was solemn certain that I hadn't been dreaming; and though both mother and he tried their hardest to make me put off going, yet I made up my mind to it, and they had to give up. Soon as the peep of day, I was on horseback. I rode as briskly as I could get on without hurting my nag. I had a smart ride of more than forty miles before me, and the road was very heavy. But it was a good two hours from sunset when I got into town, and the first question I asked of the people I met was, to show me where the ships were kept. When I got to the wharf, they showed me the Falmouth packet, where she lay in the stream, ready to sail as soon as the wind should favor."



James Grayling, with the same eager impatience which he has been suffered to describe in his own language, had already hired a boat to go on board the British packet, when he remembered that he had neglected all those means, legal and otherwise, by which alone his purpose might be properly effected. He did not know much about legal process, but he had common sense enough to know that some such process was necessary. This conviction produced another difficulty: he knew not in which quarter to turn for counsel and assistance; but here the boatman, who saw his bewilderment, came to his relief, and from him he got directions where to find the merchants with whom his uncle, Sparkman, had done business in former years. To them he went, and, without circumlocution, told the whole story of his ghostly visitation. Even as a dream, which these gentlemen at once conjectured it to be, the story of James Grayling was equally clear and curious; and his intense warmth and the entire absorption, which the subject had effected, of his mind and soul, was such that they judged it not improper, at least, to carry out the search of the vessel which he contemplated. It would certainly, they thought, be a curious coincidence—believing James to be a veracious youth—if the Scotchman should be found on board.

"At least," remarked the gentlemen, "it can do no harm to look into the business. We can procure a warrant for searching the vessel after this man Macnab; and should he be found on board the packet, it will be a sufficient circumstance to justify the magistrates in detaining him until we can ascertain where Major Spencer really is."

The measure was accordingly adopted, and it was nearly sunset before the warrant was procured, and the proper officer in readiness. The impatience of a spirit so eager and so devoted as James Grayling, under these delays, may be imagined; and when in the boat, and on his way to the packet where the criminal was to be sought, his blood became so excited that it was with much ado he could be kept in his seat. His quick, eager action continually disturbed the trim of the boat, and one of his mercantile friends, who had accompanied him, with that interest in the affair which curiosity alone inspired, was under constant apprehension lest he would plunge overboard in his impatient desire to shorten the space which lay between them. The same impatience enabled the youth, though never on shipboard before, to grasp the rope which had been flung, at

their approach, and to mount her sides with catlike agility. Without waiting to declare himself or his purpose, he ran from one side of the deck to the other, greedily staring, to the surprise of officers, passengers, and seamen, in the faces of all of them, and surveying them with an almost offensive scrutiny. He turned away from the search with disappointment. There was no face like that of the suspected man among them. By this time his friend, the merchant, with the sheriff's officer, had entered the vessel, and were in conference with the captain. Grayling drew nigh in time to hear the latter affirm that there was no man of the name of Macnab, as stated in the warrant, among his passengers or crew.

"He is — he must be!" exclaimed the impetuous youth. "The major never lied in his life, and couldn't lie after he was dead. Macnab is here — he is a Scotchman ——"

The captain interrupted him.

"We have, young gentleman, several Scotchmen on board, and one of them is named Macleod ——"

"Let me see him — which is he?" demanded the youth.

"Where is Mr. Macleod?"

"He is gone below — he's sick!" replied one of the passengers.

"That's he! That must be the man!" exclaimed the youth. "I'll lay my life that's no other than Macnab. He's only taken a false name."

It was now remembered by one of the passengers, and remarked, that Macleod had expressed himself as unwell but a few moments before, and had gone below even while the boat was rapidly approaching the vessel. At this statement the captain led the way into the cabin, closely followed by James Grayling and the rest.

"Mr. Macleod," he said, with a voice somewhat elevated, as he approached the berth of that person, "you are wanted on deck for a few moments."

"I am really too unwell, captain," replied a feeble voice from behind the curtain of the berth.

"It will be necessary," was the reply of the captain. "There is a warrant from the authorities of the town to look after a fugitive from justice."

Macleod had already begun a second speech declaring his feebleness, when the fearless youth, Grayling, bounded before the captain and tore away, with a single grasp of his hand, the curtain which concealed the suspected man from their sight.

"It is he!" was the instant exclamation of the youth as he beheld him. "It is he, — Macnab, the Scotchman, — the man that murdered Major Spencer!"

Macnab—for it was he—was deadly pale. He trembled like an aspen. His eyes were dilated with more than mortal apprehension, and his lips were perfectly livid. Still, he found strength to speak and to deny the accusation. He knew nothing of the youth before him, — nothing of Major Spencer, — his name was Macleod, and he had never called himself by any other. He denied, but with great incoherence, everything which was urged against him.

"You must get up, Mr. Macleod," said the captain; "the circumstances are very much against you. You must go with the officer!"

"Will you give me up to my enemies?" demanded the culprit. "You are a countryman — a Briton. I have fought for the king, our master, against these rebels, and for this they seek my life. Do not deliver me into their bloody hands!"

"Liar!" exclaimed James Grayling. "Didn't you tell us at our own camp fire that you were with us? that you were at Gates' defeat and 'Ninety-six'?"

"But I didn't tell you," said the Scotchman, with a grin, "which side I was on!"

"Ha! remember that!" said the sheriff's officer. "He denied, just a moment ago, that he knew this young man at all; now he confesses that he did see and camp with him."

The Scotchman was aghast at the strong point which, in his inadvertence, he had made against himself; and his efforts to excuse himself, stammering and contradictory, served only to involve him more deeply in the meshes of his difficulty. Still he continued his urgent appeals to the captain of the vessel. One or two of the passengers, indeed, joined with him in entreating the captain to set the accusers adrift and make sail at once; but the stout Englishman who was in command rejected instantly the unworthy counsel. Besides, he was better aware of the dangers which would follow any such rash proceeding. Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, had been already refitted and prepared for an enemy; and he was lying at that moment under the formidable range of grinning teeth, which would have opened upon him, at the first movement, from the jaws of Castle Pinckney.

"No, gentlemen," said he, "you mistake your man. God

forbid that I should give shelter to a murderer, though he were from my own parish."

"But I am no murderer," said the Scotchman.

"You look cursedly like one, however," was the reply of the captain. "Sheriff, take your prisoner. Steward," he cried, "bring up this man's luggage."

He was obeyed. The luggage was brought up from the cabin and delivered to the sheriff's officer, by whom it was examined in the presence of all, and an inventory made of its contents. It consisted of a small new trunk, which, it afterwards appeared, he had bought in Charleston, soon after his arrival. This contained a few changes of raiment, twenty-six guineas in money, a gold watch, not in repair, and the two pistols which he had shown while at Joel Sparkman's camp fire; but, with this difference, that the stock of one was broken off short just above the grasp, and the butt was entirely gone. It was not found among his chattels. A careful examination of the articles in his trunk did not result in anything calculated to strengthen the charge of his criminality; but there was not a single person present who did not feel as morally certain of his guilt as if the jury had already declared the fact. That night he slept — if he slept at all — in the common jail of the city.

His accuser, the warm-hearted and resolute James Grayling, did not sleep, and with the dawn he was again up and stirring, with his mind still full of the awful business in which he had been engaged. We do not care to pursue his course in the ordinary walks of the city, nor account for his employments during the few days which ensued. Macnab or Macleod, — and it is possible that both names were fictitious, — as soon as he recovered from his first terrors, sought the aid of an attorney — one of those acute, small, chopping lawyers to be found in almost every community, who are willing to serve with equal zeal the sinner and the saint, provided that they can pay with equal liberality. The prisoner was brought before the court under *habeas corpus*, and several grounds submitted by his counsel with the view to obtaining his discharge. It became necessary to ascertain, among the first duties of the state, whether Major Spencer, the alleged victim, was really dead. Until it could be established that a man should be imprisoned, tried, and punished for a crime, it was first necessary to show that a crime had been committed; and the attorney made him-



self exceedingly merry with the ghost story of young Grayling. In those days, however, the ancient Superstition was not so feeble as she has subsequently become.

The judge — who it must be understood was a real existence, and who had no small reputation in his day in the south — proceeded to establish the correctness of his opinions by authorities and argument, with all of which, doubtlessly, the bar were exceedingly delighted; but to provide them in this place would only be to interfere with our own progress. James Grayling, however, was not satisfied to wait the slow processes which were suggested for coming at the truth. Even the wisdom of the judge was lost upon him, possibly for the simple reason that he did not comprehend it. But the ridicule of the culprit's lawyer stung him to the quick, and he muttered to himself, more than once, a determination "to lick the life out of that impudent chap's leather." But this was not his only resolve. There was one which he proceeded to put into instant execution, and that was to seek the body of his murdered friend in the spot where he fancied it might be found — namely, the dark and dismal bay where the specter had made its appearance to his eyes.

The suggestion was approved — though he did not need this to prompt his resolution — by his mother and uncle, Sparkman. The latter determined to be his companion, and he was further accompanied by the sheriff's officer who had arrested the suspected felon. Before daylight, on the morning after the examination before the judge had taken place, and when Macleod had been remanded to prison, James Grayling started on his journey. His fiery zeal received additional force at every added moment of delay, and his eager spurring brought him at an early hour after noon to the neighborhood of the spot through which his search was to be made. He led them round it, taking the very course which he had pursued the night when the revelation was made him; he showed them the very tree at whose foot he had sunk when the supernatural torpor — as he himself esteemed it — began to fall upon him; he then pointed out the spot, some twenty steps distant, at which the specter made its appearance. To this spot they then proceeded in a body, and essayed an entrance, but were so discouraged by the difficulties at the outset that all, James not excepted, concluded that neither the murderer nor his victim could possibly have found entrance there.

But lo, a marvel! Such it seemed, at the first blush, to all the party. While they stood confounded and indecisive, undetermined in which way to move, a sudden flight of wings was heard, even from the center of the bay, at a little distance above the spot where they had striven for entrance. They looked up, and beheld about fifty buzzards — those notorious domestic vultures of the south — ascending from the interior of the bay, and perching along upon the branches of the loftier trees by which it was overhung. Even were the character of these birds less known, the particular business in which they had just then been engaged was betrayed by huge gobbets of flesh which some of them had borne aloft in their flight, and still continued to rend with beak and bill, as they tottered upon the branches where they stood. A piercing scream issued from the lips of James Grayling as he beheld this sight, and strove to scare the offensive birds from their repast.

"The poor major! the poor major!" was the involuntary and agonized exclamation of the youth. "Did I ever think he would come to this!"

The search, thus guided and encouraged, was pressed with renewed diligence and spirit; and, at length, an opening was found through which it was evident that a body of considerable size had but recently gone. They followed this path, and, as is the case commonly with waste tracts of this description, the density of the growth diminished sensibly at every step they took, till they reached a little pond, which, though circumscribed in area, and full of cypresses, yet proved to be singularly deep. Here, on the edge of the pond, they discovered the object which had drawn the keen-sighted vultures to their feast, in the body of a horse, which James Grayling at once identified as that of Major Spencer's. The carcass of the animal was already very much torn and lacerated. The eyes were plucked out, and the animal completely disemboweled. Yet, on examination, it was not difficult to discover the manner of his death. Two bullets had passed through his skull, just above the eyes, either of which must have been fatal. The murderer had led the horse to the spot, and committed the cruel deed where his body was found. The search was now continued for that of the owner, but for some time it proved ineffectual. At length the keen eyes of James Grayling detected, amidst a heap of moss and green sedge that rested beside an overthrown tree, whose branches jutted into the pond, a

whitish, but discolored, object that did not seem native to the place. Bestriding the fallen tree, he was enabled to reach this object, which, with a burst of grief, he announced to the distant party was the hand and arm of his unfortunate friend, the wristband of the shirt being the conspicuous object which had first caught his eye. Grasping this, he drew the corse, which had been thrust beneath the branches of the tree, to the surface; and, with the assistance of his uncle, it was finally brought to the dry land. The head was very much disfigured<sup>d</sup>; the skull was fractured in several places by repeated blows of some hard instrument, inflicted chiefly from behind. A closer inspection revealed a bullet hole in the abdomen, the first wound, in all probability, which the unfortunate gentleman received, and by which he was, perhaps, tumbled from his horse. The blows on the head would seem to have been unnecessary, unless the murderer — whose proceedings appeared to have been singularly deliberate — was resolved upon making “assurance doubly sure.” But, as if the watchful Providence had meant that nothing should be left doubtful which might tend to the complete conviction of the criminal, the constable stumbled upon the butt of the broken pistol which had been found in Macleod’s trunk. This he picked up on the edge of the pond in which the corse had been discovered, and while James Grayling and his uncle, Sparkman, were engaged in drawing it from the water. The place where the fragment was discovered at once denoted the pistol as the instrument by which the final blows were inflicted. . . .

The jury, it may be scarcely necessary to add, brought in a verdict of “Guilty,” without leaving the panel; and Macnab, *alias* Macleod, was hanged at White Point, Charleston, somewhere about the year 178—.



## LIFE.

BY PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

(From “Festus.”)

[PHILIP JAMES BAILEY, the author of “Festus,” was born in Nottingham, England, April 22, 1816. His first and best-known work, “Festus” (1839, 11th ed. 1887), was phenomenally successful, and its author was hailed as one of the

greatest poets of all time. It treats of philosophy and religion, and though extravagant and in some respects defective, contains much beauty and originality. His other poems include : "The Angel World" (1850), "The Mystic" (1855), "The Age," a satire (1858), and "The Universal Hymn" (1867).]

*Festus* —

Man hath a knowledge of a time to come ;  
His most important knowledge ; the weight lies  
Nearest the short end, this life ; and the world  
Depends on what's to be. I would deny  
The present, if the future. Oh ! there is  
A life to come, or all's a dream.

*Lucifer* —

And all

May be a dream. Thou seest in thine, men, deeds,  
Clear, moving, full of speech and order. Why  
May not, then, all this world be but a dream  
Of God's ? Fear not. Some morning God may waken.

*Festus* —

I would it were so. This life's a mystery.  
The value of a thought cannot be told ;  
But it is clearly worth a thousand lives  
Like many men's. And yet men love to live,  
As if mere life were worth the living for.

*Lucifer* —

What but perdition will it be to most ?

*Festus* —

Life's more than breath and the quick round of blood ;  
It is a great spirit and a busy heart.  
The coward and the small in soul scarce do live.  
One generous feeling, one great thought, one deed  
Of good, ere night would make life longer seem  
Than if each year might number a thousand days,  
Spent as is this by nations of mankind.  
We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.  
Life's but a means unto an end ; that end,  
To those who dwell in Him, He most in them,  
Beginning, mean, and end to all things, God.  
The dead have all the glory of the world.  
Why will we live, and not be glorious ?  
We never can be deathless till we die.  
It is the dead win battles ; and the breath  
Of those who through the world drive like a wedge,  
Tearing earth's empires up, nears death so close,



It dims his well-worn scythe. But no! the brave  
 Die never. Being deathless, they but change  
 Their country's arms, for more, their country's heart.  
 Give then the dead their due; it is they who saved us;  
 Saved us from woe and want and servitude.  
 The rapid and the deep; the fall, the gulf,  
 Have likenesses in feeling and in life;  
 And life so varied hath more loveliness  
 In one day, than a creeping century  
 Of sameness. But youth loves and lives on change,  
 Till the soul sighs for sameness; which at last  
 Becomes variety, and takes its place.  
 Yet some will last to die out thought by thought,  
 And power by power, and limb of mind by limb,  
 Like lamps upon a gay device of glass,  
 Till all of soul that's left be dark and dry;  
 Till even the burden of some ninety years  
 Hath crashed into them like a rock; shattered  
 Their system, as if ninety suns had rushed  
 To ruin earth, or heaven had rained its stars;  
 Till they become, like scrolls, unreadable,  
 Through dust and mold. Can they be cleaned and read?  
 Do human spirits wax and wane like moons?

*Lucifer*—

The eye dims and the heart gets old and slow;  
 The lithe limbs stiffen, and the sun-hued locks  
 Thin themselves off, or whitely wither; still,  
 Ages not spirit, even in one point,  
 Immeasurably minute; from orb to orb,  
 Rising in radiance ever like the sun  
 Shining upon the thousand lands of earth.  
 Look at the medley, motley throng we meet;  
 Some smiling, frowning some; their cares and joys  
 Alike not worth a thought; some sauntering slowly,  
 As if destruction never could overtake them;  
 Some hurrying on, as fearing judgment swift  
 Should trip the heels of death, and seize them living.

## POEMS OF THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

[THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, American author and editor, was born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1836, and died in 1907. His boyhood was divided between New England and Louisiana, after which he removed to New York and engaged in editorial work. He settled in Boston in 1866, was on the staff of the *Atlantic Monthly* from 1874 to 1881, when he became editor, retiring in 1890. His later years were spent in travel and authorship. He wrote poetry, novels, travel and reminiscence, and one play, "Judith of Bethulia" (1905), but is remembered chiefly as a writer of graceful, delicate verse. His best novel is probably "Marjorie Daw" (1873), while his "Story of a Bad Boy" (1870), a more or less fanciful account of his early years in Portsmouth, is still popular. Other novels are "Prudence Palfrey" (1874), and "The Stillwater Tragedy" (1880). These poems are published by permission of and by special arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.]

## NOCTURNE.

UP to her chamber window  
 A slight wire trellis goes,  
 And up this Romeo's ladder  
 Clambers a bold white rose.

I lounge in the ilex shadows,  
 I see the lady lean,  
 Unclasping her silken girdle,  
 The curtain's folds between.

She smiles on her white-rose lover,  
 She reaches out her hand  
 And helps him in at the window —  
 I see it where I stand!

To her scarlet lip she holds him,  
 And kisses him many a time —  
 Ah, me! it was he that won her  
 Because he dared to climb!

## HEREDITY.

A SOLDIER of the Cromwell stamp,  
 With sword and psalm-book by his side,  
 At home alike in church and camp;  
 Austere he lived, and smileless died.

But she, a creature soft and fine —  
 From Spain, some say, some say from France;  
 Within her veins leapt blood like wine —  
 She led her Roundhead lord a dance!

In Grantham church they lie asleep;  
 Just where, the verger may not know.  
 Strange that two hundred years should keep  
 The old ancestral fires aglow!

In me these two have met again;  
 To each my nature owes a part:  
 To one, the cool and reasoning brain;  
 To one, the quick, unreasoning heart.

#### MEMORY.

My mind lets go a thousand things,  
 Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,  
 And yet recalls the very hour —  
 'Twas noon by yonder village tower,  
 And on the last blue noon in May —  
 The wind came briskly up this way,  
 Crisping the brook beside the road;  
 Then, pausing here, set down its load  
 Of pine-scents, and shook listlessly  
 Two petals from that wild-rose tree.

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#### FROM THE OLD WIVES' TALE.

BY ARNOLD BENNETT.

[ (ENOCH) ARNOLD BENNETT, English novelist, was born May 27, 1867, near Burslem, in North Staffordshire. He went to London at the age of 21, expecting to take up law, but turned instead to journalistic work. He was editor for a time of "Woman," resigned this position in 1900, and thenceforth devoted himself to literature. His most important works deal with local character and conditions of the potteries district of central England. "A Man from the North" was his first novel (1898); "The Old Wives' Tale" (1908) is generally considered his best. Others are: "Anna of the Five Towns" (1902); "A Great Man" (1904); "The Grim Smile of the Five Towns" (1905); "Clay-hanger" (1910); "Hilda Lessways" (1911); "These Twain" (1916); "The Pretty Lady" (1918); "Mr. Prohack" (1921); "Milestones," a

play (with Edw. Knoblauch, 1912); "Books and Persons" and "The Little Man," satiric essays, etc. This extract is published by courtesy of George H. Doran Co.]

THE day sanctioned by custom in the Five Towns for the making of pastry is Saturday. But Mrs. Baines made her pastry on Friday, because Saturday afternoon was, of course, a busy time in the shop. It is true that Mrs. Baines made her pastry in the morning, and that Saturday morning in the shop was scarcely different from any other morning. Nevertheless, Mrs. Baines made her pastry on Friday morning instead of Saturday morning because Saturday afternoon was a busy time in the shop. She was thus free to do her marketing without breath-taking flurry on Saturday morning.

On the morning after Sophia's first essay in dentistry, therefore, Mrs. Baines was making her pastry in the underground kitchen. This kitchen, Maggie's cavern-home, had the mystery of a church, and on dark days it had the mystery of a crypt. The stone steps leading down to it from the level of earth were quite unlighted. You felt for them with the feet of faith, and when you arrived in the kitchen, the kitchen, by contrast, seemed luminous and gay; the architect may have considered and intended this effect of the staircase. The kitchen saw day through a wide, shallow window whose top touched the ceiling and whose bottom had been out of the girls' reach until long after they had begun to go to school. Its panes were small, and about half of them were of the "knot" kind, through which no object could be distinguished; the other half were of a later date, and stood for the march of civilization. The view from the window consisted of the vast plate-glass windows of the newly built Sun vaults, and of passing legs and skirts. A strong wire grating prevented any excess of illumination, and also protected the glass from the caprices of wayfarers in King Street. Boys had a habit of stopping to kick with their full strength at the grating.

Forget-me-nots on a brown field ornamented the walls of the kitchen. Its ceiling was irregular and grimy, and a beam ran across it; in this beam were two hooks; from these hooks had once depended the ropes of a swing, much used by Constance and Sophia in the old days before they were grown up. A large range stood out from the wall between the stairs and the window. The rest of the furniture comprised a table—against the wall opposite the range—a cupboard, and two Windsor chairs. Opposite the foot of the steps was a door—



way, without a door, leading to two larders, dimmer even than the kitchen, vague retreats made visible by whitewash, where bowls of milk, dishes of cold bones, and remainders of fruit-pies, reposed on stillages; in the corner nearest the kitchen was a great steen in which the bread was kept. Another doorway on the other side of the kitchen led to the first coal-cellar, where was also the slopstone and tap, and thence a tunnel took you to the second coal-cellar, where coke and ashes were stored; the tunnel proceeded to a distant, infinitesimal yard, and from the yard, by ways behind Mr. Critchlow's shop, you could finally emerge, astonished, upon Brougham Street. The sense of the vast-obscure of those regions which began at the top of the kitchen steps and ended in black corners of larders or abruptly in the common dailiness of Brougham Street, a sense which Constance and Sophia had acquired in infancy, remained with them almost unimpaired as they grew old.

Mrs. Baines wore black alpaca, shielded by a white apron whose string drew attention to the amplitude of her waist. Her sleeves were turned up, and her hands, as far as the knuckles, covered with damp flour. Her ageless smooth pasteboard occupied a corner of the table, and near it were her paste-roller, butter, some pie-dishes, shredded apples, sugar, and other things. Those rosy hands were at work among a sticky substance in a large white bowl.

"Mother, are you there?" she heard a voice from above.

"Yes, my chuck."

Footsteps apparently reluctant and hesitating clinked on the stairs, and Sophia entered the kitchen.

"Put this curl straight," said Mrs. Baines, lowering her head slightly and holding up her floured hands, which might not touch anything but flour. "Thank you. It bothered me. And now stand out of my light. I'm in a hurry. I must get into the shop so that I can send Mr. Povey off to the dentist's. What is Constance doing?"

"Helping Maggie to make Mr. Povey's bed."

"Oh!"

Though fat, Mrs. Baines was a comely woman, with fine brown hair, and confidently calm eyes that indicated her belief in her own capacity to accomplish whatever she could be called on to accomplish. She looked neither more nor less than her age, which was forty-five. She was not a native of the district, having been culled by her husband from the moorland

town of Axe, twelve miles off. Like nearly all women who settle in a strange land upon marriage, at the bottom of her heart she had considered herself just a trifle superior to the strange land and its ways. This feeling, confirmed by long experience, had never left her. It was this feeling which induced her to continue making her own pastry—with two thoroughly trained “great girls” in the house! Constance could make good pastry, but it was not her mother’s pastry. In pastry-making everything can be taught except the “hand,” light and firm, which wields the roller. One is born with this hand, or without it. And if one is born without it, the highest flights of pastry are impossible. Constance was born without it. There were days when Sophia seemed to possess it; but there were other days when Sophia’s pastry was uneatable by any one except Maggie. Thus Mrs. Baines, though intensely proud and fond of her daughters, had justifiably preserved a certain condescension towards them. She honestly doubted whether either of them would develop into the equal of their mother.

“Now you little vixen!” she exclaimed. Sophia was stealing and eating slices of half-cooked apple. “This comes of having no breakfast! And why didn’t you come down to supper last night?”

“I don’t know. I forgot.”

Mrs. Baines scrutinized the child’s eyes, which met hers with a sort of diffident boldness. She knew everything that a mother can know of a daughter, and she was sure that Sophia had no cause to be indisposed. Therefore she scrutinized those eyes with a faint apprehension.

“If you can’t find anything better to do,” said she, “butter me the inside of this dish. Are your hands clean? No, better not touch it.”

Mrs. Baines was now at the stage of depositing little pats of butter in rows on a large plain of paste. The best fresh butter! Cooking butter, to say naught of lard, was unknown in that kitchen on Friday mornings. She doubled the expanse of paste on itself and rolled the butter in—supreme operation!

“Constance has told you about leaving school?” said Mrs. Baines, in the vein of small-talk, as she trimmed the paste to the shape of a pie-dish.

“Yes,” Sophia replied shortly. Then she moved away from the table to the range. There was a toasting-fork on the rack, and she began to play with it.

"Well, are you glad? Your aunt Harriet thinks you are quite old enough to leave. And as we'd decided in any case that Constance was to leave, it's really much simpler that you should both leave together."

"Mother," said Sophia, rattling the toasting-fork, "what am I going to do after I've left school?"

"I hope," Mrs. Baines answered with that sententiousness which even the cleverest of parents are not always clever enough to deny themselves, "I hope that both of you will do what you can to help your mother—and father," she added.

"Yes," said Sophia, irritated. "But what am I going to do?"

"That must be considered. As Constance is to learn the millinery, I've been thinking that you might begin to make yourself useful in the underwear, gloves, silks, and so on. Then between you, you would one day be able to manage quite nicely all that side of the shop, and I should be—"

"I don't want to go into the shop, mother."

This interruption was made in a voice apparently cold and inimical. But Sophia trembled with nervous excitement as she uttered the words. Mrs. Baines gave a brief glance at her, unobserved by the child, whose face was towards the fire. She deemed herself a finished expert in the reading of Sophia's moods; nevertheless, as she looked at that straight back and proud head, she had no suspicion that the whole essence and being of Sophia was silently but intensely imploring sympathy.

"I wish you would be quiet with that fork," said Mrs. Baines, with the curious, grim politeness which often characterized her relations with her daughters.

The toasting-fork fell on the brick floor, after having rebounded from the ash-tin. Sophia hurriedly replaced it on the rack.

"Then what *shall* you do?" Mrs. Baines proceeded, conquering the annoyance caused by the toasting-fork. "I think it's me that should ask you instead of you asking me. What shall you do? Your father and I were both hoping you would take kindly to the shop and try to repay us for all the—"

Mrs. Baines was unfortunate in her phrasing that morning. She happened to be, in truth, rather an exceptional parent, but that morning she seemed unable to avoid the absurd pretensions which parents of those days assumed quite sincerely and which every good child with meekness accepted.

Sophia was not a good child, and she obstinately denied in her heart the cardinal principle of family life, namely, that the parent has conferred on the offspring a supreme favour by bringing it into the world. She interrupted her mother again, rudely.

"I don't want to leave school at all," she said passionately.

"But you will have to leave school sooner or later," argued Mrs. Baines, with an air of quiet reasoning, of putting herself on a level with Sophia. "You can't stay at school for ever, my pet, can you? Out of my way!"

She hurried across the kitchen with a pie, which she whipped into the oven, shutting the iron door with a careful gesture.

"Yes," said Sophia. "I should like to be a teacher. That's what I want to be."

The tap in the coal-cellar, out of repair, could be heard distinctly and systematically dropping water into a jar on the slopstone.

"A school-teacher?" inquired Mrs. Baines.

"Of course. What other kind is there?" said Sophia, sharply. "With Miss Chetwynd."

"I don't think your father would like that," Mrs. Baines replied. "I'm sure he wouldn't like it."

"Why not?"

"It wouldn't be quite suitable."

"Why not, mother?" the girl demanded with a sort of ferocity. She had now quitted the range. A man's feet twinkled past the window.

Mrs. Baines was startled and surprised. Sophia's attitude was really very trying; her manners deserved correction. But it was not these phenomena which seriously affected Mrs. Baines; she was used to them and had come to regard them as somehow the inevitable accompaniment of Sophia's beauty, as the penalty of that surpassing charm which occasionally emanated from the girl like a radiance. What startled and surprised Mrs. Baines was the perfect and unthinkable madness of Sophia's infantile scheme. It was a revelation to Mrs. Baines. Why in the name of heaven had the girl taken such a notion into her head? Orphans, widows, and spinsters of a certain age suddenly thrown on the world—these were the women who, naturally, became teachers, because they had to become something. But that the daughter of comfortable parents, surrounded by love and the pleasures of an excellent



home, should wish to teach in a school was beyond the horizons of Mrs. Baines's common sense. Comfortable parents of to-day who have a difficulty in sympathizing with Mrs. Baines, should picture what their feelings would be if their Sophias showed a rude desire to adopt the vocation of chauffeur.

"It would take you too much away from home," said Mrs. Baines, achieving a second pie.

She spoke softly. The experience of being Sophia's mother for nearly sixteen years had not been lost on Mrs. Baines, and though she was now discovering undreamt-of dangers in Sophia's erratic temperament, she kept her presence of mind sufficiently well to behave with diplomatic smoothness. It was undoubtedly humiliating to a mother to be forced to use diplomacy in dealing with a girl in short sleeves. In *her* day mothers had been autocrats. But Sophia was Sophia.

"What if it did?" Sophia curtly demanded.

"And there's no opening in Bursley," said Mrs. Baines.

"Miss Chetwynd would have me, and then after a time I could go to her sister."

"Her sister? What sister?"

"Her sister that has a big school in London somewhere."

Mrs. Baines covered her unprecedented emotions by gazing into the oven at the first pie. The pie was doing well, under all the circumstances. In those few seconds she reflected rapidly and decided that to a desperate disease a desperate remedy must be applied.

London! She herself had never been further than Manchester. London, "after a time." No, diplomacy would be misplaced in this crisis of Sophia's development!

"Sophia," she said, in a changed and solemn voice, fronting her daughter, and holding away from her apron those floured, ringed hands, "I don't know what has come over you. Truly I don't! Your father and I are prepared to put up with a certain amount, but the line must be drawn. The fact is, we've spoilt you, and instead of getting better as you grow up, you're getting worse. Now let me hear no more of this, please. I wish you would imitate your sister a little more. Of course if you won't do your share in the shop, no one can make you. If you choose to be an idler about the house, we shall have to endure it. We can only advise you for your own good. But as for this . . ." She stopped, and let silence speak, and then finished: "Let me hear no more of it."

It was a powerful and impressive speech, enunciated clearly in such a tone as Mrs. Baines had not employed since dismissing a young lady assistant five years ago for light conduct.

“But, mother—”

A commotion of pails resounded at the top of the stone steps. It was Maggie in descent from the bedrooms. Now, the Baines family passed its life in doing its best to keep its affairs to itself, the assumption being that Maggie and all the shop-staff (Mr. Povey possibly excepted) were obsessed by a ravening appetite for that which did not concern them. Therefore the voices of the Baineses always died away, or fell to a hushed, mysterious whisper, whenever the foot of the eavesdropper was heard.

Mrs. Baines put a floured finger to her double chin. “That will do,” said she, with finality.

Maggie appeared, and Sophia, with a brusque precipitation of herself, vanished upstairs.

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## POEMS OF RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

[RICHARD WATSON GILDER, American poet and editor, was born at Bordentown, New Jersey, in 1844, and died in 1909. He saw slight service in the Civil War, and then engaged in editorial work. After serving as assistant editor of *Scribner's Monthly*, he became editor in 1881, when it was renamed *The Century*, and held this position until his death. He was much interested in public affairs and took an active part in many reform movements. Among his works are: “The New Day” (1875); “Five Books of Song” (1894); “Poems and Inscriptions” (1901). These selections are published by permission of and by special arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.]

### A SONG OF THE EARLY AUTUMN.

WHEN late in summer the streams run yellow,  
Burst the bridges and spread into bays;  
When berries are black and peaches are mellow,  
And hills are hidden by rainy haze;

When the goldenrod is golden still,  
But the heart of the sunflower is darker and sadder;  
When the corn is in stacks on the slope of the hill,  
And slides o’er the path the striped adder;

When butterflies flutter from clover to thicket,  
Or wave their wings on the drooping leaf;  
When the breeze comes shrill with the call of the cricket,  
Grasshopper's rasp, and rustle of sheaf;

When high in the field the fern-leaves wrinkle,  
And brown is the grass where the mowers have mown;  
When low in the meadow the cow-bells tinkle,  
And small brooks crinkle o'er stock and stone;

When heavy and hollow the robin's whistle  
And shadows are deep in the heat of noon;  
When the air is white with the down o' the thistle,  
And the sky is red with the harvest moon;

O, then be chary, young Robert and Mary,  
No time let slip, not a moment wait!  
If the fiddle would play it must stop its tuning;  
And they who would wed must be done with their  
    moonning;  
So let the churn rattle, see well to the cattle,  
And pile the wood by the barn-yard gate!

## SHERMAN.

GLORY and honor and fame and everlasting laudation  
For our captains who loved not war, but fought for the life of the  
    nation;  
Who knew that, in all the land, one slave meant strife, not peace;  
Who fought for freedom, not glory; made war that war might cease.

Glory and honor and fame; the beating of muffled drums;  
The wailing funeral dirge, as the flag-wrapped coffin comes;  
Fame and honor and glory; and joy for a noble soul,  
For a full and splendid life, and laurelled rest at the goal.

Glory and honor and fame; the pomp that a soldier prizes;  
The league-long waving line as the marching falls and rises;  
Rumbling of caissons and guns; the clatter of horses' feet,  
And a million awe-struck faces far down the waiting street.

But better than martial woe, and the pageant of civic sorrow;  
Better than praise of to-day, or the state we build to-morrow;  
Better than honor and glory, and history's iron pen,  
Was the thought of duty done and the love of his fellow-men.

## POEMS OF EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

[EDWARD ROWLAND SILL, American poet, was born at Windsor, Connecticut, in 1841, was graduated at Yale in 1861, studied theology, but became, in 1874, professor of English in the University of California. He retired in 1882 and lived at Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, until his death in 1887. His complete "Poetical Works" were published in 1906. Though small in quantity, his work is marked by careful diction and wonderful delicacy of feeling. The selections below are used by permission of and by special arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.]

## THE FOOL'S PRAYER.

THE royal feast was done; the King  
Sought some new sport to banish care,  
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,  
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,  
And stood the mocking court before;  
They could not see the bitter smile  
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee  
Upon the monarch's silken stool;  
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,  
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep  
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;  
'Tis by our follies that so long  
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart  
From red with wrong to white as wool;  
The rod must heal the sin: but Lord,  
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,  
Go crushing blossoms without end;  
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust  
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept —  
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?



The word we had not sense to say —  
 Who knows how grandly it had rung!

“Our faults no tenderness should ask,  
 The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;  
 But for our blunders — oh, in shame  
 Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

“Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;  
 Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool  
 That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,  
 Be merciful to me, a fool!”

The room was hushed; in silence rose  
 The King, and sought his gardens cool,  
 And walked apart, and murmured low,  
 “Be merciful to me, a fool!”

#### OPPORTUNITY.

THIS I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream: —  
 There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;  
 And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged  
 A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords  
 Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner  
 Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.  
 A craven hung along the battle's edge,  
 And thought, “Had I a sword of keener steel —  
 That blue blade that the king's son bears,— but this  
 Blunt thing!” he snapped and flung it from his hand,  
 And lowering crept away and left the field.  
 Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,  
 And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,  
 Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,  
 And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout  
 Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,  
 And saved a great cause that heroic day.

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#### THE CLERKS.

By EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON.

[EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON, American poet, was born at Head Tide, Maine, in 1869, and studied at Harvard from 1891 to 1893. His poems soon attracted attention, and he is placed in the front rank of

recent American poets. He published: "The Torrent and the Night Before" (1896); "The Children of the Night" (1897, 1905); "Captain Craig" (1902); "The Town down the River" (1910); "Von Zorn" (play, 1914); "The Porcupine" (play, 1915); "The Man against the Sky" (1916). This poem is published by special permission of the author, and of the authorized publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.]

I DID not think that I should find them there  
 When I came back again; but there they stood,  
 As in the days they dreamed of when young blood  
 Was in their cheeks and women called them fair.  
 Be sure, they met me with an ancient air,—  
 And, yes, there was a shop-worn brotherhood  
 About them; but the men were just as good,  
 And just as human as they ever were.  
 And you that ache so much to be sublime,  
 And you that feed yourselves with your descent,  
 What comes of all your visions and your fears?  
 Poets and kings are but the clerks of Time,  
 Tying the same dull webs of discontent,  
 Clipping the same sad alnage of the years.



## IN THE GARDEN AT SWAINSTON.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

[1809-1892.]

NIGHTINGALES warbled without,  
 Within was weeping for thee:  
 Shadows of three dead men  
 Walked in the walks with me,  
 Shadows of three dead men, and  
 thou wast one of the three.

Nightingales sang in his woods:  
 The Master was far away:  
 Nightingales warbled and sang  
 Of a passion that lasts but a day;  
 Still in the house in his coffin the  
 Prince of courtesy lay.

Two dead men have I known  
 In courtesy like to thee:  
 Two dead men have I loved  
 With a love that ever will be:  
 Three dead men have I loved, and  
 thou art last of the three.

## DR. HEIDEGGER'S EXPERIMENT.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THAT very singular man, old Dr. Heidegger, once invited four venerable friends to meet him in his study. There were three white-bearded gentlemen— Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne — and a withered gentlewoman whose name was the widow Wycherly. They were all melancholy old creatures who had been unfortunate in life, and whose greatest misfortune it was that they were not long ago in their graves. Mr. Medbourne, in the vigor of his age, had been a prosperous merchant, but had lost his all by a frantic speculation, and was now little better than a mendicant. Colonel Killigrew had wasted his best years and his health and substance in the pursuit of sinful pleasures which had given birth to a brood of pains, such as the gout and divers other torments of soul and body. Mr. Gascoigne was a ruined politician, a man of evil fame — or, at least, had been so till time had buried him from the knowledge of the present generation and made him obscure instead of infamous. As for the widow Wycherly, tradition tells us that she was a great beauty in her day, but for a long while past she had lived in deep seclusion on account of certain scandalous stories which had prejudiced the gentry of the town against her. It is a circumstance worth mentioning that each of these three old gentlemen — Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne — were early lovers of the widow Wycherly, and had once been on the point of cutting each other's throats for her sake. And before proceeding farther I will merely hint that Dr. Heidegger and all his four guests were sometimes thought to be a little beside themselves, as is not infrequently the case with old people when worried either by present troubles or woeful recollections.

"My dear old friends," said Dr. Heidegger, motioning them to be seated, "I am desirous of your assistance in one of those little experiments with which I amuse myself here in my study."

If all stories were true, Dr. Heidegger's study must have been a very curious place. It was a dim, old-fashioned chamber festooned with cobwebs and besprinkled with antique dust. Around the walls stood several oaken bookcases, the

lower shelves of which were filled with rows of gigantic folios and black-letter quartos, and the upper with little parchment-covered duodecimos. Over the central bookcase was a bronze bust of Hippocrates, with which, according to some authorities, Dr. Heidegger was accustomed to hold consultations in all difficult cases of his practice. In the obscurest corner of the room stood a tall and narrow oaken closet with its door ajar, within which doubtfully appeared a skeleton. Between two of the bookcases hung a looking-glass, presenting its high and dusty plate within a tarnished gilt frame. Among many wonderful stories related of this mirror, it was fabled that the spirits of all the doctor's deceased patients dwelt within its verge and would stare him in the face whenever he looked thitherward. The opposite side of the chamber was ornamented with the full-length portrait of a young lady arrayed in the faded magnificence of silk, satin, and brocade, and with a visage as faded as her dress. Above half a century ago Dr. Heidegger had been on the point of marriage with this young lady, but, being affected with some slight disorder, she had swallowed one of her lover's prescriptions and died on the bridal evening. The greatest curiosity of the study remains to be mentioned : it was a ponderous folio volume bound in black leather, with massive silver clasps. There were no letters on the back, and nobody could tell the title of the book. But it was well known to be a book of magic, and once, when a chambermaid had lifted it merely to brush away the dust, the skeleton had rattled in its closet, the picture of the young lady had stepped one foot upon the floor, and several ghastly faces had peeped forth from the mirror, while the brazen head of Hippocrates frowned and said, "Forbear !"

Such was Dr. Heidegger's study. On the summer afternoon of our tale a small round table as black as ebony stood in the center of the room, sustaining a cut-glass vase of beautiful form and elaborate workmanship. The sunshine came through the window between the heavy festoons of two faded damask curtains and fell directly across this vase : so that a mild splendor was reflected from it on the ashen visages of the five old people who sat around. Four champagne glasses were also on the table.

"My dear old friends," repeated Dr. Heidegger, "may I reckon on your aid in performing an exceedingly curious experiment?"



Now, Dr. Heidegger was a very strange old gentleman whose eccentricity had become the nucleus for a thousand fantastic stories. Some of these fables—to my shame be it spoken—might possibly be traced back to mine own veracious self; and if any passages of the present tale should startle the reader's faith, I must be content to bear the stigma of a fiction monger.

When the doctor's four guests heard him talk of his proposed experiment, they anticipated nothing more wonderful than the murder of a mouse in an air pump or the examination of a cobweb by the microscope, or some similar nonsense with which he was constantly in the habit of pestering his inmates. But without waiting for a reply Dr. Heidegger hobbled across the chamber, and returned with the same ponderous folio bound in black leather which common report affirmed to be a book of magic. Undoing the silver clasps, he opened the volume and took from among its black-letter pages a rose, or what was once a rose, though now the green leaves and crimson petals had assumed one brownish hue and the ancient flower seemed ready to crumble to dust in the doctor's hands.

"This rose," said Dr. Heidegger, with a sigh—"this same withered and crumbling flower—blossomed five and fifty years ago. It was given me by Sylvia Ward, whose portrait hangs yonder, and I meant to wear it in my bosom at our wedding. Five and fifty years it has been treasured between the leaves of this old volume. Now would you deem it possible that this rose of half a century could ever bloom again?"

"Nonsense!" said the widow Wycherly, with a peevish toss of her head. "You might as well ask whether an old woman's wrinkled face could ever bloom again."

"See!" answered Dr. Heidegger. He uncovered the vase and threw the faded rose into the water which it contained. At first it lay lightly on the surface of the fluid, appearing to imbibe none of its moisture. Soon, however, a singular change began to be visible. The crushed and dried petals stirred and assumed a deepening tinge of crimson, as if the flower were reviving from a deathlike slumber, the slender stalk and twigs of foliage became green, and there was the rose of half a century, looking as fresh as when Sylvia Ward had first given it to her lover. It was scarcely full blown, for some of its delicate red leaves curled modestly around its moist bosom, within which two or three dewdrops were sparkling.

"That is certainly a very pretty deception," said the doctor's friends — carelessly, however, for they had witnessed greater miracles at a conjurer's show. "Pray, how was it effected?"

"Did you never hear of the Fountain of Youth?" asked Dr. Heidegger, "which Ponce de Leon, the Spanish adventurer, went in search of two or three centuries ago?"

"But did Ponce de Leon ever find it?" said the widow Wycherly.

"No," answered Dr. Heidegger, "for he never sought it in the right place. The famous Fountain of Youth, if I am rightly informed, is situated in the southern part of the Floridian peninsula, not far from Lake Macaco. Its source is overshadowed by several gigantic magnolias, which, though numberless centuries old, have been kept as fresh as violets by the virtues of this wonderful water. An acquaintance of mine, knowing my curiosity in such matters, has sent me what you see in the vase."

"Ahem!" said Colonel Killigrew, who believed not a word of the doctor's story; "and what may be the effect of this fluid on the human frame?"

"You shall judge for yourself, my dear colonel," replied Dr. Heidegger. — "And all of you, my respected friends, are welcome to so much of this admirable fluid as may restore to you the bloom of youth. For my own part, having had much trouble in growing old, I am in no hurry to grow young again. With your permission, therefore, I will merely watch the progress of the experiment."

While he spoke, Dr. Heidegger had been filling the four champagne glasses with the water of the Fountain of Youth. It was apparently impregnated with an effervescent gas, for little bubbles were continually ascending from the depths of the glasses and bursting in silvery spray at the surface. As the liquor diffused a pleasant perfume, the old people doubted not that it possessed cordial and comfortable properties, and, though utter skeptics as to its rejuvenescent power, they were inclined to swallow it at once. But Dr. Heidegger besought them to stay a moment.

"Before you drink, my respectable old friends," said he, "it would be well that, with the experience of a lifetime to direct you, you should draw up a few general rules for your guidance in passing a second time through the perils of youth.

Think what a sin and shame it would be if, with your peculiar advantages, you should not become patterns of virtue and wisdom to all the young people of the age ! ”

The doctor's four venerable friends made him no answer except by a feeble and tremulous laugh, so very ridiculous was the idea that, knowing how closely Repentance treads behind the steps of Error, they should ever go astray again.

“ Drink, then,” said the doctor, bowing ; “ I rejoice that I have so well selected the subjects of my experiment.”

With palsied hands they raised the glasses to their lips. The liquor, if it really possessed such virtues as Dr. Heidegger imputed to it, could not have been bestowed on four human beings who needed it more woefully. They looked as if they had never known what youth or pleasure was, but had been the offspring of Nature's dotage, and always the gray, decrepit, sapless, miserable creatures who now sat stooping round the doctor's table without life enough in their souls or bodies to be animated even by the prospect of growing young again. They drank off the water and replaced their glasses on the table.

Assuredly, there was an almost immediate improvement in the aspect of the party — not unlike what might have been produced by a glass of generous wine — together with a sudden glow of cheerful sunshine, brightening over all their visages at once. There was a healthful suffusion on their cheeks instead of the ashen hue that had made them look so corpse-like. They gazed at one another, and fancied that some magic power had really begun to smooth away the deep and sad inscriptions which Father Time had been so long engraving on their brows. The widow Wycherly adjusted her cap, for she felt almost like a woman again.

“ Give us more of this wondrous water,” cried they, eagerly. “ We are younger, but we are still too old. Quick ! give us more ! ”

“ Patience, patience ! ” quoth Dr. Heidegger, who sat watching the experiment with philosophic coolness. “ You have been a long time growing old ; surely you might be content to grow young in half an hour. But the water is at your service.” Again he filled their glasses with the liquor of youth, enough of which still remained in the vase to turn half the old people in the city to the age of their own grandchildren.

While the bubbles were yet sparkling on the brim, the doctor's four guests snatched their glasses from the table and

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swallowed the contents at a single gulp. Was it delusion? Even while the draught was passing down their throats it seemed to have wrought a change on their whole systems. Their eyes grew clear and bright; a dark shade deepened among their silvery locks: they sat around the table three gentlemen of middle age and a woman hardly beyond her buxom prime.

"My dear widow, you are charming!" cried Colonel Killigrew, whose eyes had been fixed upon her face while the shadows of age were flitting from it like darkness from the crimson daybreak.

The fair widow knew of old that Colonel Killigrew's compliments were not always measured by sober truth; so she started up and ran to the mirror, still dreading that the ugly visage of an old woman would meet her gaze.

Meanwhile, the three gentlemen behaved in such a manner as proved that the water of the Fountain of Youth possessed some intoxicating qualities — unless, indeed, their exhilaration of spirits were merely a lightsome dizziness caused by the sudden removal of the weight of years. Mr. Gaseoigne's mind seemed to run on political topics, but whether relating to the past, present, or future could not easily be determined, since the same ideas and phrases have been in vogue these fifty years. Now he rattled forth full-throated sentences about patriotism, national glory, and the people's right; now he muttered some perilous stuff or other in a sly and doubtful whisper, so cautiously that even his own conscience could scarcely catch the secret; and now, again, he spoke in measured accents and a deeply deferential tone, as if a royal ear were listening to his well-turned periods. Colonel Killigrew all this time had been trolling forth a jolly bottle song and ringing his glass in symphony with the chorus, while his eyes wandered toward the buxom figure of the widow Wycherly. On the other side of the table, Mr. Medbourne was involved in a calculation of dollars and cents with which was strangely intermingled a project for supplying the East Indies with ice by harnessing a team of whales to the polar icebergs. As for the widow Wycherly, she stood before the mirror courtesying and simpering to her own image and greeting it as the friend whom she loved better than all the world besides. She thrust her face close to the glass to see whether some long-remembered wrinkle or crow's foot had indeed vanished; she examined whether the



snow had so entirely melted from her hair that the venerable cap could be safely thrown aside. At last, turning briskly away, she came with a sort of dancing step to the table.

"My dear old doctor," cried she, "pray favor me with another glass."

"Certainly, my dear madam — certainly," replied the complaisant doctor. "See! I have already filled the glasses."

There, in fact, stood the four glasses brimful of this wonderful water, the delicate spray of which, as it effervesced from the surface, resembled the tremulous glitter of diamonds.

It was now so nearly sunset that the chamber had grown duskier than ever, but a mild and moonlike splendor gleamed from within the vase and rested alike on the four guests and on the doctor's venerable figure. He sat in a high-backed, elaborately carved oaken armchair, with a gray dignity of aspect that might have well befitted that very Father Time whose power had never been disputed save by this fortunate company. Even while quaffing the third draught of the Fountain of Youth, they were almost awed by the expression of his mysterious visage. But the next moment the exhilarating gush of young life shot through their veins. They were now in the happy prime of youth. Age, with its miserable train of cares and sorrows and diseases, was remembered only as the trouble of a dream from which they had joyously awoke. The fresh gloss of the soul, so early lost and without which the world's successive scenes had been but a gallery of faded pictures, again threw its enchantment over all their prospects. They felt like new-created beings in a new-created universe.

"We are young! We are young!" they cried, exultingly.

Youth, like the extremity of age, had effaced the strongly marked characteristics of middle life and mutually assimilated them all. They were a group of merry youngsters almost madened with the exuberant frolicsomeness of their years. The most singular effect of their gayety was an impulse to mock the infirmity and decrepitude of which they had so lately been the victims. They laughed loudly at their old-fashioned attire — the wide-skirted coats and flapped waistcoats of the young men and the ancient cap and gown of the blooming girl. One limped across the floor like a gouty grandfather; one set a pair of spectacles astride of his nose and pretended to pore over the black-letter pages of the book of magic; a third seated himself in an armchair and strove to imitate the venerable dignity of

Dr. Heidegger. Then all shouted mirthfully and leaped about the room.

The widow Wycherly — if so fresh a damsel could be called a widow — tripped up to the doctor's chair with a mischievous merriment in her rosy face.

"Doctor, you dear old soul," cried she, "get up and dance with me;" and then the four young people laughed louder than ever to think what a queer figure the poor old doctor would cut.

"Pray excuse me," answered the doctor, quietly. "I am old and rheumatic, and my dancing days were over long ago. But either of these gay young gentlemen will be glad of so pretty a partner."

"Dance with me, Clara," cried Colonel Killigrew.

"No, no! I will be her partner," shouted Mr. Gascoigne.

"She promised me her hand fifty years ago," exclaimed Mr. Medbourne.

They all gathered round her. One caught both her hands in his passionate grasp, another threw his arm about her waist, the third buried his hand among the glossy curls that clustered beneath the widow's cap. Blushing, panting, struggling, chiding, laughing, her warm breath fanning each of their faces by turns, she strove to disengage herself, yet still remained in their triple embrace. Never was there a livelier picture of youthful rivalry, with bewitching beauty for the prize. Yet, by a strange deception, owing to the duskiness of the chamber and the antique dresses which they still wore, the tall mirror is said to have reflected the figures of the three old, gray, withered grandsires ridiculously contending for the skinny ugliness of a shriveled grandma. But they were young: their burning passions proved them so.

Inflamed to madness by the coquetry of the girl widow, who neither granted nor quite withheld her favors, the three rivals began to interchange threatening glances. Still keeping hold of the fair prize, they grappled fiercely at one another's throats. As they struggled to and fro the table was overturned and the vase dashed into a thousand fragments. The precious Water of Youth flowed in a bright stream across the floor, moistening the wings of a butterfly which, grown old in the decline of summer, had alighted there to die. The insect fluttered lightly through the chamber and settled on the snowy head of Dr. Heidegger.

"Come, come, gentlemen! Come, Madam Wycherly!" exclaimed the doctor. "I really must protest against this riot."

They stood still and shivered, for it seemed as if gray Time were calling them back from their sunny youth far down into the chill and darksome vale of years. They looked at old Dr. Heidegger, who sat in his carved armchair holding the rose of half a century, which he had rescued from among the fragments of the shattered vase. At the motion of his hand the four rioters resumed their seats—the more readily because their violent exertions had wearied them, youthful though they were.

"My poor Sylvia's rose!" ejaculated Dr. Heidegger, holding it in the light of the sunset clouds. "It appears to be fading again."

And so it was. Even while the party were looking at it the flower continued to shrivel up, till it became as dry and fragile as when the doctor had first thrown it into the vase. He shook off the few drops of moisture which clung to its petals.

"I love it as well thus as in its dewy freshness," observed he, pressing the withered rose to his withered lips.

While he spoke the butterfly fluttered down from the doctor's snowy head and fell upon the floor. His guests shivered again. A strange chillness—whether of the body or spirit they could not tell—was creeping gradually over them all. They gazed at one another, and fancied that each fleeting moment snatched away a charm and left a deepening furrow where none had been before. Was it an illusion? Had the changes of a lifetime been crowded into so brief a space, and were they now four aged people sitting with their old friend Dr. Heidegger?

"Are we grown old again so soon?" cried they, dolefully.

In truth, they had. The Water of Youth possessed merely a virtue more transient than that of wine; the delirium which it created had effervesced away. Yes, they were old again. With a shuddering impulse that showed her a woman still, the widow clasped her skinny hands before her face and wished that the coffin lid were over it, since it could be no longer beautiful.

"Yes, friends, ye are old again," said Dr. Heidegger, "and, lo! the Water of Youth is all lavished on the ground. Well, I bemoan it not; for if the fountain gushed at my very doorstep, I would not stoop to bathe my lips in it—no, though its delirium were for years instead of moments. Such is the lesson ye have taught me."

## A BRUTAL CAPTAIN.

By R. H. DANA.

(From "Two Years Before the Mast.")

[RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR.: An American author, son of the poet; born in Cambridge, Mass., August 1, 1815. He studied for a while at Harvard College, and in 1834 shipped as a common sailor for a voyage to California, in order to restore his health. His experiences are vividly narrated in the popular "Two Years Before the Mast" (1840). He subsequently became a prominent lawyer, still a valued authority on international law, and was one of the founders of the Free-soil Party (1848). His other publications include: "The Seaman's Friend" (1841); "To Cuba and Back" (1859). He died in Rome, January 7, 1882.]

FOR several days the captain seemed very much out of humor. Nothing went right, or fast enough for him. He quarreled with the cook, and threatened to flog him for throwing wood on deck; and he had a dispute with the mate about reeving a Spanish burton,—the mate saying that he was right, and had been taught how to do it by a man *who was a sailor!* This, the captain took in dudgeon, and they were at sword's points at once.

But his displeasure was chiefly turned against a large, heavy-molded fellow from the Middle States, who was called Sam. This man hesitated in his speech, and was rather slow in his motions, but was a pretty good sailor, and always seemed to do his best; but the captain took a dislike to him, thought he was surly and lazy; and "if you once give a dog a bad name"—as the sailor phrase is—"he may as well jump overboard." The captain found fault with everything this man did, and hazed him for dropping a marline spike from the main yard, where he was at work. This, of course, was an accident, but it was set down against him.

The captain was on board all day Friday, and everything went on hard and disagreeably. "The more you drive a man, the less he will do" was as true with us as with any other people. We worked late Friday night and were turned to early Saturday morning. About ten o'clock the captain ordered our new officer, Russell, who by this time had become thoroughly disliked by all the crew, to get the gig ready to take him ashore.

John, the Swede, was sitting in the boat alongside, and Russell and myself were standing by the main hatchway, waiting



for the captain, who was down in the hold, where the crew were at work, when we heard his voice raised in violent dispute with somebody, whether it was with the mate, or one of the crew, I could not tell; and then came blows and scuffling. I ran to the side and beckoned to John, who came up, and we leaned down the hatchway; and though we could see no one, yet we knew that the captain had the advantage, for his voice was loud and clear:—

“You see your condition! You see your condition! Will you ever give me any more of your *jaw*?” No answer, and then came wrestling and heaving, as though the man was trying to turn him.

“You may as well keep still, for I have got you,” said the captain. Then came the question, “Will you ever give me any more of your jaw?”

“I never gave you any, sir,” said Sam; for it was his voice that we heard, though low and half choked.

“That’s not what I ask you. Will you ever be impudent to me again?”

“I never have been,” said Sam.

“Answer my question, or I’ll make a spread eagle of you! I’ll flog you, by G—d.”

“I’m no negro slave,” said Sam.

“Then I’ll make you one,” said the captain; and he came to the hatchway, and sprung on deck, threw off his coat, and rolling up his sleeves, called out to the mate—“Seize that man up, Mr. A——! Seize him up! Make a spread eagle of him! I’ll teach you all who is master aboard!”

The crew and officers followed the captain up the hatchway, and after repeated orders the mate laid hold of Sam, who made no resistance, and carried him to the gangway.

“What are you going to flog that man for, sir?” said John, the Swede, to the captain.

Upon hearing this, the captain turned upon him, but knowing him to be quick and resolute, he ordered the steward to bring the irons, and calling upon Russell to help him, went up to John.

“Let me alone,” said John. “I’m willing to be put in irons. You need not use any force;” and putting out his hands, the captain slipped the irons on, and sent him aft to the quarter-deck. Sam by this time was *seized up*, as it is called, that is, placed against the shrouds, with his wrists made fast to the

shrouds, his jacket off, and his back exposed. The captain stood on the break of the deck, a few feet from him, and a little raised, so as to have a good swing at him, and held in his hand the bight of a thick, strong rope. The officers stood round, and the crew grouped together in the waist.

All these preparations made me feel sick and almost faint, angry and excited as I was. A man—a human being, made in God's likeness—fastened up and flogged like a beast! A man, too, whom I had lived with and eaten with for months, and knew almost as well as a brother.

The first and almost uncontrollable impulse was resistance. But what was to be done? The time for it had gone by. The two best men were fast, and there were only two besides myself, and a small boy of ten or twelve years of age. And then there were (besides the captain) three officers, steward, agent, and clerk. But besides the numbers, what is there for sailors to do? If they resist, it is mutiny; and if they succeed, and take the vessel, it is piracy. If they ever yield again, their punishment must come; and if they do not yield, they are pirates for life. If a sailor resist his commander, he resists the law, and piracy or submission are his only alternatives. Bad as it was, it must be borne. It is what a sailor ships for.

Swinging the rope over his head, and bending his body so as to give it full force, the captain brought it down upon the poor fellow's back. Once, twice—six times. "Will you ever give me any more of your jaw?" The man writhed with pain, but said not a word. Three times more. This was too much, and he muttered something which I could not hear; this brought as many more as the man could stand, when the captain ordered him to be cut down, and go forward.

"Now for you," said the captain, making up to John and taking his irons off. As soon as he was loose, he ran forward to the forecabin. "Bring that man aft," shouted the captain. The second mate, who had been a shipmate of John's, stood still in the waist, and the mate walked slowly forward; but our third officer, anxious to show his zeal, sprung forward over the windlass, and laid hold of John; but he soon threw him from him.

At this moment I would have given worlds for the power to help the poor fellow; but it was all in vain. The captain stood on the quarter-deck, bareheaded, his eyes flashing with rage, and his face as red as blood, swinging the rope, and calling out

to his officers, "Drag him aft! — Lay hold of him! I'll *sweeten* him!" etc., etc.

The mate now went forward and told John quietly to go aft, and he, seeing resistance in vain, threw the blackguard third mate from him; said he would go aft of himself; that they should not drag him; and went up to the gangway and held out his hands; but as soon as the captain began to make him fast, the indignity was too much, and he began to resist; but the mate and Russell holding him, he was soon seized up.

When he was made fast, he turned to the captain, who stood turning up his sleeves and getting ready for the blow, and asked him what he was to be flogged for. "Have I ever refused my duty, sir? Have you ever known me to hang back, or to be insolent, or not to know my work?"

"No," said the captain, "it is not that I flog you for; I flog you for your interference — for asking questions."

"Can't a man ask a question here without being flogged?"

"No," shouted the captain; "nobody shall open his mouth aboard this vessel, but myself;" and began laying the blows upon his back, swinging half round between each blow, to give it full effect. As he went on his passion increased and he danced about the deck calling out as he swung the rope, — "If you want to know what I flog you for, I'll tell you. It's because I like to do it! — because I like to do it! It suits me! That's what I do it for!"

The man writhed under the pain, until he could endure it no longer, when he called out, with an exclamation more common among foreigners than with us — "Oh, Jesus Christ, oh, Jesus Christ!"

"Don't call on Jesus Christ," shouted the captain; "*He can't help you. Call on Captain T*——. He's the man! He can help you! Jesus Christ can't help you now!"

At these words, which I never shall forget, my blood ran cold. I could look on no longer. Disgusted, sick, and horror-struck, I turned away and leaned over the rail, and looked down into the water. A few rapid thoughts of my own situation, and of the prospect of future revenge, crossed my mind; but the falling of the blows and the cries of the man called me back at once.

At length they ceased, and turning round, I found that the mate, at a signal from the captain, had cut him down. Almost doubled up with pain, the man walked forward, and went down

into the fore-castle. Every one else stood still at his post, while the captain, swelling with rage and with the importance of his achievement, walked the quarter-deck, at each turn, as he came forward, calling out to us : —

“You see your condition ! You see where I’ve got you all, and you know what to expect ! You’ve been mistaken in me — you didn’t know what I was ! Now you know what I am !” — “I’ll make you toe the mark, every soul of you, or I’ll flog you all, fore and aft, from the boy up !” — “You’ve got a driver over you ! Yes, a *slave driver*, a *negro driver* ! I’ll see who’ll tell me he isn’t a negro slave !”

With this and the like matter, equally calculated to quiet us, and to allay any apprehensions of future trouble, he entertained us for about ten minutes, when he went below. Soon after, John came aft, with his bare back covered with stripes and wales in every direction, and dreadfully swollen, and asked the steward to ask the captain to let him have some salve, or balsam, to put upon it.

“No,” said the captain, who heard him from below ; “tell him to put his shirt on ; that’s the best thing for him ; and pull me ashore in the boat. Nobody is going to lay up on board this vessel.”

He then called to Mr. Russell to take those two men and two others in the boat, and pull him ashore. I went for one. The two men could hardly bend their backs, and the captain called to them to “give way,” “give way !” but finding they did their best, he let them alone. The agent was in the stern sheet, but during the whole pull — a league or more — not a word was spoken.

We landed ; the captain, agent, and officer went up to the house, and left us with the boat. I, and the man with me, stayed near the boat, while John and Sam walked slowly away, and sat down on the rocks. They talked some time together, but at length separated, each sitting alone.

I had some fears of John. He was a foreigner, and violently tempered, and under suffering ; and he had his knife with him, and the captain was to come down alone to the boat. The captain was probably armed, and if either of them had lifted a hand against him, they would have had nothing before them but flight, and starvation in the woods of California, or capture by the soldiers and Indian bloodhounds, whom the offer of twenty dollars would have set upon them.



After the day's work was done, we went down into the fore-castle, and ate our plain supper; but not a word was spoken. It was Saturday night; but there was no song — no "sweethearts and wives." A gloom was over everything.

The two men lay in their berths, groaning with pain, and we all turned in, but, for myself, not to sleep. A sound coming now and then from the berths of the two men showed that they were awake, as awake they must have been, for they could hardly lie in one posture a moment; the dim, swinging lamp of the fore-castle shed its light over the dark hole in which we lived; and many and various reflections and purposes coursed through my mind.

I thought of our situation, living under a tyranny; of the character of the country we were in; of the length of the voyage, and of the uncertainty attending our return to America; and then if we should return, of the prospect of obtaining justice and satisfaction for these poor men; and vowed that if God should ever give me the means, I would do something to redress the grievances and relieve the sufferings of that poor class of beings, of whom I then was one. . . .

On board the "Pilgrim" everything went on regularly, each one trying to get along as smoothly as possible; but the comfort of the voyage was evidently at an end. "That is a long lane which has no turning" — "Every dog must have his day, and mine will come by and by" — and the like proverbs, were occasionally quoted; but no one spoke of any probable end to the voyage, or of Boston, or anything of the kind; or if he did, it was only to draw out the perpetual, surly reply from his shipmate — "Boston, is it? You may thank your stars if you ever see that place. You had better have your back sheathed and your head coppered and your feet shod, and make out your log for California for life!" or else something of this kind — "Before you get to Boston the hides will wear all the hair off your head, and you'll take up all your wages in clothes, and won't have enough left to buy a wig with!"

The flogging was seldom if ever alluded to by us, in the fore-castle. If any one was inclined to talk about it, the others, with a delicacy which I hardly expected to find among them, always stopped him, or turned the subject. But the behavior of the two men who were flogged toward one another showed a delicacy and a sense of honor, which would have been worthy of admiration in the highest walks of life.

Sam knew that the other had suffered solely on his account, and in all his complaints, he said that if he alone had been flogged, it would have been nothing ; but that he never could see that man without thinking what had been the means of bringing that disgrace upon him ; and John never, by word or deed, let anything escape him to remind the other that it was by interfering to save his shipmate, that he had suffered.

Having got all our spare room filled with hides, we hove up our anchor and made sail for San Diego. In no operation can the disposition of a crew be discovered better than in getting under way.

Where things are done "with a will," every one is like a cat aloft ; sails are loosed in an instant ; each one lays out his strength on his handspike, and the windlass goes briskly round with the loud cry of "Yo heave ho ! Heave and pawl ! Heave hearty ho !" But with us, at this time, it was all dragging work. No one went aloft beyond his ordinary gait, and the chain came slowly in over the windlass.

The mate, between the knightheads, exhausted all his official rhetoric in calls of "Heave with a will !" — "Heave hearty, men ! — heave hearty !" — "Heave and raise the dead !" — "Heave, and away !" etc., etc. ; but it would not do. Nobody broke his back or his handspike by his efforts.

And when the cat tackle fall was strung along, and all hands — cook, steward, and all — laid hold, to cat the anchor, instead of the lively song of "Cheerily, men !" in which all hands join in the chorus, we pulled a long, heavy, silent pull, and — as sailors say a song is as good as ten men — the anchor came to the cathead pretty slowly. "Give us 'Cheerily !'" said the mate ; but there was no "cheerily" for us, and we did without it.

The captain walked the quarter-deck, and said not a word. He must have seen the change, but there was nothing which he could notice officially.

We sailed leisurely down the coast before a light, fair wind, keeping the land well aboard, and saw two other missions, looking like blocks of white plaster, shining in the distance, one of which, situated on the top of a high hill, was San Juan Campestrano, under which vessels sometimes come to anchor, in the summer season, and take off hides. The most distant one was St. Louis Rey, which the third mate said was only fifteen miles from San Diego. At sunset on the second day,

we had a large and well-wooded headland directly before us, behind which lay the little harbor of San Diego. We were becalmed off this point all night, but the next morning, which was Saturday, the 14th of March, having a good breeze, we stood round the point, and hauling our wind brought the little harbor which is rather the outlet of a small river, right before us.

Every one was anxious to get a view of the new place. A chain of high hills, beginning at the point (which was on our larboard hand, coming in), protected the harbor on the north and west, and ran off into the interior, as far as the eye could reach. On the other sides, the land was low, and green, but without trees. The entrance is so narrow as to admit but one vessel at a time, the current swift, and the channel runs so near to a low stony point that the ship's sides appeared almost to touch it.

There was no town in sight, but on the smooth sand beach, abreast, and within a cable's length of which three vessels lay moored, were four large houses, built of rough boards, and looking like the great barns in which ice is stored on the borders of the large ponds near Boston; with piles of hides standing round them, and men in red shirts and large straw hats walking in and out of the doors. These were the hide houses.

Of the vessels: one, a short, clumsy, little hermaphrodite brig, we recognized as our old acquaintance the "Loriotte"; another, with sharp bows and raking masts, newly painted and tarred, and glittering in the morning's sun, with the blood-red banner and cross of St. George at her peak, was the handsome "Ayacucho." The third was a large ship, with topgallant masts housed, and sails unbent, and looking as rusty and worn as two years' "hide droghing" could make her. This was the "Lagoda."

As we drew near, carried rapidly along by the current, we overhauled our chain, and clewed up the topsails. "Let go the anchor!" said the captain; but either there was not chain enough forward of the windlass, or the anchor went down foul, or we had too much headway on, for it did not bring us up. "Pay out chain!" shouted the captain; and we gave it to her; but it would not do.

Before the other anchor could be let go, we drifted down, broadside on, and went smash into the "Lagoda." Her crew were at breakfast in the forecabin, and the cook, seeing us com-

ing, rushed out of his galley and called up the officers and men.

Fortunately, no great harm was done. Her jib boom ran between our fore and main masts, carrying away some of our rigging, and breaking down the rail. She lost her martingale. This brought us up, and as they paid out chain, we swung clear of them, and let go the other anchor; but this had as bad luck as the first, for before any one perceived it, we were drifting on to the "Loriotte."

The captain now gave out his orders rapidly and fiercely, sheeting home the topsails, and backing and filling the sails, in hope of starting or clearing the anchors; but it was all in vain, and he sat down on the rail, taking it very leisurely, and calling out to Captain Nye, that he was coming to pay him a visit.

We drifted fairly into the "Loriotte," her larboard bow into our starboard quarter, carrying away a part of our starboard quarter railing, and breaking off her larboard bumpkin, and one or two stanchions above the deck. We saw our handsome sailor, Jackson, on the forecastle, with the Sandwich Islanders, working away to get us clear. After paying out chain, we swung clear, but our anchors were no doubt afoul of hers. We manned the windlass, and hove and hove away, but to no purpose. Sometimes we got a little upon the cable, but a good surge would take it all back again.

We now began to drift down toward the "Ayacueho," when her boat put off and brought her commander, Captain Wilson, on board. He was a short, active, well-built man, between fifty and sixty years of age; being nearly thirty years older than our captain, and a thorough seaman, he did not hesitate to give his advice, and from giving advice, he gradually came to taking the command; ordering us when to heave and when to haul, and backing and filling the topsails, setting and taking in jib and trysail, whenever he thought best.

Our captain gave a few orders, but as Wilson generally countermanded them, saying in an easy, fatherly kind of way, "Oh no! Captain T——, you don't want the jib on her," or, "It isn't time yet to heave!" he soon gave it up. We had no objections to this state of things, for Wilson was a kind old man, and had an encouraging and pleasant way of speaking to us, which made everything go easily. After two or three hours of constant labor at the windlass, heaving and "Vo ho!"-ing



with all our might, we brought up an anchor, with the "Loriotte's" small bower fast to it. Having cleared this and let it go, and cleared our hawse, we soon got our other anchor, which had dragged half over the harbor.

"Now," said Wilson, "I'll find you a good berth;" and setting both the topsails, he carried us down, and brought us to anchor in handsome style, directly abreast of the hide house which we were to use. Having done this, he took his leave, while we furled the sails, and got our breakfast, which was welcome to us, for we had worked hard, and it was nearly twelve o'clock. After breakfast, and until night, we were employed in getting out the boats, and mooring ship.

After supper, two of us took the captain on board the "Lagoda." As he came alongside, he gave his name, and the mate, in the gangway, called out to the captain down the companionway—"Captain T—— has come aboard, sir!" "Has he brought his brig with him?" said the rough old fellow, in a tone which made itself heard fore and aft. This mortified our captain a little, and it became a standing joke among us for the rest of the voyage.



## AMERICAN DEMOCRACY AND WOMEN.

BY ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE.

[ALEXIS CHARLES HENRI CLÉREL DE TOCQUEVILLE, French philosopher and man of affairs, was born at Verneuil in Normandy, of an old patrician family, July 29, 1805; graduated at the Collège de Metz; became a lawyer, and in 1827 a magistrate at Versailles; in 1831 resigned to visit the United States and study its penitentiary system, which he wrote a report on, and the fruit of which was "Democracy in America" (1835-1840). In 1839 he entered political life, advocated the abolition of slavery, and prison reform, and in 1847 became minister of foreign affairs. Imprisoned after the *coup d'état*, he retired to his estate, and wrote "The Old Régime and the Revolution." He died April 16, 1859.]

### EDUCATION OF YOUNG WOMEN IN THE UNITED STATES.

NO FREE communities ever existed without morals; and, as I observed in the former part of this work, morals are the work of woman. Consequently, whatever affects the condition of women, their habits and their opinions, has great political importance in my eyes. Amongst almost all Protestant nations young women are far more the mistresses of their own actions

than they are in Catholic countries. This independence is still greater in Protestant countries like England, which have retained or acquired the right of self-government ; the spirit of freedom is then infused into the domestic circle by political habits and by religious opinions. In the United States the doctrines of Protestantism are combined with great political freedom and a most democratic state of society ; and nowhere are young women surrendered so early or so completely to their own guidance. Long before an American girl arrives at the age of marriage, her emancipation from maternal control begins : she has scarcely ceased to be a child when she already thinks for herself, speaks with freedom, and acts on her own impulse. The great scene of the world is constantly open to her view : far from seeking concealment, it is every day disclosed to her more completely, and she is taught to survey it with a firm and calm gaze. Thus the vices and dangers of society are early revealed to her ; as she sees them clearly, she views them without illusions, and braves them without fear ; for she is full of reliance on her own strength, and her reliance seems to be shared by all who are about her. An American girl scarcely ever displays that virginal bloom in the midst of young desires, or that innocent and ingenuous grace, which usually attend the European woman in the transition from girlhood to youth. It is rarely that an American woman at any age displays childish timidity or ignorance. Like the young women of Europe, she seeks to please, but she knows precisely the cost of pleasing. If she does not abandon herself to evil, at least she knows that it exists ; and she is remarkable rather for purity of manners than for chastity of mind. I have been frequently surprised, and almost frightened, at the singular address and happy boldness with which young women in America contrive to manage their thoughts and their language amidst all the difficulties of stimulating conversation ; a philosopher would have stumbled at every step along the narrow path which they trod without accidents and without effort. It is easy indeed to perceive that, even amidst the independence of early youth, an American woman is always mistress of herself : she indulges in all permitted pleasures, without yielding herself up to any of them ; and her reason never allows the reins of self-guidance to drop, though it often seems to hold them loosely.

In France, where remnants of every age are still so strangely mingled in the opinions and tastes of the people, women com-

monly receive a reserved, retired, and almost conventual education, as they did in aristocratic times ; and then they are suddenly abandoned, without a guide and without assistance, in the midst of all the irregularities inseparable from democratic society. The Americans are more consistent. They have found out that in a democracy the independence of individuals cannot fail to be very great, youth premature, tastes ill-restrained, customs fleeting, public opinion often unsettled and powerless, paternal authority weak, and marital authority contested. Under these circumstances, believing that they had little chance of repressing in woman the most vehement passions of the human heart, they held that the surer way was to teach her the art of combating those passions for herself. As they could not prevent her virtue from being exposed to frequent danger, they determined that she should know how best to defend it ; and more reliance was placed on the free vigor of her will than on safeguards which have been shaken or overthrown. Instead then of inculcating mistrust of herself, they constantly seek to enhance their confidence in her own strength of character. As it is neither possible nor desirable to keep a young woman in perpetual or complete ignorance, they hasten to give her a precocious knowledge on all subjects. Far from hiding the corruptions of the world from her, they prefer that she should see them at once and train herself to shun them ; and they hold it of more importance to protect her conduct than to be overscrupulous of her innocence.

Although the Americans are a very religious people, they do not rely on religion alone to defend the virtue of woman ; they seek to arm her reason also. In this they have followed the same method as in several other respects ; they first make the most vigorous efforts to bring individual independence to exercise a proper control over itself, and they do not call in the aid of religion until they have reached the utmost limits of human strength. I am aware that an education of this kind is not without danger ; I am sensible that it tends to invigorate the judgment at the expense of the imagination, and to make cold and virtuous women instead of affectionate wives and agreeable companions to man. Society may be more tranquil and better regulated, but domestic life has often fewer charms. These, however, are secondary evils, which may be braved for the sake of higher interests. At the stage at which we are now arrived the time for choosing is no longer within our con-

trol ; a democratic education is indispensable to protect women from the dangers with which democratic institutions and manners surround them.

### THE YOUNG WOMAN IN THE CHARACTER OF A WIFE.

In America the independence of woman is irrecoverably lost in the bonds of matrimony : if an unmarried woman is less constrained there than elsewhere, a wife is subjected to stricter obligations. The former makes her father's house an abode of freedom and of pleasure ; the latter lives in the home of her husband as if it were a cloister. Yet these two different conditions of life are perhaps not so contrary as may be supposed, and it is natural that the American women should pass through the one to arrive at the other.

Religious peoples and trading nations entertain peculiarly serious notions of marriage : the former consider the regularity of woman's life as the best pledge and most certain sign of the purity of her morals ; the latter regard it as the highest security for the order and prosperity of the household. The Americans are at the same time a puritanical people and a commercial nation : their religious opinions, as well as their trading habits, consequently lead them to require much abnegation on the part of woman, and a constant sacrifice of her pleasures to her duties which is seldom demanded of her in Europe. Thus in the United States the inexorable opinion of the public carefully circumscribes woman within the narrow circle of domestic interests and duties, and forbids her to step beyond it.

Upon her entrance into the world a young American woman finds these notions firmly established ; she sees the rules which are derived from them ; she is not slow to perceive that she cannot depart for an instant from the established usages of her contemporaries, without putting in jeopardy her peace of mind, her honor, may even her social existence ; and she finds the energy required for such an act of submission in the firmness of her understanding and in the virile habits which her education has given her. It may be said that she has learned by the use of her independence to surrender it without a struggle and without a murmur when the time comes for making the sacrifice. But no American woman falls into the toils of matrimony as into a snare held out to her simplicity and ignorance. She has been taught beforehand what is expected of her, and volun-



tarily and freely does she enter upon this engagement. She supports her new condition with courage, because she chose it. As in America paternal discipline is very relaxed and the conjugal tie very strict, a young woman does not contract the latter without considerable circumspection and apprehension. Precocious marriages are rare. Thus American women do not marry until their understandings are exercised and ripened; whereas in other countries most women generally only begin to exercise and to ripen their understandings after marriage.

I by no means suppose, however, that the great change which takes place in all the habits of women in the United States, as soon as they are married, ought solely to be attributed to the constraint of public opinion: it is frequently imposed upon themselves by the sole effort of their own will. When the time for choosing a husband is arrived, that cold and stern reasoning power which has been educated and invigorated by the free observation of the world teaches an American woman that a spirit of levity and independence in the bonds of marriage is a constant subject of annoyance, not of pleasure; it tells her that the amusements of the girl cannot become the recreations of the wife, and that the sources of a married woman's happiness are in the home of her husband. As she clearly discerns beforehand the only road which can lead to domestic happiness, she enters upon it at once, and follows it to the end without seeking to turn back.

The same strength of purpose which the young wives of America display, in bending themselves at once and without repining to the austere duties of their new condition, is no less manifest in all the great trials of their lives. In no country in the world are private fortunes more precarious than in the United States. It is not uncommon for the same man, in the course of his life, to rise and sink again through all the grades which lead from opulence to poverty. American women support these vicissitudes with calm and unquenchable energy: it would seem that their desires contract, as easily as they expand, with their fortunes.

The greater part of the adventurers who migrate every year to people the western wilds belong, as I observed in the former part of this work, to the old Anglo-American race of the Northern States. Many of these men, who rush so boldly onwards in pursuit of wealth, were already in the enjoyment of a competency in their own part of the country. They take

their wives along with them, and make them share the countless perils and privations which always attend the commencement of these expeditions. I have often met, even on the verge of the wilderness, with young women who, after having been brought up amidst all the comforts of the large towns of New England, had passed, almost without any intermediate stage, from the wealthy abode of their parents to a comfortless hovel in a forest. Fever, solitude, and a tedious life had not broken the springs of their courage. Their features were impaired and faded, but their looks were firm : they appeared to be at once sad and resolute. I do not doubt that these young American women had amassed, in the education of their early years, that inward strength which they displayed under these circumstances. The early culture of the girl may still therefore be traced, in the United States, under the aspect of marriage : her part is changed, her habits are different, but her character is the same.

#### THAT THE EQUALITY OF CONDITIONS CONTRIBUTES TO THE MAINTENANCE OF GOOD MORALS IN AMERICA.

Some philosophers and historians have said, or have hinted, that the strictness of female morality was increased or diminished simply by the distance of a country from the equator. This solution of the difficulty was an easy one ; and nothing was required but a globe and a pair of compasses to settle in an instant one of the most difficult problems in the condition of mankind. But I am not aware that this principle of the materialists is supported by facts. The same nations have been chaste or dissolute at different periods of their history ; the strictness or the laxity of their morals depended therefore on some variable cause, not only on the natural qualities of their country, which were invariable. I do not deny that in certain climates the passions which are occasioned by the mutual attraction of the sexes are peculiarly intense ; but I am of opinion that this natural intensity may always be excited or restrained by the condition of society and by political institutions.

Although the travelers who have visited North America differ on a great number of points, they all agree in remarking that morals are far more strict there than elsewhere. It is evident that on this point the Americans are very superior to

their progenitors the English. A superficial glance at the two nations will establish the fact. In England, as in all other countries of Europe, public malice is constantly attacking the frailties of women. Philosophers and statesmen are heard to deplore that morals are not sufficiently strict, and the literary productions of the country constantly lead one to suppose so. In America all books, novels not excepted, suppose women to be chaste, and no one thinks of relating affairs of gallantry. No doubt this great regularity of American morals originates partly in the country, in the race of the people, and in their religion: but all these causes, which operate elsewhere, do not suffice to account for it; recourse must be had to some special reason. This reason appears to me to be the principle of equality and the institutions derived from it. Equality of conditions does not of itself engender regularity of morals, but it unquestionably facilitates and increases it.

Amongst aristocratic nations birth and fortune frequently make two such different beings of man and woman that they can never be united to each other. Their passions draw them together, but the condition of society, and the notions suggested by it, prevent them from contracting a permanent and ostensible tie. The necessary consequence is a great number of transient and clandestine connections. Nature secretly avenges herself for the constraint imposed upon her by the laws of man. This is not so much the case when the equality of conditions has swept away all the imaginary, or the real, barriers which separated man from woman. No girl then believes that she cannot become the wife of the man who loves her; and this renders all breaches of morality before marriage very uncommon: for, whatever be the credulity of the passions, a woman will hardly be able to persuade herself that she is beloved, when her lover is perfectly free to marry her and does not.

The same cause operates, though more indirectly, on married life. Nothing better serves to justify an illicit passion, either to the minds of those who have conceived it or to the world which looks on, than compulsory or accidental marriages. In a country in which a woman is always free to exercise her power of choosing, and in which education has prepared her to choose rightly, public opinion is inexorable to her faults. The rigor of the Americans arises in part from this cause. They consider marriages as a covenant which is

often onerous, but every condition of which the parties are strictly bound to fulfill, because they knew all those conditions beforehand and were perfectly free not to have contracted them.

The very circumstances which render matrimonial fidelity more obligatory also render it more easy. In aristocratic countries the object of marriage is rather to unite property than persons; hence the husband is sometimes at school and the wife at nurse when they are betrothed. It cannot be wondered at if the conjugal tie which holds the fortunes of the pair united allows their hearts to rove; this is the natural result of the nature of the contract. When, on the contrary, a man always chooses a wife for himself, without any external coercion or even guidance, it is generally a conformity of tastes and opinions which brings a man and a woman together, and this same conformity keeps and fixes them in close habits of intimacy.

Our forefathers had conceived a very strange notion on the subject of marriage: as they had remarked that the small number of love matches which occurred in their time almost always turned out ill, they resolutely inferred that it was exceedingly dangerous to listen to the dictates of the heart on the subject. Accident appeared to them to be a better guide than choice. Yet it was not very difficult to perceive that the examples which they witnessed did in fact prove nothing at all. For in the first place, if democratic nations leave a woman at liberty to choose her husband, they take care to give her mind sufficient knowledge, and her will sufficient strength, to make so important a choice: whereas the young women who, amongst aristocratic nations, furtively elope from the authority of their parents to throw themselves of their own accord into the arms of men whom they have had neither time to know, nor ability to judge of, are totally without those securities. It is not surprising that they make a bad use of their freedom of action the first time they avail themselves of it; nor that they fall into such cruel mistakes, when, not having received a democratic education, they choose to marry in conformity to democratic customs. But this is not all. When a man and woman are bent upon marriage in spite of the differences of an aristocratic state of society, the difficulties to be overcome are enormous. Having broken or relaxed the bonds of filial obedience, they have then to emancipate themselves by a final effort from the sway of custom and the tyranny of opinion; and when at



length they have succeeded in this arduous task, they stand estranged from their natural friends and kinsmen: the prejudice they have crossed separates them from all, and places them in a situation which soon breaks their courage and sours their hearts. If, then, a couple married in this manner are first unhappy and afterwards criminal, it ought not to be attributed to the freedom of their choice, but rather to their living in a community in which this freedom of choice is not admitted.

Moreover it should not be forgotten that the same effort which makes a man violently shake off a prevailing error commonly impels him beyond the bounds of reason; that, to dare to declare war, in however just a cause, against the opinion of one's age and country, a violent and adventurous spirit is required, and that men of this character seldom arrive at happiness or virtue, whatever be the path they follow. And this, it may be observed by the way, is the reason why, in the most necessary and righteous revolutions, it is so rare to meet with virtuous or moderate revolutionary characters. There is then no just ground for surprise if a man, who in an age of aristocracy chooses to consult nothing but his own opinion and his own taste in the choice of a wife, soon finds that infractions of morality and domestic wretchedness invade his household: but when this same line of action is in the natural and ordinary course of things, when it is sanctioned by parental authority and backed by public opinion, it cannot be doubted that the internal peace of families will be increased by it, and conjugal fidelity more rigidly observed.

Almost all men in democracies are engaged in public or professional life; and on the other hand the limited extent of common incomes obliges a wife to confine herself to the house, in order to watch in person and very closely over the details of domestic economy. All these distinct and compulsory occupations are so many natural barriers, which, by keeping the two sexes asunder, render the solicitations of the one less frequent and less ardent—the resistance of the other more easy.

Not indeed that the equality of conditions can ever succeed in making men chaste, but it may impart a less dangerous character to their breaches of morality. As no one has then either sufficient time or opportunity to assail a virtue armed in self-defense, there will be at the same time a great number of

courtesans and a great number of virtuous women. This state of things causes lamentable cases of individual hardship, but it does not prevent the body of society from being strong and alert: it does not destroy family ties, or enervate the morals of the nation. Society is endangered not by the great profligacy of a few, but by laxity of morals amongst all. In the eyes of a legislator, prostitution is less to be dreaded than intrigue.

The tumultuous and constantly harassed life which equality makes men lead, not only distracts them from the passion of love, by denying them time to indulge in it, but it diverts them from it by another more secret but more certain road. All men who live in democratic ages more or less contract the ways of thinking of the manufacturing and trading classes; their minds take a serious, deliberate, and positive turn; they are apt to relinquish the ideal, in order to pursue some visible and proximate object, which appears to be the natural and necessary aim of their desires. Thus the principle of equality does not destroy the imagination, but lowers its flight to the level of the earth. No men are less addicted to reverie than the citizens of a democracy; and few of them are ever known to give way to those idle and solitary meditations which commonly precede and produce the great emotions of the heart. It is true they attach great importance to procuring for themselves that sort of deep, regular, and quiet affection which constitutes the charm and safeguard of life, but they are not apt to run after those violent and capricious sources of excitement which disturb and abridge it.

I am aware that all this is only applicable in its full extent to America, and cannot at present be extended to Europe. In the course of the last half-century, whilst laws and customs have impelled several European nations with unexampled force towards democracy, we have not had occasion to observe that the relations of man and woman have become more orderly or more chaste. In some places the very reverse may be detected: some classes are more strict—the general morality of the people appears to be more lax. I do not hesitate to make the remark, for I am as little disposed to flatter my contemporaries as to malign them. This fact must distress, but it ought not to surprise us. The propitious influence which a democratic state of society may exercise upon orderly habits is one of those tendencies which can only be discovered after a time.

If the equality of conditions is favorable to purity of morals, the social commotion by which conditions are rendered equal is adverse to it. In the last fifty years, during which France has been undergoing this transformation, that country has rarely had freedom, always disturbance. Amidst this universal confusion of notions and this general stir of opinions — amidst this incoherent mixture of the just and the unjust, of truth and falsehood, of right and might — public virtue has become doubtful, and private morality wavering. But all revolutions, whatever may have been their object or their agents, have at first produced similar consequences; even those which have in the end drawn the bonds of morality more tightly began by loosening them. The violations of morality which the French frequently witness do not appear to me to have a permanent character; and this is already betokened by some curious signs of the times.

Nothing is more wretchedly corrupt than an aristocracy which retains its wealth when it has lost its power, and which still enjoys a vast deal of leisure after it is reduced to mere vulgar pastimes. The energetic passions and great conceptions which animated it heretofore leave it then; and nothing remains to it but a host of petty consuming vices, which cling about it like worms upon a carcass. No one denies that the French aristocracy of the last century was extremely dissolute; whereas established habits and ancient belief still preserved some respect for morality amongst the other classes of society. Nor will it be contested that at the present day the remnants of that same aristocracy exhibit a certain severity of morals; whilst laxity of morals appears to have spread amongst the middle and lower ranks. So that the same families which were most profligate fifty years ago are nowadays the most exemplary, and democracy seems only to have strengthened the morality of the aristocratic classes. The French Revolution, by dividing the fortunes of the nobility, by forcing them to attend assiduously to their affairs and to their families, by making them live under the same roof with their children, and in short by giving a more rational and serious turn to their minds, has imparted to them, almost without their being aware of it, a reverence for religious belief, a love of order, of tranquil pleasures, of domestic endearments, and of comfort; whereas the rest of the nation, which had naturally these same tastes, was carried away into excesses by the effort which was required to

overthrow the laws and political habits of the country. The old French aristocracy has undergone the consequences of the revolution, but it neither felt the revolutionary passions, nor shared in the anarchical excitement which produced that crisis; it may easily be conceived that this aristocracy feels the salutary influence of the revolution in its manners, before those who achieve it. It may therefore be said, though at first it seems paradoxical, that, at the present day, the most anti-democratic classes of the nation principally exhibit the kind of morality which may reasonably be anticipated from democracy. I cannot but think that when we shall have obtained all the effects of this democratic revolution, after having got rid of the tumult it has caused, the observations which are now only applicable to the few will gradually become true of the whole community.

#### HOW THE AMERICANS UNDERSTAND THE EQUALITY OF THE SEXES.

I have shown how democracy destroys or modifies the different inequalities which originate in society; but is this all? or does it not ultimately affect that great inequality of man and woman which has seemed, up to the present day, to be eternally based in human nature? I believe that the social changes which bring nearer to the same level the father and son, the master and servant, and superiors and inferiors generally speaking, will raise woman and make her more and more the equal of man. But here, more than ever, I feel the necessity of making myself clearly understood; for there is no subject on which the coarse and lawless fancies of our age have taken a freer range.

There are people in Europe who, confounding together the different characteristics of the sexes, would make of man and woman beings not only equal but alike. They would give to both the same functions, impose on both the same duties, and grant to both the same rights; they would mix them in all things — their occupations, their pleasures, their business. It may readily be conceived that, by thus attempting to make one sex equal to the other, both are degraded; and from so preposterous a medley of the works of nature nothing could ever result but weak men and disorderly women.

It is not thus that the Americans understand that species of democratic equality which may be established between the sexes.



They admit that, as nature has appointed such wide differences between the physical and moral constitution of man and woman, her manifest design was to give a distinct employment to their various faculties; and they hold that improvement does not consist in making beings so dissimilar do pretty nearly the same things, but in getting each of them to fulfill their respective tasks in the best possible manner. The Americans have applied to the sexes the great principle of political economy which governs the manufactures of our age, by carefully dividing the duties of man from those of woman, in order that the great work of society may be the better carried on.

In no country has such constant care been taken as in America to trace two clearly distinct lines of action for the two sexes, and to make them keep pace one with the other, but in two pathways which are always different. American women never manage the outward concerns of the family, or conduct a business, or take a part in political life; nor are they, on the other hand, ever compelled to perform the rough labor of the fields, or to make any of those laborious exertions which demand the exertion of physical strength. No families are so poor as to form an exception to this rule. If on the one hand an American woman cannot escape from the quiet circle of domestic employments, on the other hand she is never forced to go beyond it. Hence it is that the women of America, who often exhibit a masculine strength of understanding and a manly energy, generally preserve great delicacy of personal appearance and always retain the manners of women, although they sometimes show that they have the hearts and minds of men.

Nor have the Americans ever supposed that one consequence of democratic principles is the subversion of marital power, or the confusion of the natural authorities in families. They hold that every association must have a head in order to accomplish its object, and that the natural head of the conjugal association is man. They do not therefore deny him the right of directing his partner; and they maintain that in the smaller association of husband and wife, as well as in the great social community, the object of democracy is to regulate and legalize the powers which are necessary, not to subvert all power. This opinion is not peculiar to one sex, and contested by the other: I never observed that the women of America consider conjugal authority as a fortunate usurpation of their rights, nor that

they thought themselves degraded by submitting to it. It appeared to me, on the contrary, that they attach a sort of pride to the voluntary surrender of their own will, and make it their boast to bend themselves to the yoke, not to shake it off. Such at least is the feeling expressed by the most virtuous of their sex ; the others are silent ; and in the United States it is not the practice for a guilty wife to clamor for the rights of women, whilst she is trampling on her holiest duties.

It has often been remarked that in Europe a certain degree of contempt lurks even in the flattery which men lavish upon women : although a European frequently affects to be the slave of woman, it may be seen that he never sincerely thinks her his equal. In the United States men seldom compliment women, but they daily show how much they esteem them. They constantly display an entire confidence in the understanding of a wife, and a profound respect for her freedom ; they have decided that her mind is just as fitted as that of a man to discover the plain truth, and her heart as firm to embrace it ; and they have never sought to place her virtue, any more than his, under the shelter of prejudice, ignorance, and fear. It would seem that in Europe, where man so easily submits to the despotic sway of women, they are nevertheless curtailed of some of the greatest qualities of the human species, and considered as seductive but imperfect beings ; and (what may well provoke astonishment) women ultimately look upon themselves in the same light, and almost consider it as a privilege that they are entitled to show themselves futile, feeble, and timid. The women of America claim no such privileges.

Again, it may be said that in our morals we have reserved strange immunities to man ; so that there is, as it were, one virtue for his use, and another for the guidance of his partner ; and that, according to the opinion of the public, the very same act may be punished alternately as a crime or only as a fault. The Americans know not this iniquitous division of duties and rights ; amongst them the seducer is as much dishonored as his victim. It is true that the Americans rarely lavish upon women those eager attentions which are commonly paid them in Europe ; but their conduct to women always implies that they suppose them to be virtuous and refined ; and such is the respect entertained for the moral freedom of the sex that in the presence of a woman the most guarded language is used, lest her ear should be offended by an expression. In America

a young unmarried woman may, alone and without fear, undertake a long journey.

The legislators of the United States, who have mitigated almost all the penalties of criminal law, still make rape a capital offense, and no crime is visited with more inexorable severity by public opinion. This may be accounted for; as the Americans can conceive nothing more precious than a woman's honor, and nothing which ought so much to be respected as her independence, they hold that no punishment is too severe for the man who deprives her of them against her will. In France, where the same offense is visited with far milder penalties, it is frequently difficult to get a verdict from a jury against the prisoner. Is this a consequence of contempt of decency or contempt of women? I cannot but believe that it is a contempt of one and of the other.

Thus the Americans do not think that man and woman have either the duty or the right to perform the same offices, but they show an equal regard for both their respective parts; and though their lot is different, they consider both of them as beings of equal value. They do not give to the courage of woman the same form or the same direction as to that of man; but they never doubt her courage: and if they hold that man and his partner ought not always to exercise their intellect and understanding in the same manner, they at least believe the understanding of the one to be as sound as that of the other, and her intellect to be as clear. Thus, then, whilst they have allowed the social inferiority of woman to subsist, they have done all they could to raise her morally and intellectually to the level of man; and in this respect they appear to me to have excellently understood the true principle of democratic improvement. As for myself, I do not hesitate to avow that, although the women of the United States are confined within the narrow circle of domestic life, and their situation is in some respects one of extreme dependence, I have nowhere seen woman occupying a loftier position; and if I were asked, now that I am drawing to the close of this work, in which I have spoken of so many important things done by the Americans, to what the singular prosperity and growing strength of that people ought mainly to be attributed, I should reply, — to the superiority of their women.

## COMPENSATION.

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

[RALPH WALDO EMERSON, the eminent American poet, essayist, and lecturer, was born in Boston, May 25, 1803. He came of a long line of ministers; and after graduating from Harvard, taught for a few years, and in 1829 was ordained pastor of the Second Unitarian Church. This office, however, he resigned in 1832, on account of the gradually increasing differences between his own modes of thought and those of his hearers. He then made a brief trip to Europe, during which he became acquainted with Carlyle, and on his return commenced his career as lecturer, meeting with continued success in the United States and England. In 1840, on the establishment of the *Dial*, the organ of the Transcendentalists, he became a contributor, and from 1842 to 1844 its editor. He died at his home in Concord, Mass., April 27, 1882. His collected works include: "Nature," "Essays" (two series), "Representative Men," "English Traits," "Society and Solitude," "Letters and Social Aims," "Poems."]

EVER since I was a boy I have wished to write a discourse on Compensation; for it seemed to me when very young that on this subject Life was ahead of theology and the people knew more than the preachers taught. The documents too from which the doctrine is to be drawn charmed my fancy by their endless variety, and lay always before me, even in sleep; for they are the tools in our hands, the bread in our basket, the transactions of the street, the farm, and the dwelling house; the greetings, the relations, the debts and credits, the influence of character, the nature and endowment of all men. It seemed to me also that in it might be shown men a ray of divinity, the present action of the Soul of this world, clean from all vestige of tradition; and so the heart of man might be bathed by an inundation of eternal love, conversing with that which he knows was always and always must be, because it really is now. It appeared moreover that if this doctrine could be stated in terms with any resemblance to those bright intuitions in which this truth is sometimes revealed to us, it would be a star in many dark hours and crooked passages in our journey, that would not suffer us to lose our way.

I was lately confirmed in these desires by hearing a sermon at church. The preacher, a man esteemed for his orthodoxy, unfolded in the ordinary manner the doctrine of the Last Judgment. He assumed that judgment is not executed in this world; that the wicked are successful; that the good are miserable; and then urged from reason and from Scripture a com-



pensation to be made to both parties in the next life. No offense appeared to be taken by the congregation at this doctrine. As far as I could observe when the meeting broke up they separated without remark on the sermon.

Yet what was the import of this teaching? What did the preacher mean by saying that the good are miserable in the present life? Was it that houses and lands, offices, wine, horses, dress, luxury, are had by unprincipled men, whilst the saints are poor and despised; and that a compensation is to be made to these last hereafter, by giving them the like gratifications another day, — bank stock and doubloons, venison and champagne? This must be the compensation intended; for what else? Is it that they are to have leave to pray and praise? to love and serve men? Why, that they can do now. The legitimate inference the disciple would draw was, “We are to have *such* a good time as the sinners have now”; — or, to push it to its extreme import, — “You sin now, we shall sin by and by; we would sin now, if we could; not being successful we expect our revenge to-morrow.”

The fallacy lay in the immense concession that the bad are successful; that justice is not done now. The blindness of the preacher consisted in deferring to the base estimate of the market of what constitutes a manly success, instead of confronting and convicting the world from the truth; announcing the Presence of the Soul; the omnipotence of the Will; and so establishing the standard of good and ill, of success and falsehood, and summoning the dead to its present tribunal.

I find a similar base tone in the popular religious works of the day and the same doctrines assumed by the literary men when occasionally they treat the related topics. I think that our popular theology has gained in decorum, and not in principle, over the superstitions it has displaced. But men are better than this theology. Their daily life gives it the lie. Every ingenuous and aspiring soul leaves the doctrine behind him in his own experience, and all men feel sometimes the falsehood which they cannot demonstrate. For men are wiser than they know. That which they hear in schools and pulpits without afterthought, if said in conversation would probably be questioned in silence. If a man dogmatize in a mixed company on Providence and the divine laws, he is answered by a silence which conveys well enough to an observer the dissatisfaction of the hearer, but his incapacity to make his own statement.

I shall attempt in this and the following chapter to record some facts that indicate the path of the law of Compensation ; happy beyond my expectation if I shall truly draw the smallest are of this circle.

POLARITY, or action and reaction, we meet in every part of nature ; in darkness and light ; in heat and cold ; in the ebb and flow of waters ; in male and female ; in the inspiration and expiration of plants and animals ; in the systole and diastole of the heart ; in the undulations of fluids and of sound ; in the centrifugal and centripetal gravity ; in electricity, galvanism, and chemical affinity. Superinduce magnetism at one end of a needle, the opposite magnetism takes place at the other end. If the south attracts, the north repels. To empty here, you must condense there. An inevitable dualism bisects nature, so that each thing is a half, and suggests another thing to make it whole ; as, spirit, matter ; man, woman ; subjective, objective ; in, out ; upper, under ; motion, rest ; yea, nay.

Whilst the world is thus dual, so is every one of its parts. The entire system of things gets represented in every particle. There is somewhat that resembles the ebb and flow of the sea, day and night, man and woman, in a single needle of the pine, in a kernel of corn, in each individual of every animal tribe. The reaction, so grand in the elements, is repeated within these small boundaries. For example, in the animal kingdom the physiologist has observed that no creatures are favorites, but a certain compensation balances every gift and every defect. A surplusage given to one part is paid out of a reduction from another part of the same creature. If the head and neck are enlarged, the trunk and extremities are cut short.

The theory of the mechanic forces is another example. What we gain in power is lost in time, and the converse. The periodic or compensating errors of the planets is another instance. The influences of climate and soil in political history are another. The cold climate invigorates. The barren soil does not breed fevers, crocodiles, tigers, or scorpions.

The same dualism underlies the nature and condition of man. Every excess causes a defect ; every defect an excess. Every sweet hath its sour ; every evil its good. Every faculty which is a receiver of pleasure has an equal penalty put on its abuse. It is to answer for its moderation with its life. For every grain of wit there is a grain of folly. For every-

thing you have missed, you have gained something else ; and for everything you gain, you lose something. If riches increase, they are increased that use them. If the gatherer gathers too much, nature takes out of the man what she puts into his chest ; swells the estate, but kills the owner. Nature hates monopolies and exceptions. The waves of the sea do not more speedily seek a level from their loftiest tossing than the varieties of condition tend to equalize themselves. There is always some leveling circumstance that puts down the overbearing, the strong, the rich, the fortunate, substantially on the same ground with all others. Is a man too strong and fierce for society and by temper and position a bad citizen, — a morose ruffian, with a dash of the pirate in him ? — nature sends him a troop of pretty sons and daughters who are getting along in the dame's classes at the village school, and love and fear for them smooths his grim scowl to courtesy. Thus she contrives to intenerate the granite and feldspar, takes the boar out and puts the lamb in and keeps her balance true.

The farmer imagines power and place are fine things. But the President has paid dear for his White House. It has commonly cost him all his peace, and the best of his manly attributes. To preserve for a short time so conspicuous an appearance before the world, he is content to eat dust before the real masters who stand erect behind the throne. Or do men desire the more substantial and permanent grandeur of genius ? Neither has this an immunity. He who by force of will or of thought is great and overlooks thousands, has the responsibility of overlooking. With every influx of light comes new danger. Has he light ? he must bear witness to the light, and always outrun that sympathy which gives him such keen satisfaction, by his fidelity to new revelations of the incessant soul. He must hate father and mother, wife and child. Has he all that the world loves and admires and covets ? — he must cast behind him their admiration and afflict them by faithfulness to his truth and become a byword and a hissing.

This Law writes the laws of cities and nations. It will not be balked of its end in the smallest iota. It is in vain to build or plot or combine against it. Things refuse to be mismanaged long. *Res nolunt diu male administrari*. Though no checks to a new evil appear, the checks exist, and will appear. If the government is cruel, the governor's life is not safe. If you tax too high, the revenue will yield nothing. If you make

the criminal code sanguinary, juries will not convict. Nothing arbitrary, nothing artificial can endure. The true life and satisfactions of man seem to elude the utmost rigors or felicities of condition and to establish themselves with great indifference under all varieties of circumstance. Under all governments the influence of character remains the same,—in Turkey and New England about alike. Under the primeval despots of Egypt, history honestly confesses that man must have been as free as culture could make him.

These appearances indicate the fact that the universe is represented in every one of its particles. Everything in nature contains all the powers of nature. Everything is made of one hidden stuff ; as the naturalist sees one type under every metamorphosis, and regards a horse as a running man, a fish as a swimming man, a bird as a flying man, a tree as a rooted man. Each new form repeats not only the main character of the type, but part for part all the details, all the aims, furtherances, hindrances, energies and whole system of every other. Every occupation, trade, art, transaction, is a compend of the world and a correlative of every other. Each one is an entire emblem of human life ; of its good and ill, its trials, its enemies, its course and its end. And each one must somehow accommodate the whole man and recite all his destiny.

The world globes itself in a drop of dew. The microscope cannot find the animalcule which is less perfect for being little. Eyes, ears, taste, smell, motion, resistance, appetite, and organs of reproduction that take hold on eternity,—all find room to consist in the small creature. So do we put our life into every act. The true doctrine of omnipresence is that God reappears with all his parts in every moss and cobweb. The value of the universe contrives to throw itself into every point. If the good is there, so is the evil ; if the affinity, so the repulsion ; if the force, so the limitation.

Thus is the universe alive. All things are moral. That soul which within us is a sentiment, outside of us is a law. We feel its inspirations ; out there in history we can see its fatal strength. It is almighty. All nature feels its grasp. "It is in the world, and the world was made by it." It is eternal but it enacts itself in time and space. Justice is not postponed. A perfect equity adjusts its balance in all parts of life. *Οἱ κυβοὶ Διὸς ἀεὶ ἐνπίπτουσι.* The dice of God are always loaded. The world looks like a multiplication table,



or a mathematical equation, which, turn it how you will, balances itself. Take what figure you will, its exact value, nor more nor less, still returns to you. Every secret is told, every crime is punished, every virtue rewarded, every wrong redressed, in silence and certainty. What we call retribution is the universal necessity by which the whole appears wherever a part appears. If you see smoke, there must be fire. If you see a hand or a limb, you know that the trunk to which it belongs is there behind.

Every act rewards itself, or in other words integrates itself, in a twofold manner : first in the thing, or in real nature ; and secondly in the circumstance, or in apparent nature. Men call the circumstance the retribution. The causal retribution is in the thing and is seen by the soul. The retribution in the circumstance is seen by the understanding ; it is inseparable from the thing, but is often spread over a long time and so does not become distinct until after many years. The specific stripes may follow late after the offense, but they follow because they accompany it. Crime and punishment grow out of one stem. Punishment is a fruit that unsuspected ripens within the flower of the pleasure which concealed it. Cause and effect, means and ends, seed and fruit, cannot be severed ; for the effect already blooms in the cause, the end preëxists in the means, the fruit in the seed.

Whilst thus the world will be whole and refuses to be disparted, we seek to act partially, to sunder, to appropriate ; for example,—to gratify the senses we sever the pleasure of the senses from the needs of the character. The ingenuity of man has been dedicated to the solution of one problem,—how to detach the sensual sweet, the sensual strong, the sensual bright, etc., from the moral sweet, the moral deep, the moral fair ; that is, again, to contrive to cut clean off this upper surface so thin as to leave it bottomless ; to get a *one end*, without an *other end*. The soul says, Eat ; the body would feast. The soul says, The man and woman shall be one flesh and one soul ; the body would join the flesh only. The soul says, Have dominion over all things to the ends of virtue ; the body would have the power over things to its own ends.

The soul strives amain to live and work through all things. It would be the only fact. All things shall be added unto it,—power, pleasure, knowledge, beauty. The particular man aims to be somebody ; to set up for himself ; to truck and higgler for

a private good ; and, in particulars, to ride that he may ride ; to dress that he may be dressed ; to eat that he may eat ; and to govern, that he may be seen. Men seek to be great ; they would have offices, wealth, power, and fame. They think that to be great is to get only one side of nature, — the sweet, without the other side, — the bitter.

Steadily is this dividing and detaching counteracted. Up to this day it must be owned no projector has had the smallest success. The parted water reunites behind our hand. Pleasure is taken out of pleasant things, profit out of profitable things, power out of strong things, the moment we seek to separate them from the whole. We can no more halve things and get the sensual good, by itself, than we can get an inside that shall have no outside, or a light without a shadow. “Drive out nature with a fork, she comes running back.”

Life invests itself with inevitable conditions, which the unwise seek to dodge, which one and another brags that he does not know, brags that they do not touch him ; — but the brag is on his lips, the conditions are in his soul. If he escapes them in one part they attack him in another more vital part. If he has escaped them in form and in the appearance, it is because he has resisted his life and fled from himself, and the retribution is so much death. So signal is the failure of all attempts to make this separation of the good from the tax, that the experiment would not be tried, — since to try it is to be mad, — but for the circumstance that when the disease began in the will, of rebellion and separation, the intellect is at once infected, so that the man ceases to see God whole in each object, but is able to see the sensual allurements of an object and not see the sensual hurt ; he sees the mermaid’s head but not the dragon’s tail, and thinks he can cut off that which he would have from that which he would not have. “How secret art thou who dwellest in the highest heavens in silence, O thou only great God, sprinkling with an unwearied providence certain penal blindnesses upon such as have unbridled desires !”

The human soul is true to these facts in the painting of fable, of history, of law, of proverbs, of conversation. It finds a tongue in literature unawares. Thus the Greeks called Jupiter, Supreme Mind ; but having traditionally ascribed to him many base actions, they involuntarily made amends to Reason by tying up the hands of so bad a god. He is made as helpless as a king of England. Prometheus knows one secret which

Jove must bargain for ; Minerva, another. He cannot get his own thunders ; Minerva keeps the key of them : —

Of all the gods, I only know the keys  
That ope the solid doors within whose vaults  
His thunders sleep.

A plain confession of the inworking of the All and of its moral aim. The Indian mythology ends in the same ethics ; and indeed it would seem impossible for any fable to be invented and get any currency which was not moral. Aurora forgot to ask youth for her lover, and so though Tithonus is immortal, he is old. Achilles is not quite invulnerable ; for Thetis held him by the heel when she dipped him in the Styx and the sacred waters did not wash that part. Siegfried, in the Nibelungen, is not quite immortal, for a leaf fell on his back whilst he was bathing in the Dragon's blood, and that spot which it covered is mortal. And so it always is. There is a crack in everything God has made. Always it would seem there is this vindictive circumstance stealing in at unawares even into the wild poesy in which the human fancy attempted to make bold holiday and to shake itself free of the old laws,—this back stroke, this kick of the gun, certifying that the law is fatal ; that in nature nothing can be given, all things are sold.

This is that ancient doctrine of Nemesis, who keeps watch in the Universe and lets no offense go unchastised. The Furies they said are attendants on Justice, and if the sun in heaven should transgress his path they would punish him. The poets related that stone walls and iron swords and leathern thongs had an occult sympathy with the wrongs of their owners ; that the belt which Ajax gave Hector dragged the Trojan hero over the field at the wheels of the car of Achilles, and the sword which Hector gave Ajax was that on whose point Ajax fell. They recorded that when the Thasians erected a statue to Theogenes, a victor in the games, one of his rivals went to it by night and endeavored to throw it down by repeated blows, until at last he moved it from its pedestal and was crushed to death beneath its fall.

This voice of fable has in it somewhat divine. It came from thought above the will of the writer. That is the best part of each writer which has nothing private in it ; that is the best part of each which he does not know ; that which flowed

out of his constitution and not from his too active invention; that which in the study of a single artist you might not easily find, but in the study of many you would abstract as the spirit of them all. Phidias it is not, but the work of man in that early Hellenic world that I would know. The name and circumstance of Phidias, however convenient for history, embarrasses when we come to the highest criticism. We are to see that which man was tending to do in a given period, and was hindered, or, if you will, modified in doing, by the interfering volitions of Phidias, of Dante, of Shakespeare, the organ whereby man at the moment wrought.

Still more striking is the expression of this fact in the proverbs of all nations, which are always the literature of Reason, or the statements of an absolute truth without qualification. Proverbs, like the sacred books of each nation, are the sanctuary of the Intuitions. That which the droning world, chained to appearances, will not allow the realist to say in his own words, it will suffer him to say in proverbs without contradiction. And this law of laws, which the pulpit, the senate, and the college deny, is hourly preached in all markets and all languages by flights of proverbs, whose teaching is as true and as omnipresent as that of birds and flies.

All things are double, one against another. — Tit for tat; an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth; blood for blood; measure for measure; love for love. — Give, and it shall be given you. — He that watereth shall be watered himself. — What will you have? quoth God; pay for it and take it. — Nothing venture, nothing have. — Thou shalt be paid exactly for what thou hast done, no more, no less. — Who doth not work shall not eat. — Harm watch, harm catch. — Curses always recoil on the head of him who imprecates them. — If you put a chain around the neck of a slave, the other end fastens itself around your own. — Bad counsel confounds the adviser. — The devil is an ass.

It is thus written, because it is thus in life. Our action is overmastered and characterized above our will by the law of nature. We aim at a petty end quite aside from the public good, but our act arranges itself by irresistible magnetism in a line with the poles of the world.

A man cannot speak but he judges himself. With his will or against his will he draws his portrait to the eye of his companions by every word. Every opinion reacts on him who



utters it. It is a thread ball thrown at a mark, but the other end remains in the thrower's bag. Or, rather, it is a harpoon thrown at the whale, unwinding, as it flies, a coil of cord in the boat, and, if the harpoon is not good, or not well thrown, it will go nigh to cut the steersman in twain or to sink the boat.

You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong. "No man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him," said Burke. The exclusive in fashionable life does not see that he excludes himself from enjoyment, in the attempt to appropriate it. The exclusionist in religion does not see that he shuts the door of heaven on himself, in striving to shut out others. Treat men as pawns and ninepins and you shall suffer as well as they. If you leave out their heart, you shall lose your own. The senses would make things of all persons; of women, of children, of the poor. The vulgar proverb, "I will get it from his purse or get it from his skin," is sound philosophy.

All infractions of love and equity in our social relations are speedily punished. They are punished by Fear. Whilst I stand in simple relations to my fellow-man, I have no displeasure in meeting him. We meet as water meets water, or as two currents of air mix, with perfect diffusion and interpenetration of nature. But as soon as there is any departure from simplicity and attempt at halfness, or good for me that is not good for him, my neighbor feels the wrong; he shrinks from me as far as I have shrunk from him; his eyes no longer seek mine; there is war between us; there is hate in him and fear in me.

All the old abuses in society, the great and universal and the petty and particular, all unjust accumulations of property and power, are avenged in the same manner. Fear is an instructor of great sagacity and the herald of all revolutions. One thing he always teaches, that there is rottenness where he appears. He is a carrion crow, and though you see not well what he hovers for, there is death somewhere. Our property is timid, our laws are timid, our cultivated classes are timid. Fear for ages has boded and gibbered over government and property. That obscene bird is not there for nothing. He indicates great wrongs which must be revised.

Of the like nature is that expectation of change which instantly follows the suspension of our voluntary activity. The terror of cloudless noon, the emerald of Polycrates, the awe of prosperity, the instinct which leads every generous soul to

impose on itself tasks of a noble asceticism and vicarious virtue, are the tremblings of the balance of justice through the heart and mind of man.

Experienced men of the world know very well that it is best to pay scot and lot as they go along, and that a man often pays dear for a small frugality. The borrower runs in his own debt. Has a man gained anything who has received a hundred favors and rendered none? Has he gained by borrowing, through indolence or cunning, his neighbor's wares, or horses, or money? There arises on the deed the instant acknowledgment of benefit on the one part and of debt on the other; that is, of superiority and inferiority. The transaction remains in the memory of himself and his neighbor; and every new transaction alters according to its nature their relation to each other. He may soon come to see that he had better have broken his own bones than to have ridden in his neighbor's coach, and that "the highest price he can pay for a thing is to ask for it."

A wise man will extend this lesson to all parts of life, and know that it is always the part of prudence to face every claimant and pay every just demand on your time, your talents, or your heart. Always pay; for first or last you must pay your entire debt. Persons and events may stand for a time between you and justice, but it is only a postponement. You must pay at last your own debt. If you are wise you will dread a prosperity which only loads you with more. Benefit is the end of nature. But for every benefit which you receive, a tax is levied. He is great who confers the most benefits. He is base, — and that is the one base thing in the universe, — to receive favors and render none. In the order of nature we cannot render benefits to those from whom we receive them, or only seldom. But the benefit we receive must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, cent for cent, to somebody. Beware of too much good staying in your hand. It will fast corrupt and worm worms. Pay it away quickly in some sort.

Labor is watched over by the same pitiless laws. Cheapest, say the prudent, is the dearest labor. What we buy in a broom, a mat, a wagon, a knife, is some application of good sense to a common want. It is best to pay in your land a skillful gardener, or to buy good sense applied to gardening; in your sailor, good sense applied to navigation; in the house, good sense applied to cooking, sewing, serving; in your agent, good sense applied to accounts and affairs. So do you multiply your presence, or

spread yourself throughout your estate. But because of the dual constitution of things, in labor as in life there can be no cheating. The thief steals from himself. The swindler swindles himself. For the real price of labor is knowledge and virtue, whereof wealth and credit are signs. These signs, like paper money, may be counterfeited or stolen, but that which they represent, namely, knowledge and virtue, cannot be counterfeited or stolen. These ends of labor cannot be answered but by real exertions of the mind, and in obedience to pure motives. The cheat, the defaulter, the gambler, cannot extort the benefit, cannot extort the knowledge of material and moral nature which his honest care and pains yield to the operative. The law of nature is, Do the thing, and you shall have the power; but they who do not the thing have not the power.

Human labor, through all its forms, from the sharpening of a stake to the construction of a city or an epic, is one immense illustration of the perfect compensation of the universe. Everywhere and always this law is sublime. The absolute balance of Give and Take, the doctrine that everything has its price, and if that price is not paid, not that thing but something else is obtained, and that it is impossible to get anything without its price, is not less sublime in the columns of a ledger than in the budgets of states, in the laws of light and darkness, in all the action and reaction of nature. I cannot doubt that the high laws which each man sees ever implicated in those processes with which he is conversant, the stern ethics which sparkle on his chisel edge, which are measured out by his plumb and foot rule, which stand as manifest in the footing of the shop bill as in the history of a state, — do recommend to him his trade, and though seldom named, exalt his business to his imagination.

The league between virtue and nature engages all things to assume a hostile front to vice. The beautiful laws and substances of the world persecute and whip the traitor. He finds that things are arranged for truth and benefit, but there is no den in the wide world to hide a rogue. Commit a crime, and the earth is made of glass. There is no such thing as concealment. Commit a crime, and it seems as if a coat of snow fell on the ground, such as reveals in the woods the track of every partridge and fox and squirrel and mole. You cannot recall the spoken word, you cannot wipe out the foot track, you cannot draw up the ladder, so as to leave no inlet or clew. Always some damning circumstance transpires. The laws and

substances of nature, water, snow, wind, gravitation, become penalties to the thief.

On the other hand the law holds with equal sureness for all right action. Love, and you shall be loved. All love is mathematically just, as much as the two sides of an algebraic equation. The good man has absolute good, which like fire turns everything to its own nature, so that you cannot do him any harm ; but as the royal armies sent against Napoleon, when he approached cast down their colors and from enemies became friends, so do disasters of all kinds, as sickness, offense, poverty, prove benefactors.

Winds blow and waters roll  
Strength to the brave and power and deity,  
Yet in themselves are nothing.

The good are befriended even by weakness and defect. As no man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him, so no man had ever a defect that was not somewhere made useful to him. The stag in the fable admired his horns and blamed his feet, but when the hunter came, his feet saved him, and afterwards, caught in the thicket, his horns destroyed him. Every man in his lifetime needs to thank his faults. As no man thoroughly understands a truth until first he has contended against it, so no man has a thorough acquaintance with the hindrances or talents of men until he has suffered from the one and seen the triumph of the other over his own want of the same. Has he a defect of temper that unfits him to live in society ? Thereby he is driven to entertain himself alone and acquire habits of self-help ; and thus, like the wounded oyster, he mends his shell with pearl.

Our strength grows out of our weakness. Not until we are pricked and stung and sorely shot at, awakens the indignation which arms itself with secret forces. A great man is always willing to be little. Whilst he sits on the cushion of advantages, he goes to sleep. When he is pushed, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something ; he has been put on his wits, on his manhood ; he has gained facts ; learns his ignorance ; is cured of the insanity of conceit ; has got moderation and real skill. The wise man always throws himself on the side of his assailants. It is more his interest than it is theirs to find his weak point. The wound cicatrizes and falls off from him



like a dead skin, and when they would triumph, lo ! he has passed on invulnerable. Blame is safer than praise. I hate to be defended in a newspaper. As long as all that is said is said against me, I feel a certain assurance of success. But as soon as honeyed words of praise are spoken for me I feel as one that lies unprotected before his enemies. In general, every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor. As the Sandwich Islander believes that the strength and valor of the enemy he kills passes into himself, so we gain the strength of the temptation we resist.

The same guards which protect us from disaster, defect, and enmity, defend us, if we will, from selfishness and fraud. Bolts and bars are not the best of our institutions, nor is shrewdness in trade a mark of wisdom. Men suffer all their life long under the foolish superstition that they can be cheated. But it is as impossible for a man to be cheated by any one but himself, as for a thing to be and not to be at the same time. There is a third silent party to all our bargains. The nature and soul of things takes on itself the guaranty of the fulfilment of every contract, so that honest service cannot come to loss. If you serve an ungrateful master, serve him the more. Put God in your debt. Every stroke shall be repaid. The longer the payment is withholden, the better for you ; for compound interest on compound interest is the rate and usage of this exchequer.

The history of persecution is a history of endeavors to cheat nature, to make water run uphill, to twist a rope of sand. It makes no difference whether the actors be many or one, a tyrant or a mob. A mob is a society of bodies voluntarily bereaving themselves of reason and traversing its work. The mob is man voluntarily descending to the nature of the beast. Its fit hour of activity is night. Its actions are insane, like its whole constitution. It persecutes a principle ; it would whip a right ; it would tar and feather justice, by inflicting fire and outrage upon the houses and persons of those who have these. It resembles the prank of boys, who run with fire engines to put out the ruddy aurora streaming to the stars. The inviolate spirit turns their spite against the wrongdoers. The martyr cannot be dishonored. Every lash inflicted is a tongue of fame ; every prison a more illustrious abode ; every burned book or house enlightens the world ; every suppressed or expunged word reverberates through the earth from side to side. The minds of men are at last aroused ; reason looks out

and justifies her own and malice finds all her work in vain. It is the whipper who is whipped and the tyrant who is undone.

Thus do all things preach the indifferency of circumstances. The man is all. Everything has two sides, a good and an evil. Every advantage has its tax. I learn to be content. But the doctrine of compensation is not the doctrine of indifferency. The thoughtless say, on hearing these representations, — What boots it to do well? there is one event to good and evil; if I gain any good I must pay for it; if I lose any good I gain some other; all actions are indifferent.

There is a deeper fact in the soul than compensation, to wit, its own nature. The soul is not a compensation, but a life. The soul *is*. Under all this running sea of circumstance, whose waters ebb and flow with perfect balance, lies the aboriginal abyss of real Being. Existence, or God, is not a relation or a part, but the whole. Being is the vast affirmative, excluding negation, self-balanced, and swallowing up all relations, parts, and times within itself. Nature, truth, virtue, are the influx from thence. Vice is the absence or departure of the same. Nothing, Falsehood, may indeed stand as the great Night or shade on which as a background the living universe paints itself forth; but no fact is begotten by it; it cannot work, for it is not. It cannot work any good; it cannot work any harm. It is harm inasmuch as it is worse not to be than to be.

We feel defrauded of the retribution due to evil acts, because the criminal adheres to his vice and contumacy and does not come to a crisis or judgment anywhere in visible nature. There is no stunning confutation of his nonsense before men and angels. Has he therefore outwitted the law? Inasmuch as he carries the malignity and the lie with him he so far deceases from nature. In some manner there will be a demonstration of the wrong to the understanding also; but, should we not see it, this deadly deduction makes square the eternal account.

Neither can it be said, on the other hand, that the gain of rectitude must be bought by any loss. There is no penalty to virtue; no penalty to wisdom; they are proper additions of being. In a virtuous action I properly *am*; in a virtuous act I add to the world; I plant into deserts conquered from Chaos and Nothing and see the darkness receding on the limits of the

horizon. There can be no excess to love, none to knowledge, none to beauty, when these attributes are considered in the purest sense. The soul refuses all limits. It affirms in man always an Optimism, never a Pessimism.

His life is a progress, and not a station. His instinct is trust. Our instinct uses "more" and "less" in application to man, always of the *presence of the soul*, and not of its absence; the brave man is greater than the coward; the true, the benevolent, the wise, is more a man and not less, than the fool and knave. There is therefore no tax on the good of virtue, for that is the incoming of God himself, or absolute existence, without any comparative. All external good has its tax, and if it came without desert or sweat, has no root in me, and the next wind will blow it away. But all the good of nature is the soul's, and may be had if paid for in nature's lawful coin, that is, by labor which the heart and the head allow. I no longer wish to meet a good I do not earn, for example, to find a pot of buried gold, knowing that it brings with it new responsibility. I do not wish more external goods,—neither possessions, nor honors, nor powers, nor persons. The gain is apparent; the tax is certain. But there is no tax on the knowledge that the compensation exists and that it is not desirable to dig up treasure. Herein I rejoice with a serene eternal peace. I contract the boundaries of possible mischief. I learn the wisdom of St. Bernard, "Nothing can work me damage except myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault."

In the nature of the soul is the compensation for the inequalities of condition. The radical tragedy of nature seems to be the distinction of More and Less. How can Less not feel the pain; how not feel indignation or malevolence towards More? Look at those who have less faculty, and one feels sad and knows not well what to make of it. Almost he shuns their eye; he fears they will upbraid God. What should they do? It seems a great injustice. But see the facts nearly and these mountainous inequalities vanish. Love reduces them as the sun melts the iceberg in the sea. The heart and soul of all men being one, this bitterness of *His* and *Mine* ceases. His is mine. I am my brother and my brother is me. If I feel overshadowed and outdone by great neighbors, I can yet love; I can still receive; and he that loveth maketh his own the grandeur he loves. Thereby I make the discovery that my

brother is my guardian, acting for me with the friendliest designs, and the estate I so admired and envied is my own. It is the eternal nature of the soul to appropriate and make all things its own. Jesus and Shakespeare are fragments of the soul, and by love I conquer and incorporate them in my own conscious domain. His virtue,—is not that mine? His wit,—if it cannot be made mine, it is not wit.

Such also is the natural history of calamity. The changes which break up at short intervals the prosperity of men are advertisements of a nature whose law is growth. Evermore it is the order of nature to grow, and every soul is by this intrinsic necessity quitting its whole system of things, its friends and home and laws and faith, as the shellfish crawls out of its beautiful but stony case, because it no longer admits of its growth, and slowly forms a new house. In proportion to the vigor of the individual these revolutions are frequent, until in some happier mind they are incessant and all worldly relations hang very loosely about him, becoming as it were a transparent fluid membrane through which the living form is always seen, and not, as in most men, an indurated heterogeneous fabric of many dates and of no settled character, in which the man is imprisoned. Then there can be enlargement, and the man of to-day scarcely recognizes the man of yesterday. And such should be the outward biography of man in time, a putting off of dead circumstances day by day, as he renews his raiment day by day. But to us, in our lapsed estate, resting, not advancing, resisting, not coöperating with the divine expansion, this growth comes by shocks.

We cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out that arch-angels may come in. We are idolators of the old. We do not believe in the riches of the soul, in its proper eternity and omnipresence. We do not believe there is any force in to-day to rival or recreate that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old tent where once we had bread and shelter and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover, and nerve us again. We cannot again find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith, "Up and onward for evermore!" We cannot stay amid the ruins. Neither will we rely on the New; and so we walk over with reverted eyes, like those monsters who look backwards.



And yet the compensations of calamity are made apparent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seems at the moment unpaid loss, and unpayable. But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wonted occupation, or a household, or style of living, and allows the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of character. It permits or constrains the formation of new acquaintances and the reception of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years; and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden flower, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener is made the banyan of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men.



## THE CONQUEROR WORM.

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

[EDGAR ALLAN POE: An American poet and author; born at Boston, Mass., 1809. Orphaned in his third year, he was adopted by John Allan, a wealthy merchant of Richmond, Va., by whom he was sent to school at Stoke-Newington, near London. He spent a year at the University of Virginia (1826); enlisted as a private in the United States army under an assumed name, becoming sergeant major (1829); and was admitted to West Point (1830), receiving his dismissal the next year. Thrown upon his own resources, he began writing for the papers. Subsequently he became editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, in Richmond; was on the staff of *The Gentleman's Magazine* and *Graham's Magazine*, in Philadelphia, and the *Broadway Journal* in New York. He died in a Baltimore hospital, October 7, 1849. "The Raven" and "The Bells" are his most popular poems. His fame as a prose writer rests on his tales of terror and mystery.]

Lo! 'tis a gala night  
 Within the lonesome latter years!  
 An angel throng, bewinged, bedight  
 In veils, and drowned in tears,  
 Sit in a theater to see  
 A play of hopes and fears,

While the orchestra breathes fitfully  
The music of the spheres.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,  
Mutter and mumble low,  
And hither and thither fly;  
Mere puppets they, who come and go  
At bidding of vast, formless things  
That shift the scenery to and fro,  
Flapping from out their condor wings  
Invisible woe!

That motley drama! — oh, be sure  
It shall not be forgot!  
With its Phantom chased for evermore  
By a crowd that seize it not,  
Through a circle that ever returneth in  
To the selfsame spot;  
And much of madness, and more of sin  
And horror, the soul of the plot.

But see, amid the mimic rout,  
A crawling shape intrude!  
A blood-red Thing that writhes from out  
The scenic solitude!  
It writhes! it writhes! with mortal pangs  
The mimes become its food,  
And the seraphs sob at vermin fangs  
In human gore imbrued.

Out — out are the lights — out all!  
And over each quivering form,  
The curtain, a funeral pall,  
Comes down with the rush of a storm;  
And the angels, all pallid and wan,  
Uprising, unveiling, affirm  
That the play is the tragedy "Man,"  
And its hero, the conqueror Worm.



## THE GOLD BUG.

By EDGAR ALLAN POE.

MANY years ago I contracted an intimacy with a Mr. William Legrand. He was of an ancient Huguenot family, and had once

been wealthy ; but a series of misfortunes had reduced him to want. To avoid the mortification consequent upon his disasters, he left New Orleans, the city of his forefathers, and took up his residence at Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, South Carolina.

This island is a very singular one. It consists of little else than the sea sand, and is about three miles long. Its breadth at no point exceeds a quarter of a mile. It is separated from the mainland by a scarcely perceptible creek, oozing its way through a wilderness of reeds and slime, a favorite resort of the marsh hen. The vegetation, as might be supposed, is scant, or at least dwarfish. No trees of any magnitude are to be seen. Near the western extremity, where Fort Moultrie stands, and where are some miserable frame buildings, tenanted, during summer, by the fugitives from Charleston dust and fever, may be found, indeed, the bristly palmetto ; but the whole island, with the exception of this western point, and a line of hard, white beach on the seacoast, is covered with a dense undergrowth of the sweet myrtle, so much prized by the horticulturists of England. The shrub here often attains the height of fifteen or twenty feet, and forms an almost impenetrable coppice, burthening the air with its fragrance.

In the inmost recesses of this coppice, not far from the eastern or more remote end of the island, Legrand had built himself a small hut, which he occupied when I first, by mere accident, made his acquaintance. This soon ripened into friendship — for there was much in the recluse to excite interest and esteem. I found him well educated, with unusual powers of mind, but infected with misanthropy, and subject to perverse moods of alternate enthusiasm and melancholy. He had with him many books, but rarely employed them. His chief amusements were gunning and fishing, or sauntering along the beach and through the myrtles, in quest of shells or entomological specimens ; — his collection of the latter might have been envied by a Swammerdam. In these excursions he was usually accompanied by an old negro, called Jupiter, who had been manumitted before the reverses of the family, but who could be induced, neither by threats nor by promises, to abandon what he considered his right of attendance upon the footsteps of his young "Massa Will." It is not improbable that the relatives of Legrand, conceiving him to be somewhat unsettled in intellect, had contrived to instill this obstinacy

into Jupiter, with a view to the supervision and guardianship of the wanderer.

The winters in the latitude of Sullivan's Island are seldom very severe, and in the fall of the year it is a rare event indeed when a fire is considered necessary. About the middle of October, 18— there occurred, however, a day of remarkable chilliness. Just before sunset I scrambled my way through the evergreens to the hut of my friend, whom I had not visited for several weeks — my residence being at that time in Charleston, a distance of nine miles from the island, while the facilities of passage and repassage were very far behind those of the present day. Upon reaching the hut I rapped, as was my custom, and getting no reply, sought for the key where I knew it was secreted, unlocked the door and went in. A fine fire was blazing upon the hearth. It was a novelty, and by no means an ungrateful one. I threw off my overcoat, took an armchair by the crackling logs, and awaited patiently the arrival of my hosts.

Soon after dark they arrived, and gave me a most cordial welcome. Jupiter, grinning from ear to ear, bustled about to prepare some marsh hens for supper. Legrand was in one of his fits — how else shall I term them? — of enthusiasm. He had found an unknown bivalve, forming a new genus, and, more than this, he had hunted down and secured, with Jupiter's assistance, a *scarabæus* which he believed to be totally new, but in respect to which he wished to have my opinion on the morrow.

"And why not to-night?" I asked, rubbing my hands over the blaze, and wishing the whole tribe of *scarabæi* at the devil.

"Ah, if I had only known you were here!" said Legrand, "but it's so long since I saw you; and how could I foresee that you would pay me a visit this very night of all others? As I was coming home I met Lieutenant G——, from the fort, and, very foolishly, I lent him the bug; so it will be impossible for you to see it until the morning. Stay here to-night, and I will send Jup down for it at sunrise. It is the loveliest thing in creation!"

"What! — sunrise?"

"Nonsense! no! — the bug. It is of a brilliant gold color — about the size of a large hickory nut — with two jet black spots near one extremity of the back, and another, somewhat longer, at the other. The *antennæ* are ——"

"Dey ain't no tin in him, Massa Will, I keep a tellin' on you," here interrupted Jupiter; "de bug is a goole bug, solid,



every bit of him, inside and all, sep him wing — neber feel half so hebby a bug in my life."

"Well, suppose it is, Jup," replied Legrand, somewhat more earnestly, it seemed to me, than the case demanded, "is that any reason for your letting the birds burn? The color" — here he turned to me — "is really almost enough to warrant Jupiter's idea. You never saw a more brilliant metallic luster than the scales emit — but of this you cannot judge till to-morrow. In the mean time I can give you some idea of the shape." Saying this, he seated himself at a small table, on which were a pen and ink, but no paper. He looked for some in a drawer, but found none.

"Never mind," said he at length, "this will answer"; and he drew from his waistcoat pocket a scrap of what I took to be very dirty foolscap, and made upon it a rough drawing with the pen. While he did this, I retained my seat by the fire, for I was still chilly. When the design was complete, he handed it to me without rising. As I received it, a loud growl was heard, succeeded by a scratching at the door. Jupiter opened it, and a large Newfoundland, belonging to Legrand, rushed in, leaped upon my shoulders, and loaded me with caresses; for I had shown him much attention during previous visits. When his gambols were over, I looked at the paper, and, to speak the truth, found myself not a little puzzled at what my friend had depicted.

"Well!" I said, after contemplating it for some minutes, "this is a strange *scarabæus*, I must confess: new to me: never saw anything like it before — unless it was a skull, or a death's head — which it more nearly resembles than anything else that has come under *my* observation."

"A death's head!" echoed Legrand. "Oh — yes — well, it has something of that appearance upon paper, no doubt. The two upper black spots look like eyes, eh? and the longer one at the bottom like a mouth — and then the shape of the whole is oval."

"Perhaps so," said I; "but, Legrand, I fear you are no artist. I must wait until I see the beetle itself, if I am to form any idea of its personal appearance."

"Well, I don't know," said he, a little nettled, "I draw tolerably — *should* do it at least — have had good masters, and flatter myself that I am not quite a blockhead."

"But, my dear fellow, you are joking then," said I; "this

is a very passable *skull* — indeed, I may say that it is a very *excellent* skull, according to the vulgar notions about such specimens of physiology — and your *scarabæus* must be the queerest *scarabæus* in the world if it resembles it. Why, we may get up a very thrilling bit of superstition upon this hint. I presume you will call the bug *scarabæus caput hominis*, or something of that kind — there are many similiar titles in the Natural Histories. But where are the *antennæ* you spoke of?”

“The *antennæ*!” said Legrand, who seemed to be getting unaccountably warm upon the subject; “I am sure you must see the *antennæ*. I made them as distinct as they are in the original insect, and I presume that is sufficient.”

“Well, well,” I said, “perhaps you have — still I don’t see them”; and I handed him the paper without additional remark, not wishing to ruffle his temper; but I was much surprised at the turn affairs had taken; his ill-humor puzzled me — and, as for the drawing of the beetle, there were positively *no antennæ* visible, and the whole *did* bear a very close resemblance to the ordinary cuts of a death’s head.

He received the paper very peevishly, and was about to crumple it, apparently to throw it in the fire, when a casual glance at the design seemed suddenly to rivet his attention. In an instant his face grew violently red — in another as excessively pale. For some minutes he continued to scrutinize the drawing minutely where he sat. At length he arose, took a candle from the table, and proceeded to seat himself upon a sea chest in the farthest corner of the room. Here again he made an anxious examination of the paper: turning it in all directions. He said nothing, however, and his conduct greatly astonished me; yet I thought it prudent not to exacerbate the growing moodiness of his temper by any comment. Presently he took from his coat pocket a wallet, placed the paper carefully in it, and deposited both in a writing desk, which he locked. He now grew more composed in his demeanor; but his original air of enthusiasm had quite disappeared. Yet he seemed not so much sulky as abstracted. As the evening wore away he became more and more absorbed in reverie, from which no sallies of mine could arouse him. It had been my intention to pass the night at the hut, as I had frequently done before, but, seeing my host in this mood, I deemed it proper to take leave. He did not press me to remain, but, as I departed, he shook my hand with even more than his usual cordiality.

It was about a month after this (and during the interval I had seen nothing of Legrand) when I received a visit, at Charleston, from his man, Jupiter. I had never seen the good old negro look so dispirited, and I feared that some serious disaster had befallen my friend.

"Well, Jup," said I, "what is the matter now?—how is your master?"

"Why, to speak de troof, massa, him not so berry well as mought be."

"Not well! I am truly sorry to hear it. What does he complain of?"

"Dar! dat's it!—him nebber plain of notin—but him berry sick for all dat."

"*Very* sick, Jupiter!—why didn't you say so at once? Is he confined to bed?"

"No, dat he ain't!—he ain't find nowhar—dat's just whar de shoe pinch—my mind is got to be berry hebby bout poor Massa Will."

"Jupiter, I should like to understand what it is you are talking about. You say your master is sick. Hasn't he told you what ails him?"

"Why, massa, tain't worf while for to git mad about de matter—Massa Will say noffin at all ain't de matter wid him—but den what make him go bout looking dis here way, wid he head down and he soldiers up, and as white as a gose? And den he keep a syphon all de time——"

"Keeps a what, Jupiter?"

"Keeps a syphon wid de figgurs on de slate—de queerest figgurs I ebber did see. Ise gittin to be skeered, I tell you. Hab for to keep mighty tight eye pon him noovers. Todder day he gib me slip fore de sun up, and was gone de whole ob de blessed day. I had a big stick ready cut for to gib him deuced good beating when he did come—but Ise sich a fool dat I hadn't de heart arter all—he look so berry poorly."

"Eh?—what?—ah yes!—upon the whole I think you had better not be too severe with the peor fellow—don't flog him, Jupiter—he can't very well stand it—but can you form no idea of what has occasioned this illness, or rather this change of conduct? Has anything unpleasant happened since I saw you?"

"No, massa, dey ain't bin noffin onpleasant *since* den—'twas *fore* den I'm feared—'twas de berry day you was dare."

"How? what do you mean?"

"Why, massa, I mean de bug — dare now."

"The what?"

"De bug — I'm berry sartain dat Massa Will bin bit somewhere bout de head by dat goole bug."

"And what cause have you, Jupiter, for such a supposition?"

"Claws enuff, massa, and mouff too. I nebber did see sich a deuced bug — he kick and he bite ebery ting what cum near him. Massa Will coteh him fuss, but had for to let him go gin mighty quick, I tell you — den was de time he must ha got de bite. I didn't like de look of de bug mouff, myself, nohow, so I wouldn't take hold ob him wid my finger, but I coteh him wid a piece ob paper dat I found. I rap him up in de paper and stuff piece ob it in he mouff — dat was de way."

"And you think, then, that your master was really bitten by the beetle, and that the bite made him sick?"

"I don't tink noffin about it — I nose it. What make him dream bout de goole so much, if tain't cause he bit by de goole bug? Ise heerd bout dem goole bugs fore dis."

"But how do you know he dreams about gold?"

"How I know? why, cause he talk about it in he sleep — dat's how I nose."

"Well, Jup, perhaps you are right; but to what fortunate circumstances am I to attribute the honor of a visit from you to-day?"

"What de matter, massa?"

"Did you bring any message from Mr. Legrand?"

"No, massa, I bring dis here pissel;" and here Jupiter handed me a note which ran thus: —

MY DEAR,—

Why have I not seen you for so long a time? I hope you have not been so foolish as to take offense at any little *brusquerie* of mine; but no, that is improbable.

Since I saw you I have had great cause for anxiety. I have something to tell you, yet scarcely know how to tell it, or whether I should tell it at all.

I have not been quite well for some days past, and poor old Jup annoys me, almost beyond endurance, by his well-meant attentions. Would you believe it? — he had prepared a huge stick, the other day, with which to chastise me for giving him the slip, and spending the day, *solus*, among the hills on the mainland. I verily believe that my ill looks alone saved me a flogging.



I have made no addition to my cabinet since we met.

If you can, in any way, make it convenient, come over with Jupiter. *Do* come. I wish to see you *to-night*, upon business of importance. I assure you that it is of the *highest* importance. —

Ever yours,

WILLIAM LEGRAND.

There was something in the tone of this note which gave me great uneasiness. Its whole style differed materially from that of Legrand. What could he be dreaming of? What new crotchet possessed his excitable brain? What “business of the highest importance” could *he* possibly have to transact? Jupiter’s account of him boded no good. I dreaded lest the continued pressure of misfortune had, at length, fairly unsettled the reason of my friend. Without a moment’s hesitation, therefore, I prepared to accompany the negro.

Upon reaching the wharf, I noticed a scythe and three spades, all apparently new, lying in the bottom of the boat in which we were to embark.

“What is the meaning of all this, Jup?” I inquired.

“Him syfe, massa, and spade.”

“Very true; but what are they doing here?”

“Him de syfe and de spade what Massa Will sis pon my buying for him in de town, and de debbil’s own lot of money I had to gib for em.”

“But what, in the name of all that is mysterious, is your ‘Massa Will’ going to do with scythes and spades?”

“Dat’s more dan *I* know, and debbil take me if I don’t brieve ’tis more dan he know too. But it’s all cum ob de bug.”

Finding that no satisfaction was to be obtained of Jupiter, whose whole intellect seemed to be absorbed by “de bug,” I now stepped into the boat and made sail. With a fair and strong breeze we soon ran into the little cove to the northward of Fort Moultrie, and a walk of some two miles brought us to the hut. It was about three in the afternoon when we arrived. Legrand had been awaiting us in eager expectation. He grasped my hand with a nervous *empressement* which alarmed me and strengthened the suspicions already entertained. His countenance was pale even to ghastliness, and his deep-set eyes glared with unnatural luster. After some inquiries respecting his health, I asked him, not knowing what better to say, if he had yet obtained the *scarabæus* from Lieutenant G——.

“Oh, yes,” he replied, coloring violently, “I got it from

him the next morning. Nothing should tempt me to part with that *scarabæus*. Do you know that Jupiter is quite right about it!"

"In what way?" I asked, with a sad foreboding at heart.

"In supposing it to be a bug of *real gold*." He said this with an air of profound seriousness, and I felt inexpressibly shocked.

"This bug is to make my fortune," he continued, with a triumphant smile, "to reinstate me in my family possessions. Is it any wonder, then, that I prize it? Since Fortune has thought fit to bestow it upon me, I have only to use it properly and I shall arrive at the gold of which it is the index. Jupiter, bring me that *scarabæus*!"

"What! de bug, massa? I'd rudder not go fer trouble dat bug — you mus git him for your own self." Hereupon Legrand arose, with a grave and stately air, and brought me the beetle from a glass case in which it was inclosed. It was a beautiful *scarabæus*, and, at that time, unknown to naturalists — of course a great prize in a scientific point of view. There were two round black spots near one extremity of the back, and a long one near the other. The scales were exceedingly hard and glossy, with all the appearance of burnished gold. The weight of the insect was very remarkable, and, taking all things into consideration, I could hardly blame Jupiter for his opinion respecting it; but what to make of Legrand's concordance with that opinion, I could not, for the life of me, tell.

"I sent for you," said he, in a grandiloquent tone, when I had completed my examination of the beetle, "I sent for you, that I might have your counsel and assistance in furthering the views of Fate and of the bug ——"

"My dear Legrand," I cried, interrupting him, "you are certainly unwell, and had better use some little precautions. You shall go to bed, and I will remain with you a few days, until you get over this. You are feverish and ——"

"Feel my pulse," said he.

I felt it, and found not the slightest indication of fever.

"But you may be ill and yet have no fever. Allow me this once to prescribe for you. In the first place, go to bed. In the next ——"

"You are mistaken," he interposed; "I am as well as I can expect to be under the excitement which I suffer. If you really wish me well, you will relieve this excitement."

"And how is this to be done?"

"Very easily. Jupiter and myself are going upon an expedition into the hills, upon the mainland, and, in this expedition, we shall need the aid of some person in whom we can confide. You are the only one we can trust. Whether we succeed or fail, the excitement which you now perceive in me will be equally allayed."

"I am anxious to oblige you in any way," I replied; "but do you mean to say that this infernal beetle has any connection with your expedition into the hills?"

"It has."

"Then, Legrand, I can become a party to no such absurd proceeding."

"I am sorry — very sorry — for we shall have to try it by ourselves."

"Try it by yourselves! The man is surely mad! — but stay! — how long do you propose to be absent?"

"Probably all night. We shall start immediately, and be back, at all events, by sunrise."

"And will you promise me upon your honor, that when this freak of yours is over, and the bug business (good God!) settled to your satisfaction, you will then return home and follow my advice implicitly, as that of your physician?"

"Yes; I promise; and now let us be off, for we have no time to lose."

With a heavy heart I accompanied my friend. We started about four o'clock — Legrand, Jupiter, the dog, and myself. Jupiter had with him the scythe and spades — the whole of which he insisted upon carrying — more through fear, it seemed to me, of trusting either of the implements within reach of his master, than from any excess of industry or complaisance. His demeanor was dogged in the extreme, and "dat deuced bug" were the sole words which escaped his lips during the journey. For my own part I had charge of a couple of dark lanterns, while Legrand contented himself with the *scarabæus*, which he carried attached to the end of a bit of whipeord, twirling it to and fro, with the air of a conjurer, as he went. When I observed this last plain evidence of my friend's aberration of mind I could scarcely refrain from tears. I thought it best, however, to humor his fancy, at least for the present, or until I could adopt some more energetic measures with a chance of success. In the mean time I endeavored, but all in vain, to sound him in

regard to the object of the expedition. Having succeeded in inducing me to accompany him, he seemed unwilling to hold conversation upon any topic of minor importance, and to all my questions vouchsafed no other reply than "We shall see!"

We crossed the creek at the head of the island by means of a skiff, and, ascending the high grounds on the shore of the mainland, proceeded in a northwesterly direction, through a tract of country excessively wild and desolate, where no trace of a human footstep was to be seen. Legrand led the way with decision, pausing only for an instant, here and there, to consult what appeared to be certain landmarks of his own contrivance upon a former occasion.

In this manner we journeyed for about two hours, and the sun was just setting when we entered a region infinitely more dreary than any yet seen. It was a species of table-land, near the summit of an almost inaccessible hill, densely wooded from base to pinnacle, and interspersed with huge crags that appeared to lie loosely upon the soil, and in many cases were prevented from precipitating themselves into the valleys below, merely by the support of the trees against which they reclined. Deep ravines, in various directions, gave an air of still sterner solemnity to the scene.

The natural platform to which we had clambered was thickly overgrown with brambles, through which we soon discovered that it would have been impossible to force our way but for the scythe; and Jupiter, by direction of his master, proceeded to clear for us a path to the foot of an enormously tall tulip tree, which stood, with some eight or ten oaks, upon the level, and far surpassed them all, and all other trees which I had then ever seen, in the beauty of its foliage and form, in the wide spread of its branches, and in the general majesty of its appearance. When we reached this tree, Legrand turned to Jupiter, and asked him if he thought he could climb it. The old man seemed a little staggered by the question, and for some moments made no reply. At length he approached the huge trunk, walked slowly around it, and examined it with minute attention. When he had completed his scrutiny, he merely said,

"Yes, massa, Jup climb any tree he ebber see in he life."

"Then up with you as soon as possible, for it will soon be too dark to see what we are about."

"How far mus go up, massa?" inquired Jupiter.



"Get up the main trunk first, and then I will tell you which way to go — and here — stop! take this beetle with you."

"De bug, Massa Will! — de goole bug!" cried the negro, drawing back in dismay — "what for mus tote de bug way up de tree? — d——n if I do!"

"If you are afraid, Jup, a great big negro like you, to take hold of a harmless little dead beetle, why, you can carry it up by this string — but if you do not take it up with you in some way, I shall be under the necessity of breaking your head with this shovel."

"What de matter now, massa?" said Jup, evidently shamed into compliance; "always want for to raise fuss wid old nigger. Was only funnin anyhow. *Me* feered de bug! what I keer for de bug?" Here he took cautiously hold of the extreme end of the string, and, maintaining the insect as far from his person as circumstances would permit, prepared to ascend the tree.

In youth, the tulip tree, or *Liriodendron Tulipiferum*, the most magnificent of American foresters, has a trunk peculiarly smooth, and often rises to a great height without lateral branches; but, in its riper age, the bark becomes gnarled and uneven, while many short limbs make their appearance on the stem. Thus the difficulty of ascension, in the present case, lay more in semblance than in reality. Embracing the huge cylinder, as closely as possible, with his arms and knees, seizing with his hands some projections, and resting his naked toes upon others, Jupiter, after one or two narrow escapes from falling, at length wriggled himself into the first great fork, and seemed to consider the whole business as virtually accomplished. The *risk* of the achievement was, in fact, now over, although the climber was some sixty or seventy feet from the ground.

"Which way mus go now, Massa Will?" he asked.

"Keep up the largest branch — the one on this side," said Legrand. The negro obeyed him promptly, and apparently with but little trouble, ascending higher and higher, until no glimpse of his squat figure could be obtained through the dense foliage which enveloped it. Presently his voice was heard in a sort of halloo.

"How much fudder is got for go?"

"How high up are you?" asked Legrand.

"Ebber so fur," replied the negro; "can see de sky fru de top ob de tree."

"Never mind the sky, but attend to what I say. Look down the trunk and count the limbs below you on this side. How many limbs have you passed?"

"One, two, three, four, fibe—I done pass fibe big limb, massa, pon dis side."

"Then go one limb higher."

In a few minutes the voice was heard again, announcing that the seventh limb was attained.

"Now, Jup," cried Legrand, evidently much excited, "I want you to work your way out upon that limb as far as you can. If you see anything strange, let me know."

By this time what little doubt I might have entertained of my poor friend's insanity was put finally at rest. I had no alternative but to conclude him stricken with lunacy, and I became seriously anxious about getting him home. While I was pondering upon what was best to be done, Jupiter's voice was again heard.

"Mos feerd for to ventur pon dis limb berry far—'tis dead limb putty much all de way."

"Did you say it was a *dead* limb, Jupiter?" cried Legrand in a quavering voice.

"Yes, massa, him dead as de door nail—done up for sartain—done departed dis here life."

"What in the name of heaven shall I do?" asked Legrand, seemingly in the greatest distress.

"Do!" said I, glad of an opportunity to interpose a word, "why, come home and go to bed. Come now!—that's a fine fellow. It's getting late, and, besides, you remember your promise."

"Jupiter," cried he, without heeding me in the least, "do you hear me?"

"Yes, Massa Will, hear you ebber so plain."

"Try the wood well, then, with your knife, and see if you think it *very* rotten."

"Him rotten, massa, sure nuff," replied the negro in a few moments, "but not so berry rotten as mought be. Mought ventur out leetle way pon de limb by myself, dat's true."

"By yourself!—What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean de bug. 'Tis *berry* hebbly bug. Spose I drop him down fuss, and den de limb won't break wid just de weight ob one nigger."

"You infernal scoundrel!" cried Legrand, apparently much

relieved, "what do you mean by telling me such nonsense as that? As sure as you drop that beetle I'll break your neck. Look here, Jupiter, do you hear me?"

"Yes, massa, needn't hollo at poor nigger dat style."

"Well! now listen!—if you will venture out on the limb as far as you think safe, and not let go the beetle, I'll make you a present of a silver dollar as soon as you get down."

"I'm gwine, Massa Will—deed I is," replied the negro, very promptly—"mos out to de eend now."

"*Out to the end!*" here fairly screamed Legrand; "do you say you are out to the end of that limb?"

"Soon be to de eend, massa,—o-o-o-o-oh! Lor-gol-a-marey! what *is* dis here pon de tree?"

"Well," cried Legrand, highly delighted, "what is it?"

"Why, tain't noffin but a skull—somebody bin lef him head up de tree, and de crows done gobble ebery bit ob de meat off."

"A skull, you say!—very well!—how is it fastened to the limb?—what holds it on?"

"Sure nuff, massa; mus look. Why, dis berry curous circumstance, pon my word—dare's a great big nail in de skull, what fastens ob it on to de tree."

"Well now, Jupiter, do exactly as I tell you—do you hear?"

"Yes, massa."

"Pay attention, then!—find the left eye of the skull."

"Hum! hoo! dat's good! why dare ain't no eye lef at all."

"Curse your stupidity! do you know your right hand from your left?"

"Yes, I nose dat—nose all about dat—'tis my lef hand what I chops de wood wid."

"To be sure! you are left-handed; and your left eye is on the same side as your left hand. Now, I suppose you can find the left eye of the skull, or the place where the left eye has been. Have you found it?"

Here was a long pause. At length the negro asked,

"Is de lef eye ob de skull pon de same side as de lef hand of de skull, too?—cause de skull ain't got not a bit ob a hand at all—nebber mind! I got de lef eye now—here de lef eye! What mus do wid it?"

"Let the beetle drop through it, as far as the string will reach—but be careful and not let go your hold of the string."

“All dat done, Massa Will ; mighty easy ting for to put de bug fru de hole — look out for him dare below !”

During this colloquy no portion of Jupiter's person could be seen : but the beetle, which he had suffered to descend, was now visible at the end of the string, and glistened, like a globe of burnished gold, in the last rays of the setting sun, some of which still faintly illumined the eminence upon which we stood. The *scarabeus* hung quite clear of any branches, and, if allowed to fall, would have fallen at our feet. Legrand immediately took the scythe, and cleared with it a circular space, three or four yards in diameter, just beneath the insect, and, having accomplished this, ordered Jupiter to let go the string and come down from the tree.

Driving a peg, with great nicety, into the ground, at the precise spot where the beetle fell, my friend now produced from his pocket a tape measure. Fastening one end of this at that point of the trunk of the tree which was nearest the peg, he unrolled it till it reached the peg, and thence farther unrolled it, in the direction already established by the two points of the tree and the peg, for the distance of fifty feet — Jupiter clearing away the brambles with the scythe. At the spot thus attained a second peg was driven, and about this, as a center, a rude circle, about four feet in diameter, described. Taking now a spade himself, and giving one to Jupiter and one to me, Legrand begged us to set about digging as quickly as possible.

To speak the truth, I had no especial relish for such amusement at any time, and, at that particular moment, would most willingly have declined it ; for the night was coming on, and I felt much fatigued with the exercise already taken : but I saw no mode of escape, and was fearful of disturbing my poor friend's equanimity by a refusal. Could I have depended, indeed, upon Jupiter's aid, I would have had no hesitation in attempting to get the lunatic home by force ; but I was too well assured of the old negro's disposition, to hope that he would assist me, under any circumstances, in a personal contest with his master. I made no doubt that the latter had been infected with some of the innumerable Southern superstitions about money buried, and that his fantasy had received confirmation by the finding of the *scarabeus*, or, perhaps, by Jupiter's obstinacy in maintaining it to be “a bug of real gold.” A mind disposed to lunacy would readily be led away by such suggestions — especially if chiming in with favorite precon-



ceived ideas—and then I called to mind the poor fellow's speech about the beetle's being "the index of his fortune." Upon the whole, I was sadly vexed and puzzled, but, at length, I concluded to make a virtue of necessity—to dig with a good will, and thus the sooner to convince the visionary, by ocular demonstration, of the fallacy of the opinions he entertained.

The lanterns having been lit, we all fell to work with a zeal worthy a more rational cause; and, as the glare fell upon our persons and implements, I could not help thinking how picturesque a group we composed, and how strange and suspicious our labors must have appeared to any interloper who, by chance, might have stumbled upon our whereabouts.

We dug very steadily for two hours. Little was said; and our chief embarrassment lay in the yelpings of the dog, who took exceeding interest in our proceedings. He at length became so obstreperous, that we grew fearful of his giving the alarm to some stragglers in the vicinity; or, rather, this was the apprehension of Legrand;—for myself, I should have rejoiced at any interruption which might have enabled me to get the wanderer home. The noise was, at length, very effectually silenced by Jupiter, who, getting out of the hole, with a dogged air of deliberation, tied the brute's mouth up with one of his suspenders, and then returned, with a grave chuckle, to his task.

When the time mentioned had expired, we had reached a depth of five feet, and yet no signs of any treasure became manifest. A general pause ensued, and I began to hope that the farce was at an end. Legrand, however, although evidently much disconcerted, wiped his brow thoughtfully and recommenced. We had excavated the entire circle of four feet diameter, and now we slightly enlarged the limit, and went to the farther depth of two feet. Still nothing appeared. The gold seeker, whom I sincerely pitied, at length clambered from the pit, with the bitterest disappointment imprinted upon every feature, and proceeded, slowly and reluctantly, to put on his coat, which he had thrown off at the beginning of his labor. In the mean time I made no remark. Jupiter, at a signal from his master, began to gather up his tools. This done, and the dog having been unmuzzled, we turned in profound silence towards home.

We had taken, perhaps, a dozen steps in this direction, when, with a loud oath, Legrand strode up to Jupiter, and

seized him by the collar. The astonished negro opened his eyes and mouth to the fullest extent, let fall the spades, and fell upon his knees.

"You scoundrel," said Legrand, hissing out the syllables from between his clenched teeth—"you infernal black villain!—speak, I tell you!—answer me this instant, without prevarication!—which— which is your left eye?"

"Oh, my golly, Massa Will! ain't dis here my lef eye for sartain?" roared the terrified Jupiter, placing his hand upon his *right* organ of vision, and holding it there with a desperate pertinacity, as if in immediate dread of his master's attempt at a gouge.

"I thought so!—I knew it! hurrah!" vociferated Legrand, letting the negro go, and executing a series of curvets and caracoles, much to the astonishment of his valet, who, arising from his knees, looked, mutely, from his master to myself, and then from myself to his master.

"Come! we must go back," said the latter; "the game's not up yet;" and he again led the way to the tulip tree.

"Jupiter," said he, when he reached the foot, "come here! Was the skull nailed to the limb with the face outwards, or with the face to the limb?"

"De face was out, massa, so dat de crows could get at de eyes good, widout any trouble."

"Well, then, was it this eye or that through which you dropped the beetle?"—here Legrand touched each of Jupiter's eyes.

"'Twas dis eye, massa—de lef eye—jis as you tell me," and here it was his right eye that the negro indicated.

"That will do—we must try it again."

Here my friend, about whose madness I now saw, or fancied that I saw, certain indications of method, removed the peg which marked the spot where the beetle fell, to a spot about three inches to the westward of its former position. Taking, now, the tape measure from the nearest point of the trunk to the peg, as before, and continuing the extension in a straight line to the distance of fifty feet, a spot was indicated, removed by several yards from the point at which we had been digging.

Around the new position a circle, somewhat larger than in the former instance, was now described, and we again set to work with the spades. I was dreadfully weary, but scarcely understanding what had occasioned the change in my thoughts,

I felt no longer any great aversion from the labor imposed. I had become most unaccountably interested — nay, even excited. Perhaps there was something, amid all the extravagant demeanor of Legrand — some air of forethought, or of deliberation, which impressed me. I dug eagerly, and now and then caught myself actually looking, with something that very much resembled expectation, for the fancied treasure, the vision of which had demented my unfortunate companion. At a period when such vagaries of thought most fully possessed me, and when we had been at work perhaps an hour and a half, we were again interrupted by the violent howlings of the dog. His uneasiness, in the first instance, had been, evidently, but the result of playfulness or caprice, but he now assumed a bitter and serious tone. Upon Jupiter again attempting to muzzle him, he made furious resistance, and, leaping into the hole, tore up the mold frantically with his claws. In a few seconds he had uncovered a mass of human bones, forming two complete skeletons, intermingled with several buttons of metal, and what appeared to be the dust of decayed woolen. One or two strokes of a spade upturned the blade of a large Spanish knife, and, as we dug farther, three or four loose pieces of gold and silver coin came to light.

At the sight of these the joy of Jupiter could scarcely be restrained, but the countenance of his master wore an air of extreme disappointment. He urged us, however, to continue our exertions, and the words were hardly uttered when I stumbled and fell forward, having caught the toe of my boot in a large ring of iron that lay half buried in the loose earth.

We now worked in earnest, and never did I pass ten minutes of more intense excitement. During this interval we had fairly unearthed an oblong chest of wood, which from its perfect preservation and wonderful hardness, had plainly been subjected to some mineralizing process — perhaps that of the bichloride of mercury. This box was three feet and a half long, three feet broad, and two and a half feet deep. It was firmly secured by bands of wrought iron, riveted, and forming a kind of open trellis work over the whole. On each side of the chest, near the top, were three rings of iron — six in all — by means of which a firm hold could be obtained by six persons. Our utmost united endeavors served only to disturb the coffer very slightly in its bed. We at once saw the impossibility of removing so great a weight. Luckily, the sole fastenings of

the lid consisted of two sliding bolts. These we drew back — trembling and panting with anxiety. In an instant, a treasure of incalculable value lay gleaming before us. As the rays of the lanterns fell within the pit, there flashed upwards a glow and a glare, from a confused heap of gold and of jewels, that absolutely dazzled our eyes.

I shall not pretend to describe the feelings with which I gazed. Amazement was, of course, predominant. Legrand appeared exhausted with excitement, and spoke very few words. Jupiter's countenance wore, for some minutes, as deadly a pallor as it is possible, in the nature of things, for any negro's visage to assume. He seemed stupefied — thunderstricken. Presently he fell upon his knees in the pit, and, burying his naked arms up to the elbows in gold, let them there remain, as if enjoying the luxury of a bath. At length, with a deep sigh, he exclaimed, as if in a soliloquy : —

“And dis all cum ob de goole bug ! de putty goole bug ! de poor little goole bug, what I boosed in dat sabage kind ob style ! Ain't you shamed ob yourself, nigger ? — answer me dat ! ”

It became necessary, at last, that I should arouse both master and valet to the expediency of removing the treasure. It was growing late, and it behooved us to make exertion, that we might get everything housed before daylight. It was difficult to say what should be done, and much time was spent in deliberation — so confused were the ideas of all. We, finally, lightened the box by removing two thirds of its contents, when we were enabled, with some trouble, to raise it from the hole. The articles taken out were deposited among the brambles, and the dog left to guard them, with strict orders from Jupiter neither, upon any pretense, to stir from the spot, nor to open his mouth until our return. We then hurriedly made for home with the chest, reaching the hut in safety, but after excessive toil, at one o'clock in the morning. Worn out as we were, it was not in human nature to do more immediately. We rested until two, and had supper, starting for the hills immediately afterwards, armed with three stout sacks, which, by good luck, were upon the premises. A little before four we arrived at the pit, divided the remainder of the booty, as equally as might be, among us, and, leaving the holes unfilled, again set out for the hut, at which, for the second time, we deposited our golden burdens, just as the first faint streaks of the dawn gleamed from over the tree tops in the East.



We were now thoroughly broken down; but the intense excitement of the time denied us repose. After an unquiet slumber of some three or four hours' duration, we arose, as if by preconcert, to make examination of our treasure.

The chest had been full to the brim, and we spent the whole day, and the greater part of the next night, in a scrutiny of its contents. There had been nothing like order or arrangement. Everything had been heaped in promiscuously. Having assorted all with care, we found ourselves possessed of even vaster wealth than we had at first supposed. In coin there was rather more than four hundred and fifty thousand dollars — estimating the value of the pieces, as accurately as we could, by the tables of the period. There was not a particle of silver. All was gold of antique date and of great variety — French, Spanish, and German money, with a few English guineas, and some counters, of which we had never seen specimens before. There were several very large and heavy coins, so worn that we could make nothing of their inscriptions. There was no American money. The value of the jewels we found more difficulty in estimating. There were diamonds — some of them exceedingly large and fine — a hundred and ten in all, and not one of them small; eighteen rubies of remarkable brilliancy; — three hundred and ten emeralds, all very beautiful; and twenty-one sapphires, with an opal. These stones had all been broken from their settings and thrown loose in the chest. The settings themselves, which we picked out from among the other gold, appeared to have been beaten up with hammers, as if to prevent identification. Besides all this, there was a vast quantity of solid gold ornaments; — nearly two hundred massive finger and ear rings; — rich chains — thirty of these, if I remember; — eighty-three very large and heavy crucifixes; — five gold censers of great value; — a prodigious golden punch bowl, ornamented with richly chased vine leaves and Bacchanalian figures; with two sword handles exquisitely embossed, and many other smaller articles which I cannot recollect. The weight of these valuables exceeded three hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois; and in this estimate I have not included one hundred and ninety-seven superb gold watches, three of the number being worth each five hundred dollars, if one. Many of them were very old, and as timekeepers valueless, the works having suffered, more or less, from corrosion — but all were richly jeweled and in cases of great worth. We estimated the en-

ture contents of the chest, that night, at a million and a half of dollars; and, upon the subsequent disposal of the trinkets and jewels (a few being retained for our own use), it was found that we had greatly undervalued the treasure.

When, at length, we had concluded our examination, and the intense excitement of the time had in some measure subsided, Legrand, who saw that I was dying with impatience for a solution of this most extraordinary riddle, entered into a full detail of all the circumstances connected with it.

"You remember," said he, "the night when I handed you the rough sketch I had made of the *scarabæus*. You recollect also, that I became quite vexed at you for insisting that my drawing resembled a death's head. When you first made this assertion I thought you were jesting; but afterwards I called to mind the peculiar spots on the back of the insect, and admitted to myself that your remark had some little foundation in fact. Still, the sneer at my graphic powers irritated me—for I am considered a good artist—and, therefore, when you handed me the scrap of parchment, I was about to crumple it up and throw it angrily into the fire."

"The scrap of paper, you mean," said I.

"No; it had much of the appearance of paper, and at first I supposed it to be such, but when I came to draw upon it, I discovered it at once to be a piece of very thin parchment. It was quite dirty, you remember. Well, as I was in the very act of crumpling it up, my glance fell upon the sketch at which you had been looking, and you may imagine my astonishment when I perceived, in fact, the figure of a death's head just where, it seemed to me, I had made the drawing of the beetle. For a moment I was too much amazed to think with accuracy. I knew that my design was very different in detail from this—although there was a certain similarity in general outline. Presently I took a candle, and seating myself at the other end of the room, proceeded to scrutinize the parchment more closely. Upon turning it over, I saw my own sketch upon the reverse, just as I had made it. My first idea, now, was mere surprise at the really remarkable similarity of outline—at the singular coincidence involved in the fact that, unknown to me, there should have been a skull upon the other side of the parchment, immediately beneath my figure of the *scarabæus*, and that this skull, not only in outline, but in size, should so closely resemble my drawing. I say the singularity of this coincidence

absolutely stupefied me for a time. This is the usual effect of such coincidences. The mind struggles to establish a connection — a sequence of cause and effect — and, being unable to do so, suffers a species of temporary paralysis. But when I recovered from this stupor, there dawned upon me gradually a conviction which startled me even far more than the coincidence. I began distinctly, positively, to remember that there had been *no* drawing upon the parchment when I made my sketch of the *scarabæus*. I became perfectly certain of this; for I recollected turning up first one side and then the other, in search of the cleanest spot. Had the skull been then there, of course, I could not have failed to notice it. Here was indeed a mystery which I felt it impossible to explain; but, even at that early moment, there seemed to glimmer, faintly, within the most remote and secret chambers of my intellect, a glow-wormlike conception of that truth which last night's adventure brought to so magnificent a demonstration. I arose at once, and putting the parchment securely away, dismissed all farther reflection until I should be alone.

“When you had gone, and when Jupiter was fast asleep, I betook myself to a more methodical investigation of the affair. In the first place I considered the manner in which the parchment had come into my possession. The spot where we discovered the *scarabæus* was on the coast of the mainland, about a mile eastward of the island, and but a short distance above high-water mark. Upon my taking hold of it, it gave me a sharp bite, which caused me to let it drop. Jupiter, with his accustomed caution, before seizing the insect, which had flown towards him, looked about him for a leaf, or something of that nature, by which to take hold of it. It was at this moment that his eyes, and mine also, fell upon the scrap of parchment, which I then supposed to be paper. It was lying half buried in the sand, a corner sticking up. Near the spot where we found it, I observed the remnants of the hull of what appeared to have been a ship's longboat. The wreck seemed to have been there for a very great while; for the resemblance to boat timbers could scarcely be traced.

“Well, Jupiter picked up the parchment, wrapped the beetle in it, and gave it to me. Soon afterwards we turned to go home, and on the way met Lieutenant G——. I showed him the insect, and he begged me to let him take it to the fort. Upon my consenting, he thrust it forthwith into his waistcoat

pocket, without the parchment in which it had been wrapped, and which I had continued to hold in my hand during his inspection. Perhaps he dreaded my changing my mind, and thought it best to make sure of the prize at once—you know how enthusiastic he is on all subjects connected with Natural History. At the same time, without being conscious of it, I must have deposited the parchment in my own pocket.

“You remember that when I went to the table, for the purpose of making a sketch of the beetle, I found no paper where it was usually kept. I looked in the drawer, and found none there. I searched my pockets, hoping to find an old letter, when my hand fell upon the parchment. I thus detail the precise mode in which it came into my possession, for the circumstances impressed me with peculiar force.

“No doubt you will think me fanciful—but I had already established a kind of *connection*. I had put together two links of a great chain. There was a boat lying upon a seacoast, and not far from the boat was a parchment—*not a paper*—with a skull depicted upon it. You will, of course, ask ‘Where is the connection?’ I reply that the skull, or death’s head, is the well-known emblem of the pirate. The flag of the death’s head is hoisted in all engagements.

“I have said that the scrap was parchment, and not paper. Parchment is durable—almost imperishable. Matters of little moment are rarely consigned to parchment; since, for the mere ordinary purposes of drawing or writing, it is not nearly so well adapted as paper. This reflection suggested some meaning—some relevancy—in the death’s head. I did not fail to observe, also, the *form* of the parchment. Although one of its corners had been, by some accident, destroyed, it could be seen that the original form was oblong. It was just such a slip, indeed, as might have been chosen for a memorandum—for a record of something to be long remembered and carefully preserved.”

“But,” I interposed, “you say that the skull was *not* upon the parchment when you made the drawing of the beetle. How then do you trace any connection between the boat and the skull—since this latter, according to your own admission, must have been designed (God only knows how or by whom) at some period subsequent to your sketching the *scarabæus*?”

“Ah, hereupon turns the whole mystery, although the secret, at this point, I had comparatively little difficulty in solving. My steps were sure, and could afford but a single result. I



reasoned, for example, thus : When I drew the *scarabæus*, there was no skull apparent upon the parchment. When I had completed the drawing I gave it to you, and observed you narrowly until you returned it. *You*, therefore, did not design the skull, and no one else was present to do it. Then it was not done by human agency. And nevertheless it was done.

“At this stage of my reflections I endeavored to remember, and *did* remember, with entire distinctness, every incident which occurred about the period in question. The weather was chilly (oh rare and happy accident !), and a fire was blazing upon the hearth. I was heated with exercise, and sat near the table. You, however, had drawn a chair close to the chimney. Just as I placed the parchment in your hand, and as you were in the act of inspecting it, Wolf, the Newfoundland, entered, and leaped upon your shoulders. With your left hand you caressed him and kept him off, while your right, holding the parchment, was permitted to fall listlessly between your knees, and in close proximity to the fire. At one moment I thought the blaze had caught it, and was about to caution you, but, before I could speak, you had withdrawn it, and were engaged in its examination. When I considered all these particulars, I doubted not for a moment that *heat* had been the agent in bringing to light, upon the parchment, the skull which I saw designed upon it. You are well aware that chemical preparations exist, and have existed time out of mind, by means of which it is possible to write upon either paper or vellum, so that the characters shall become visible only when subjected to the action of fire. Zaffre, digested in *aqua regia*, and diluted with four times its weight of water, is sometimes employed ; a green tint results. The regulus of cobalt, dissolved in spirit of niter, gives a red. These colors disappear at longer or shorter intervals after the material written upon cools, but again become apparent upon the reapplication of heat.

“I now scrutinized the death’s head with care. Its outer edges — the edges of the drawing nearest the edge of the vellum — were far more *distinct* than the others. It was clear that the action of the caloric had been imperfect or unequal. I immediately kindled a fire, and subjected every portion of the parchment to a glowing heat. At first, the only effect was the strengthening of the faint lines in the skull ; but, upon persevering in the experiment, there became visible, at the corner of the slip, diagonally opposite to the spot in which the death’s

head was delineated, the figure of what I at first supposed to be a goat. A closer scrutiny, however, satisfied me that it was intended for a kid."

"Ha! ha!" said I, "to be sure I have no right to laugh at you—a million and a half of money is too serious a matter for mirth—but you are not about to establish a third link in your chain—you will not find any especial connection between your pirates and a goat—pirates, you know, have nothing to do with goats; they appertain to the farming interest."

"But I have said that the figure was *not* that of a goat."

"Well, a kid, then—pretty much the same thing."

"Pretty much, but not altogether," said Legrand. "You may have heard of one *Captain Kidd*. I at once looked upon the figure of the animal as a kind of punning or hieroglyphical signature. I say signature, because its position upon the vellum suggested this idea. The death's head at the corner diagonally opposite had, in the same manner, the air of a stamp, or seal. But I was sorely put out by the absence of all else—of the body to my imagined instrument—of the text for my context."

"I presume you expected to find a letter between the stamp and the signature."

"Something of that kind. The fact is, I felt irresistibly impressed with a presentiment of some vast good fortune impending. I can scarcely say why. Perhaps, after all, it was rather a desire than an actual belief; but do you know that Jupiter's silly words, about the bug being of solid gold, had a remarkable effect upon my fancy? And then the series of accidents and coincidences—these were so *very* extraordinary. Do you observe how mere an accident it was that these events should have occurred upon the *sole* day of all the year in which it has been, or may be, sufficiently cool for fire, and that without the fire, or without the intervention of the dog at the precise moment in which he appeared, I should never have become aware of the death's head, and so never the possessor of the treasure?"

"But proceed—I am all impatience."

"Well, you have heard, of course, the many stories current—the thousand vague rumors afloat about money buried, somewhere upon the Atlantic coast, by Kidd and his associates. These rumors must have had some foundation in fact. And that the rumors have existed so long and so continuous, could

have resulted, it appeared to me, only from the circumstance of the buried treasure still *remaining* entombed. Had Kidd concealed his plunder for a time, and afterwards reclaimed it, the rumors would scarcely have reached us in their present unvarying form. You will observe that the stories told are all about money seekers, not about money finders. Had the pirate recovered his money, there the affair would have dropped. It seemed to me that some accident — say the loss of a memorandum indicating its locality — had deprived him of the means of recovering it, and that this accident had become known to his followers, who otherwise might never have heard that treasure had been concealed at all, and who, busying themselves in vain, because of unguided attempts, to regain it, had given first birth, and then universal currency, to the reports which are now so common. Have you ever heard of any important treasure being unearthed along the coast?"

"Never."

"But that Kidd's accumulations were immense is well known. I took it for granted, therefore, that the earth still held them; and you will scarcely be surprised when I tell you that I felt a hope, nearly amounting to certainty, that the parchment so strangely found involved a lost record of the place of deposit."

"But how did you proceed?"

"I held the vellum again to the fire, after increasing the heat; but nothing appeared. I now thought it possible that the coating of dirt might have something to do with the failure; so I carefully rinsed the parchment by pouring warm water over it, and, having done this, I placed it in a tin pan, with the skull downwards, and put the pan upon a furnace of lighted charcoal. In a few minutes, the pan having become thoroughly heated, I removed the slip, and, to my inexpressible joy, found it spotted, in several places, with what appeared to be figures arranged in lines. Again I placed it in the pan, and suffered it to remain another minute. Upon taking it off, the whole was just as you see it now."

Here Legrand, having reheated the parchment, submitted it to my inspection. The following characters were rudely traced, in a red tint, between the death's head and the goat:—

53‡‡‡305))6\*; 4826)4‡.)4‡); 806\*; 48†8¶60))85; 1‡(; ‡\*8†83(88)5\*†;  
46(; 88\*96\*?; 8)\*‡(; 485); 5\*†2:\*‡(; 4956\*2(5\*—4)8¶8\*; 4069285); )6†8)4

††; 1(†9; 48081; 8:8†1; 48†85; 4)485†528806\*81(†9; 48;(88; 4(†?31;48)4†; 161;188;†?;

"But," said I, returning him the slip, "I am as much in the dark as ever. Were all the jewels of Golconda awaiting me upon my solution of this enigma, I am quite sure that I should be unable to earn them."

"And yet," said Legrand, "the solution is by no means so difficult as you might be led to imagine from the first hasty inspection of the characters. These characters, as any one might readily guess, form a cipher—that is to say, they convey a meaning: but then, from what is known of Kidd, I could not suppose him capable of constructing any of the more abstruse cryptographs. I made up my mind, at once, that this was of a simple species—such, however, as would appear, to the crude intellect of the sailor, absolutely insoluble without the key."

"And you really solved it?"

"Readily; I have solved others of an abstruseness ten thousand times greater. Circumstances, and a certain bias of mind, have led me to take interest in such riddles, and it may well be doubted whether human ingenuity can construct an enigma of the kind which human ingenuity may not, by proper application, resolve. In fact, having once established connected and legible characters, I scarcely gave a thought to the mere difficulty of developing their import."

"In the present case—indeed in all cases of secret writing—the first question regards the *language* of the cipher; for the principles of solution, so far, especially as the more simple ciphers are concerned, depend upon, and are varied by, the genius of the particular idiom. In general, there is no alternative but experiment (directed by probabilities) of every tongue known to him who attempts the solution, until the true one be attained. But, with the cipher now before us, all difficulty was removed by the signature. The pun upon the word 'Kidd' is appreciable in no other language than the English. But for this consideration I should have begun my attempts with the Spanish and French, as the tongues in which a secret of this kind would most naturally have been written by a pirate of the Spanish main. As it was, I assumed the cryptograph to be English."

"You observe there are no divisions between the words."



Had there been divisions, the task would have been comparatively easy. In such case I should have commenced with a collation and analysis of the shorter words; and had a word of a single letter occurred, as is most likely (*a* or *I*, for example), I should have considered the solution as assured. But, there being no division, my first step was to ascertain the predominant letters, as well as the least frequent. Counting all, I constructed a table thus:—

Of the characters 8 there are 33.

;	“	26.
4	“	19.
‡)	“	16.
*	“	13.
5	“	12.
6	“	11.
†1	“	8.
0	“	6.
92	“	5.
:3	“	4.
?	“	3.
¶	“	2.
—	“	1.

“Now, in English, the letter which most frequently occurs is *e*. Afterwards, the succession runs thus: *a o i d h n r s t u y c f g l m w b k p q x z*. *E* predominates so remarkably that an individual sentence of any length is rarely seen, in which it is not the prevailing character.

“Here, then, we have, in the very beginning, the groundwork for something more than a mere guess. The general use which may be made of the table is obvious — but in this particular cipher we shall only very partially require its aid. As our predominant character is 8, we will commence by assuming it as the *e* of the natural alphabet. To verify the supposition, let us observe if the 8 be seen often in couples—for *e* is doubled with great frequency in English—in such words, for example, as ‘meet,’ ‘fleet,’ ‘speed,’ ‘seen,’ ‘been,’ ‘agree,’ etc. In the present instance we see it doubled no less than five times, although the cryptograph is brief.

“Let us assume 8 then, as *e*. Now, of all *words* in the language, ‘the’ is most usual; let us see, therefore, whether there are not repetitions of any three characters, in the same order of

collocation, the last of them being 8. If we discover repetitions of such letters, so arranged, they will most probably represent the word 'the.' Upon inspection, we find no less than seven such arrangements, the characters being ;48. We may, therefore, assume that ; represents *t*, 4 represents *h*, and 8 represents *e* — the last being now well confirmed. Thus a great step has been taken.

"But, having established a single word, we are enabled to establish a vastly important point; that is to say, several commencements and terminations of other words. Let us refer, for example, to the last instance but one, in which the combination ;48 occurs—not far from the end of the cipher. We know that the ; immediately ensuing is the commencement of a word, and, of the six characters succeeding this 'the,' we are cognizant of no less than five. Let us set these characters down, thus, by the letters we know them to represent, leaving a space for the unknown —

t eeth.

"Here we are enabled, at once, to discard the '*th*,' as forming no portion of the word commencing with the first *t*; since, by experiment of the entire alphabet for a letter adapted to the vacancy, we perceive that no word can be formed of which this *th* can be a part. We are thus narrowed into

t ee,

and, going through the alphabet, if necessary, as before, we arrive at the word 'tree,' as the sole possible reading. We thus gain another letter *r*, represented by (, with the words 'the tree' in juxtaposition.

"Looking beyond these words, for a short distance, we again see the combination ;48, and employ it by way of *termination* to what immediately precedes. We have thus this arrangement:

the tree ;4(‡?34 the,

or, substituting the natural letters, where known, it reads thus:

the tree thr‡?3h the.

"Now, if, in place of the unknown characters, we leave blank spaces, or substitute dots, we read thus: —

the tree thr...h the,

when the word '*through*' makes itself evident at once. But this discovery gives us three new letters, *o*, *u*, and *g*, represented by ‡, ?, and 3.

"Looking now, narrowly, through the cipher for combinations of known characters, we find, not very far from the beginning, this arrangement,

83(88, or egree,

which, plainly, is the conclusion of the word 'degree,' and gives us another letter, *d*, represented by †.

"Four letters beyond the word 'degree,' we perceive the combination,

;48(88.

"Translating the known characters, and representing the unknown by dots, as before, we read thus :—

th rtee,

an arrangement immediately suggestive of the word, 'thirteen,' and again furnishing us with two new characters, *i* and *n*, represented by 6 and \*.

"Referring, now, to the beginning of the cryptograph, we find the combination,

53‡‡†.

"Translating, as before, we obtain

. good,

which assures us that the first letter is *A*, and that the first two words are 'A good.'

"It is now time that we arrange our key, as far as discovered, in a tabular form, to avoid confusion. It will stand thus :—

5 represents a		
†	"	d
8	"	e
3	"	g
4	"	h
6	"	i
*	"	n
‡	"	o
(	"	r
;	"	t

"We have, therefore, no less than ten of the most important letters represented, and it will be unnecessary to proceed with

the details of the solution. I have said enough to convince you that ciphers of this nature are readily soluble, and to give you some insight into the *rationale* of their development. But be assured that the specimen before us appertains to the very simplest species of cryptograph. It now only remains to give you the full translation of the characters upon the parchment, as unriddled. Here it is:—

“*‘A good glass in the bishop’s hostel in the devil’s seat forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes northeast and by north main branch seventh limb east side shoot from the left eye of the death’s head a bee line from the tree through the shot fifty feet out.’*”

“But,” said I, “the enigma seems still in as bad a condition as ever. How is it possible to extort a meaning from all this jargon about ‘devil’s seats,’ ‘death’s heads,’ and ‘bishop’s hotels’?”

“I confess,” replied Legrand, “that the matter still wears a serious aspect, when regarded with a casual glance. My first endeavor was to divide the sentence into the natural division intended by the cryptographist.”

“You mean to punctuate it?”

“Something of that kind.”

“But how was it possible to effect this?”

“I reflected that it had been a *point* with the writer to run his words together without division, so as to increase the difficulty of solution. Now, a not overacute man, in pursuing such an object, would be nearly certain to overdo the matter. When, in the course of his composition, he arrived at a break in his subject which would naturally require a pause, or a point, he would be exceedingly apt to run his characters, at this place, more than usually close together. If you will observe the MS. in the present instance you will easily detect five such cases of unusual crowding. Acting upon this hint, I made the division thus:—

“*‘A good glass in the bishop’s hostel in the devil’s seat — forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes—northeast and by north—main branch seventh limb east side—shoot from the left eye of the death’s head—a bee line from the tree through the shot fifty feet out.’*”

“Even this division,” said I, “leaves me still in the dark.”

“It left me also in the dark,” replied Legrand, “for a few days, during which I made diligent inquiry, in the neighbor-



hood of Sullivan's Island, for any building which went by the name of the 'Bishop's Hotel'; for, of course, I dropped the obsolete word 'hostel.' Gaining no information on the subject, I was on the point of extending my sphere of search, and proceeding in a more systematic manner, when, one morning, it entered into my head, quite suddenly, that this 'Bishop's Hostel' might have some reference to an old family, of the name of Bessop, which, time out of mind, had held possession of an ancient manor house, about four miles to the northward of the Island. I accordingly went over to the plantation, and reinstituted my inquiries among the older negroes of the place. At length one of the most aged of the women said that she had heard of such a place as *Bessop's Castle*, and thought that she could guide me to it, but that it was not a castle, nor a tavern, but a high rock.

"I offered to pay her well for her trouble, and, after some demur, she consented to accompany me to the spot. We found it without much difficulty, when, dismissing her, I proceeded to examine the place. The 'castle' consisted of an irregular assemblage of cliffs and rocks — one of the latter being quite remarkable for its height as well as for its insulated and artificial appearance. I clambered to its apex, and then felt much at a loss as to what should be next done.

"While I was busied in reflection, my eyes fell upon a narrow ledge in the eastern face of the rock, perhaps a yard below the summit upon which I stood. This ledge projected about eighteen inches, and was not more than a foot wide, while a niche in the cliff just above it gave it a rude resemblance to one of the hollow-backed chairs used by our ancestors. I made no doubt that here was the 'devil's seat' alluded to in the MS., and now I seemed to grasp the full secret of the riddle.

"The 'good glass,' I knew, could have reference to nothing but a telescope; for the word 'glass' is rarely employed in any other sense by seamen. Now here, I at once saw, was a telescope to be used, and a definite point of view, *admitting no variation*, from which to use it. Nor did I hesitate to believe that the phrases, 'forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes,' and 'northeast and by north,' were intended as directions for the leveling of the glass. Greatly excited by these discoveries, I hurried home, procured a telescope, and returned to the rock.

"I let myself down to the ledge, and found that it was impossible to retain a seat upon it except in one particular position. This fact confirmed my preconceived idea. I proceeded to use the glass. Of course, the 'forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes' could allude to nothing but elevation above the visible horizon, since the horizontal direction was clearly indicated by the words, 'northeast and by north.' This latter direction I at once established by means of a pocket compass; then, pointing the glass as nearly at an angle of forty-one degrees of elevation as I could do it by guess, I moved it cautiously up or down, until my attention was arrested by a circular rift or opening in the foliage of a large tree that overtopped its fellows in the distance. In the center of this rift I perceived a white spot, but could not, at first, distinguish what it was. Adjusting the focus of the telescope, I again looked, and now made it out to be a human skull.

"Upon this discovery I was so sanguine as to consider the enigma solved; for the phrase 'main branch, seventh limb, east side,' could refer only to the position of the skull upon the tree, while 'shoot from the left eye of the death's head' admitted also of but one interpretation, in regard to a search for buried treasure. I perceived that the design was to drop a bullet from the left eye of the skull, and that a bee line, or, in other words, a straight line, drawn from the nearest point of the trunk through 'the shot' (or the spot where the bullet fell), and thence extended to a distance of fifty feet, would indicate a definite point—and beneath this point I thought it at least *possible* that a deposit of value lay concealed."

"All this," I said, "is exceedingly clear, and, although ingenious, still simple and explicit. When you left the 'Bishop's Hotel,' what then?"

"Why, having carefully taken the bearings of the tree, I turned homewards. The instant that I left the 'devil's seat,' however, the circular rift vanished; nor could I get a glimpse of it afterwards, turn as I would. What seems to me the chief ingenuity in this whole business is the fact (for repeated experiment has convinced me it *is* a fact) that the circular opening in question is visible from no other attainable point of view than that afforded by the narrow ledge upon the face of the rock.

"In this expedition to the 'Bishop's Hotel' I had been attended by Jupiter, who had no doubt observed for some

weeks past the abstraction of my demeanor, and took especial care not to leave me alone. But, on the next day, getting up very early, I contrived to give him the slip, and went into the hills in search of the tree. After much toil I found it. When I came home at night my valet proposed to give me a flogging. With the rest of the adventure I believe you are as well acquainted as myself."

"I suppose," said I, "you missed the spot, in the first attempt at digging, through Jupiter's stupidity in letting the bug fall through the right instead of through the left eye of the skull."

"Precisely. This mistake made a difference of about two inches and a half in the 'shot' — that is to say, in the position of the peg nearest the tree; and had the treasure been *beneath* the 'shot,' the error would have been of little moment; but the 'shot,' together with the nearest point of the tree, were merely two points for the establishment of a line of direction; of course the error, however trivial in the beginning, increased as we proceeded with the line, and by the time we had gone fifty feet, threw us quite off the scent. But for my deep-seated impressions that treasure was here somewhere actually buried, we might have had all our labor in vain."

"But your grandiloquence, and your conduct in swinging the beetle — how excessively odd! I was sure you were mad. And why did you insist upon letting fall the bug, instead of a bullet, from the skull?"

"Why, to be frank, I felt somewhat annoyed by your evident suspicions touching my sanity, and so resolved to punish you quietly, in my own way, by a little bit of sober mystification. For this reason I swung the beetle, and for this reason I let it fall from the tree. An observation of yours about its great weight suggested the latter idea."

"Yes, I perceive; and now there is only one point which puzzles me. What are we to make of the skeletons found in the hole?"

"That is a question I am no more able to answer than yourself. There seems, however, only one plausible way of accounting for them — and yet it is dreadful to believe in such atrocity as my suggestion would imply. It is clear that Kidd — if Kidd indeed secreted this treasure, which I doubt not — it is clear that he must have had assistance in the labor. But this labor concluded, he may have thought it expedient to remove

all participants in this secret. Perhaps a couple of blows with a mattock were sufficient, while his coadjutors were busy in the pit; perhaps it required a dozen — who shall tell?"



## THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER; OR THE BLACK BROTHERS.

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

[JOHN RUSKIN: English critic and essayist; born at London, February 8, 1819. In 1839 he took the Newdigate prize for a poem. During his Oxford days he published many verses over the signature "J. R." In 1850 his poems were collected and privately printed. A reprint was made of them in New York in 1882. He studied art, but rather for the purposes of criticism. In 1843 appeared the first part of "Modern Painters," which was a vehement eulogy of J. M. W. Turner; the last volume in 1856. "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," 1849, and "The Stones of Venice," 1851-1853, are his best-known works. Among his popular lectures have been "Munera Pulveris," 1862-1863; "Sesame and Lilies," 1865; "Crown of Wild Olive," 1866; and "The Queen of the Air," 1869. His works include dozens of other titles on artistic, social, and economic subjects. His *Præterita*," 1885, is autobiographical. He died in 1900.]

### HOW THE AGRICULTURAL SYSTEM OF THE BLACK BROTHERS WAS INTERFERED WITH BY SOUTHWEST WIND, ESQUIRE.

IN A secluded and mountainous part of Stiria there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded, on all sides, by steep and rocky mountains rising into peaks, which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell westward, over the face of a crag so high, that, when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was, therefore, called by the people of the neighborhood, the Golden River. It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through broad plains and by populous cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley; and its crops





John Ruskin







were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to every one who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers, called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows and small dull eyes, which were always half shut, so that you couldn't see into *them*, and always fancied they saw very far into *you*. They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were. They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds, because they pecked the fruit; and killed the hedgehogs, lest they should suck the cows; they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen; and smothered the cicadas, which used to sing all summer in the lime trees. They worked their servants without any wages, till they would not work any more, and then quarreled with them, and turned them out of doors without paying them. It would have been very odd, if with such a farm, and such a system of farming, they hadn't got very rich; and very rich they *did* get. They generally contrived to keep their corn by them till it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value; they had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity; they never went to mass; grumbled perpetually at paying tithes; and were, in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper, as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings, the nickname of the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely opposed, in both appearance and character, to his seniors as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well with his brothers, or rather, they did not agree with *him*. He was usually appointed to the honorable office of turnspit, when there was anything to roast, which was not often; for, to do the brothers justice, they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times he used to clean the shoes, floors, and sometimes the plates, occasionally <sup>at</sup> getting what was left on them, by way of encouragement, and a wholesome quantity of dry blows, by way of education.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country around. The hay had hardly been got in, when the haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea by an inundation; the vines were cut to pieces with the hail; the corn was all killed by a black blight; only in the Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody came to buy corn at the farm, and went away pouring maledictions on the Black Brothers. They asked what they liked, and got it, except from the poor people, who could only beg, and several of whom were starved at their very door, without the slightest regard or notice.

It was drawing towards winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out, with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to mind the roast, that he was to let nobody in, and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable looking. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown. "What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner. I'm sure, when they've got such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has got so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke, there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up—more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door."

No; it wasn't the wind: there it came again very hard, and what was particularly astounding, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid of the consequences. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary-looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; his cheeks were very round, and very red, and might have warranted a supposition that he had been blowing a refractory fire for the last eight and forty hours; his eyes twinkled merrily through long silky eyelashes, his mustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth,

and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt color, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four feet six in height, and wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration of what is now termed a "swallow tail," but was much obscured by the swelling folds of an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own length.

Gluck was so perfectly paralyzed by the singular appearance of his visitor, that he remained fixed without uttering a word, until the old gentleman, having performed another, and a more energetic concerto on the knocker, turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In so doing he caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with its mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hollo!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door: I'm wet, let me in."

To do the little gentleman justice, he *was* wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella; and from the ends of his mustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets, and out again like a mill stream.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck, "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what!" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir—I can't, indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman, petulantly. "I want fire, and shelter; and there's your great fire there blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself."

Gluck had had his head, by this time, so long out of the window, that he began to feel it was really unpleasantly cold, and when he turned, and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring, and throwing long bright tongues up the chimney, as if it were licking its chops at the savory smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing. "He does look *very* wet," said little Gluck;

"I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour." Round he went to the door, and opened it, and as the little gentleman walked in, there came a gust of wind through the house, that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they'd be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it's very brown."

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen, and sat himself down on the hob, with the top of his cap accommodated up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did *not* dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed, and sputtered, and began to look very black and uncomfortable: never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck at length, after watching the water spreading in long quicksilver-like streams over the floor for a quarter of an hour; "mayn't I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"

"I am all right, thank you," said the old gentleman, rather gruffly.

"But, — sir, — I'm very sorry," said Gluck, hesitatingly; "but — really, sir, — you're — putting the fire out."

"It'll take longer to do the mutton, then," replied his visitor, dryly.

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behavior of his guest; it was such a strange mixture of coolness and humility. He turned away at the string meditatively for another five minutes.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman at length. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman: "I've had nothing to eat yesterday, nor to-day. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!"



He spoke in so very melancholy a tone, that it quite melted Gluck's heart. "They promised me one slice to-day, sir," said he; "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.

Then Gluck warmed a plate, and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton, there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob, as if it had suddenly become inconveniently warm. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again, with desperate efforts at exactitude, and ran to open the door.

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face. "Ay! what for, indeed, you little vagabond?" said Hans, administering an educational box on the ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz when he opened the door.

"Amen," said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing with the utmost possible velocity.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin, and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

"I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck, in great terror.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

"My dear brother," said Gluck, deprecatingly, "he was so *very* wet!"

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head; but, at the instant, the old gentleman interposed his conical cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room. What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap, than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the further end of the room.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I'm a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began very modestly, "and I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz. "We've quite enough water in our kitchen, without making it a drying house."

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my

gray hairs." They hung down to his shoulders, as I told you before.

"Ay!" said Hans, "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz; "do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread, but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans, sneeringly. "Out with you."

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!"

"Pray, gentlemen."

"Off, and be hanged!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar, then away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round, till he fell into the corner on the top of it. Then Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him, when away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round with velocity in the opposite direction: continued to spin until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him; clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side (for it could not stand upright without going through the ceiling), gave an additional twist to his cork-screw mustaches, and replied with perfect coolness: "Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night I'll call again; after such a refusal of hospitality as I have just experienced, you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you."

"If ever I catch you here again," muttered Schwartz, coming, half frightened, out of the corner—but, before he could finish his sentence, the old gentleman had shut the house door behind him with a great bang: and there drove past the window, at the same instant, a wreath of ragged cloud, that whirled and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes; turning over and over in the air; and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

"A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!" said Schwartz.

"Dish the mutton, sir. If ever I catch you at such a trick again — bless me, why the mutton's been cut!"

"You promised me one slice, brother, you know," said Gluck.

"Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir; and have the kindness to wait in the coal cellar till I call you."

Gluck left the room melancholy enough. The brothers ate as much mutton as they could, locked the rest in the cupboard, and proceeded to get very drunk after dinner.

Such a night as it was! Howling wind, and rushing rain, without intermission. The brothers had just sense enough left to put up all the shutters, and double bar the door, before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room. As the clock struck twelve, they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their door burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

"What's that?" cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

"Only I," said the little gentleman.

The two brothers sat up on their bolster, and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water, and by a misty moonbeam, which found its way through a hole in the shutter, they could see in the midst of it, an enormous foam globe, spinning round, and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which, as on a most luxurious cushion, reclined the little old gentleman, cap and all. There was plenty of room for it now, for the roof was off.

"Sorry to incommode you," said their visitor, ironically. "I'm afraid your beds are dampish; perhaps you had better go to your brother's room: I've left the ceiling on, there."

They required no second admonition, but rushed into Gluck's room, wet through, and in an agony of terror.

"You'll find my card on the kitchen table," the old gentleman called after them. "Remember, the *last* visit."

"Pray Heaven it may!" said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam globe disappeared.

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck's little window in the morning. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The inundation had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left, in their stead, a waste of red sand and gray mud. The two brothers crept

shivering and horror-struck into the kitchen. The water had gutted the whole first floor; corn, money, almost every movable thing had been swept away, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were engraved the words:—

SOUTHWEST WIND, ESQUIRE.

OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE THREE BROTHERS AFTER THE VISIT OF SOUTHWEST WIND, ESQUIRE; AND HOW LITTLE GLUCK HAD AN INTERVIEW WITH THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.

Southwest Wind, Esquire, was as good as his word. After the momentous visit above related, he entered the Treasure Valley no more; and, what was worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the West Winds in general, and used it so effectually, that they all adopted a similar line of conduct. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the Three Brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom, became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with the adverse skies, abandoned their valueless patrimony in despair, to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths," said Schwartz to Hans, as they entered the large city. "It is a good knave's trade; we can put a great deal of copper into the gold, without any one's finding it out."

The thought was agreed to be a very good one; they hired a furnace, and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances affected their trade: the first, that people did not approve of the coppered gold; the second, that the two elder



brothers, whenever they had sold anything, used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go and drink out the money in the alehouse next door. So they melted all their gold, without making money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking mug, which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and which he was very fond of, and would not have parted with for the world; though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water. The mug was a very odd mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than metal, and these wreaths descended into, and mixed with, a beard and whiskers of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face, of the reddest gold imaginable, right in the front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference. It was impossible to drink out of the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze out of the side of these eyes; and Schwartz positively averred that once, after emptying it, full of Rhenish, seventeen times, he had seen them wink! When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart; but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting pot, and staggered out to the alehouse, — leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars, when it was all ready.

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting pot. The flowing hair was all gone; nothing remained but the red nose, and the sparkling eyes, which looked more malicious than ever. "And no wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way." He sauntered disconsolately to the window, and sat himself down to catch the fresh evening air, and escape the hot breath of the furnace. Now this window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains, which, as I told you before, overhung the Treasure Valley, and more especially of the peak from which fell the Golden River. It was just at the close of the day, and, when Gluck sat down at the window, he saw the rocks of the mountain tops, all crimson and purple with the sunset; and there were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering about them; and the river, brighter than all, fell, in a waving column of pure gold, from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately in the wreaths of spray.

"Ah!" said Gluck aloud, after he had looked at it for a while, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be."

"No, it wouldn't, Gluck," said a clear metallic voice, close at his ear.

"Bless me, what's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There was nobody there. He looked round the room, and under the table, and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he didn't speak, but he couldn't help thinking again that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the same voice, louder than before.

"Bless me!" said Gluck again, "what *is* that?" He looked again into all the corners, and cupboards, and then began turning round, and round, as fast as he could in the middle of the room, thinking there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now very merrily, "Lala-lira-la"; no words, only a soft running effervescent melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil. Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Upstairs, and downstairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time, and clearer notes, every moment. "Lala-lira-la." All at once it struck Gluck, that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening, and looked in: yes, he saw right, it seemed to be coming, not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He uncovered it, and ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing! He stood in the farthest corner of the room, with his hands up, and his mouth open, for a minute or two, when the singing stopped, and the voice became clear and pronounciative.

"Hollo!" said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

"Hollo! Gluck, my boy," said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted, and its surface as smooth and polished as a river; but instead of reflecting little Gluck's head, as he looked in, he saw meeting his glance from beneath the gold, the red nose and sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice out of the pot again, "I'm all right ; pour me out."

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

"Pour me out, I say," said the voice, rather gruffly.

Still Gluck couldn't move.

"*Will* you pour me out?" said the voice, passionately, "I'm too hot."

By a violent effort, Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible, and sloped it, so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream, there came out, first, a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat tails, then a pair of arms stuck akimbo, and, finally, the well-known head of his friend the mug ; all which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically on the floor, in the shape of a little golden dwarf, about a foot and a half high.

"That's right!" said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs, and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes, without stopping ; apparently with the view of ascertaining if he were quite correctly put together, while Gluck stood contemplating him in speechless amazement. He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture, that the prismatic colors gleamed over it, as if on a surface of mother-of-pearl ; and, over this brilliant doublet, his hair and beard fell full half-way to the ground, in waving curls, so exquisitely delicate, that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended ; they seemed to melt into air. The features of the face, however, were by no means finished with the same delicacy ; they were rather coarse, slightly inclining to coppery in complexion, and indicative, in expression, of a very pertinacious and intractable disposition in their small proprietor. When the dwarf had finished his self-examination, he turned his small sharp eyes full on Gluck, and stared at him deliberately for a minute or two. "No, it wouldn't, Gluck, my boy," said the little man.

This was certainly rather an abrupt and unconnected mode of commencing conversation. It might indeed be supposed to refer to the course of Gluck's thoughts, which had first produced the dwarf's observations out of the pot ; but whatever it referred to, Gluck had no inclination to dispute the dictum.

"Wouldn't it, sir?" said Gluck, very mildly and submissively indeed.

"No," said the dwarf, conclusively. "No, it wouldn't." And with that the dwarf pulled his cap hard over his brows, and took two turns, of three feet long, up and down the room, lifting his legs up very high, and setting them down very hard. This pause gave time for Gluck to collect his thoughts a little, and, seeing no great reason to view his diminutive visitor with dread, and feeling his curiosity overcome his amazement, he ventured on a question of peculiar delicacy.

"Pray, sir," said Gluck, rather hesitatingly, "were you my mug?"

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height. "I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River." Whereupon he turned about again, and took two more turns, some six feet long, in order to allow time for the consternation which this announcement produced in his auditor to evaporate. After which, he again walked up to Gluck and stood still, as if expecting some comment on his communication.

Gluck determined to say something at all events. "I hope your Majesty is very well," said Gluck.

"Listen!" said the little man, deigning no reply to this polite inquiry, "I am the King of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you; therefore, attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source, three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his first, can succeed in his second attempt; and if any one shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone." So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away and deliberately walked into the center of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling — a blaze of intense light — rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

"Oh!" cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him; "Oh, dear, dear, dear me! My mug! my mug! my mug!"



## HOW MR. HANS SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED THEREIN.

The King of the Golden River had hardly made the extraordinary exit related in the last chapter, before Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house, very savagely drunk. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate had the effect of sobering them just enough to enable them to stand over Gluck, beating him very steadily for a quarter of an hour, at the expiration of which period they dropped into a couple of chairs, and requested to know what he had got to say for himself. Gluck told them his story, of which, of course, they did not believe a word. They beat him again, till their arms were tired, and staggered to bed. In the morning, however, the steadiness with which he adhered to his story obtained him some degree of credence; the immediate consequence of which was, that the two brothers, after wrangling a long time on the knotty question, which of them should try his fortune first, drew their swords and began fighting. The noise of the fray alarmed the neighbors, who, finding they could not pacify the combatants, sent for the constable.

Hans, on hearing this, contrived to escape, and hid himself; but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, fined for breaking the peace, and, having drunk out his last penny the evening before, was thrown into prison till he should pay.

When Hans heard this, he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the holy water, was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest could not give any holy water to so abandoned a character. So Hans went to vespers in the evening for the first time in his life, and, under pretense of crossing himself, stole a cupful, and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took his alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

On his way out of town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but Schwartz himself peeping out of the bars, and looking very disconsolate.

“Good morning, brother,” said Hans, “have you any message for the King of the Golden River?”

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage, and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him, and advising him to make himself comfortable till he came back again, shouldered his basket, shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz's face till it frothed again, and marched off in the highest spirits in the world.

It was, indeed, a morning that might have made any one happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains—their lower cliffs in pale gray shadow, hardly distinguishable from the floating vapor, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy color along the angular crags, and pierced, in long level rays, through their fringes of spearlike pine. Far above, shot up red splintered masses of castellated rock, jagged and shivered into myriads of fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow, traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning; and, far beyond, and far above all these, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept, in the blue sky, the utmost peaks of the eternal snow.

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above the undulating line of the cataract, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

On this object, and on this alone, Hans' eyes and thoughts were fixed; forgetting the distance he had to traverse, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of the green and low hills. He was, moreover, surprised, on surmounting them, to find that a large glacier, of whose existence, notwithstanding his previous knowledge of the mountains, he had been absolutely ignorant, lay between him and the source of the Golden River. He entered on it with the boldness of a practiced mountaineer; yet he thought he had never traversed so strange or so dangerous a glacier in his life. The ice was excessively slippery, and out of all its chasms came wild sounds of gushing water; not monotonous or low, but changeful and loud, rising occasionally into drifting passages of wild melody, then breaking off into short melancholy tones, or sudden shrieks, resembling those of human voices in distress or pain. The ice was broken into thousands of confused shapes, but none, Hans thought, like the

ordinary forms of splintered ice. There seemed a curious *expression* about all their outlines — a perpetual resemblance to living features, distorted and scornful. Myriads of deceitful shadows and lurid lights played and floated about and through the pale blue pinnacles, dazzling and confusing the sight of the traveler; while his ears grew dull and his head giddy with the constant gush and roar of the concealed waters. These painful circumstances increased upon him as he advanced; the ice crashed and yawned into fresh chasms at his feet, tottering spires nodded around him, and fell thundering across his path; and though he had repeatedly faced these dangers on the most terrific glaciers, and in the wildest weather, it was with a new and oppressive feeling of panic terror that he leaped the last chasm, and flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

He had been compelled to abandon his basket of food, which became a perilous incumbrance on the glacier, and had now no means of refreshing himself but by breaking off and eating some of the pieces of ice. This, however, relieved his thirst; an hour's repose recruited his hardy frame, and with the indomitable spirit of avarice, he resumed his laborious journey.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot, or a projecting angle to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path, while the whole atmosphere was motionless, and penetrated with heat. Intense thirst was soon added to the bodily fatigue with which Hans was now afflicted; glance after glance he cast on the flask of water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he; "I may, at least, cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on an object lying on the rock beside him; he thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended lifelessly, and a swarm of black ants were crawling about its lips and throat. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment;

and the high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the hill cataracts sounded like mockery in his ears; they were all distant, and his thirst increased every moment. Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the flask at his side; it was half empty; but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it, and again, as he did so, something moved in the path above him. It was a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on. And a dark gray cloud came over the sun, and long, snakelike shadows crept up along the mountain sides. Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but its descent seemed to bring no coolness; the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hillside, scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe, and sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned, and saw a gray-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale and gathered into an expression of despair. "Water!" he stretched his arms to Hans, and cried feebly, "Water! I am dying."

"I have none," replied Hans; "thou hast had thy share of life." He strode over the prostrate body, and darted on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the East, shaped like a sword; it shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark with one heavy, impenetrable shade. The sun was setting; it plunged toward the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans' ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset: they shook their crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody light gleamed along their foam. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses; his brain grew giddy with the prolonged thunder. Shuddering he drew the flask from his girdle, and hurled it into the center of the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs: he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over



## HOW MR. SCHWARTZ SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED THEREIN.

Poor little Gluck waited very anxiously alone in the house, for Hans' return. Finding he did not come back, he was terribly frightened, and went and told Schwartz in the prison all that had happened. Then Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must certainly have been turned into a black stone, and he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry, and cried all night. When he got up in the morning, there was no bread in the house, nor any money, so Gluck went, and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard, and so neatly, and so long every day, that he soon got money enough together to pay his brother's fine, and he went, and gave it all to Schwartz, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased, and said he should have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only begged he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Now when Schwartz had heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such a proceeding might not be considered altogether correct by the King of the Golden River, and determined to manage matters better. So he took some more of Gluck's money, and went to a bad priest, who gave him some holy water very readily for it. Then Schwartz was sure it was all quite right. So Schwartz got up early in the morning before the sun rose, and took some bread and wine, in a basket, and put his holy water in a flask, and set off for the mountains. Like his brother, he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier, and had great difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind him. The day was cloudless, but not bright: there was a heavy purple haze hanging over the sky, and the hills looked lowering and gloomy. And as Schwartz climbed the steep rock path, the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, until he lifted his flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him, and moaned for water.

"Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and passed on. And as he went he thought the sunbeams grew more dim, and he saw a low bank of black

cloud rising out of the West, and when he had climbed for another hour the thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk. Then he saw the old man lying before him on the path, and heard him cry out for water. "Water, indeed," said Schwartz, "I haven't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade from before his eyes, and he looked up, and, behold, a mist, of the color of blood, had come over the sun; and the bank of black cloud had risen very high, and its edges were tossing and tumbling like the waves of the angry sea. And they cast long shadows, which flickered over Schwartz's path.

Then Schwartz climbed for another hour, and again his thirst returned; and as he lifted his flask to his lips, he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him, and, as he gazed, the figure stretched its arms to him, and cried for water. "Ha, ha," laughed Schwartz, "are you there? remember the prison bars, my boy. Water, indeed! do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for *you*?" And he strode over the figure; yet, as he passed, he thought he saw a strange expression of mockery about its lips. And, when he had gone a few yards farther, he looked back; but the figure was not there.

And a sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why; but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. And the bank of black cloud rose to the zenith, and out of it came bursts of spiry lightning, and waves of darkness seemed to heave and float between their flashes, over the whole heavens. And the sky where the sun was setting was all level, and like a lake of blood; and a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds into fragments, and scattering them far into the darkness. And when Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black, like thunderclouds, but their foam was like fire; and the roar of the waters below, and the thunder above, met, as he cast the flask into the stream. And, as he did so, the lightning glared in his eyes, and the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over the

### TWO BLACK STONES.

HOW LITTLE GLUCK SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE  
GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED THEREIN;  
WITH OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST.

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry, and did not know what to do. He had no money, and was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard, and gave him very little money. So, after a month or two, Gluck grew tired, and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone." So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the glacier had occasioned a great deal of fatigue to his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practiced on the mountains. He had several very bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange noises under the ice. He lay a long time to rest on the grass, after he had got over, and began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour, he got dreadfully thirsty, and was going to drink like his brothers, when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble, and leaning on a staff. "My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst; give me some of that water." Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water; "Only pray don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two thirds empty. Then he bade him good speed, and Gluck went on again merrily. And the path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it, and some grasshoppers began singing on the bank beside it; and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

Then he went on for another hour, and the thirst increased on him so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But, as he raised the flask, he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water. Then Gluck struggled with himself, and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank

it all but a few drops. Then it smiled on him, and got up, and ran down the hill; and Gluck looked after it, till it became as small as a little star, and then turned and began climbing again. And then there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright green moss, with pale pink starry flowers, and soft belled gentians, more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white transparent lilies. And crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light, that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet, when he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became intolerable again; and, when he looked at his bottle, he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. And, as he was hanging the flask to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath—just as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. And Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him; and he thought of the dwarf's words, "that no one could succeed, except in his first attempt;" and he tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and Gluck stopped again. "Poor beastie," said Gluck, "it'll be dead when I come down again, if I don't help it." Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eye turned on him so mournfully, that he could not stand it. "Confound the King and his gold too," said Gluck; and he opened the flask, and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared, its ears became long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red, its eyes became very twinkling; in three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood his old acquaintance, the King of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the monarch; "but don't be frightened, it's all right;" for Gluck showed manifest symptoms of consternation at this unlooked-for reply to his last observation. "Why didn't you come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make too."

"Oh dear me!" said Gluck, "have you really been so cruel?"

"Cruel!" said the dwarf, "they poured unholy water into my stream: do you suppose I'm going to allow that?"



"Why," said Gluck, "I am sure, sir, — your Majesty, I mean, — they got the water out of the church font."

"Very probably," replied the dwarf; "but," and his countenance grew stern as he spoke, "the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying, is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses."

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves there hung three drops of clear dew. And the dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so good speed."

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The playing colors of his robe formed themselves into a prismatic mist of dewy light: he stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. The colors grew faint, the mist rose into the air; the monarch had evaporated.

And Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were as clear as crystal, and as brilliant as the sun. And, when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell, a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because not only the river was not turned into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains, towards the Treasure Valley; and, as he went, he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. And, when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river, like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

And as Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew, and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the riversides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle, and tendrils of vine, cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance, which had been lost by cruelty, was regained by love.

And Gluck went, and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door : so that his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. And, for him, the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

And, to this day, the inhabitants of the valley point out the place where the three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River under the ground, until it emerges in the Treasure Valley. And at the top of the cataract of the Golden River, are still to be seen two BLACK STONES, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset ; and these stones are still called by the people of the valley

### THE BLACK BROTHERS.



### MAIDENHOOD.

By LONGFELLOW.

(For biographical sketch, see page 321.)

MAIDEN ! with the meek, brown eyes,  
In whose orbs a shadow lies  
Like the dusk in evening skies !

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,  
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,  
As the braided streamlets run !

Standing, with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet !

Gazing, with a timid glance,  
On the brooklet's swift advance  
On the river's broad expanse !

Deep and still, that gliding stream  
Beautiful to thee must seem,  
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,  
When bright angels in thy vision  
Beckon thee to fields Elysian ?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,  
As the dove, with startled eye,  
Seest the falcon's shadow fly ?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,  
That our ears perceive no more,  
Deafened by the cataract's roar ?

O, thou child of many prayers !  
Life hath quicksands, — Life hath snares !  
Care and age come unawares !

Like the swell of some sweet tune,  
Morning rises into noon,  
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered  
Birds and blossom many-numbered ; —  
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,  
When the young heart overflows,  
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand ;  
Gates of brass cannot withstand  
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,  
In thy heart the dew of youth,  
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal  
Into wounds, that cannot heal,  
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal ;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart  
Into many a sunless heart,  
For a smile of God thou art.



## THE GOLDEN MILESTONE.

BY LONGFELLOW.

LEAFLESS are the trees ; their purple branches  
Spread themselves abroad like reefs of coral,  
Rising silent  
In the Red Sea of the winter sunset.

From the hundred chimneys of the village,  
Like the Afreet in the Arabian story,

Smoky columns  
Tower aloft into the air of amber.

At the window winks the flickering firelight;  
Here and there the lamps of evening glimmer,  
Social watch-fires  
Answering one another through the darkness.

On the hearth the lighted logs are glowing,  
And like Ariel in the cloven pine-tree,  
For its freedom  
Groans and sighs the air imprisoned in them.

By the fireside there are old men seated,  
Seeing ruined cities in the ashes,  
Asking sadly  
Of the Past what it can ne'er restore them.

By the fireside there are youthful dreamers,  
Building castles fair, with stately stairways,  
Asking blindly  
Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside tragedies are acted,  
In whose scenes appear two actors only,—  
Wife and husband,—  
And above them God the sole spectator.

By the fireside there are peace and comfort,—  
Wives and children, with fair, thoughtful faces,  
Waiting, watching  
For a well-known footstep in the passage.

Each man's chimney is his Golden Milestone;  
Is the central point, from which he measures  
Every distance  
Through the gateways of the world around him.

In his farthest wanderings still he sees it;  
Hears the talking flame, the answering night-wind,  
As he heard them  
When he sat with those who were, but are not.

Happy he whom neither wealth nor fashion,  
Nor the march of the encroaching city,  
Drives an exile  
From the hearth of his ancestral homestead.



We may build more splendid habitations,  
 Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,  
     But we cannot  
 Buy with gold the old associations !



## THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

[HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW : An American poet ; born at Portland, Me., February 27, 1807. He graduated from Bowdoin College at eighteen, having Nathaniel Hawthorne and Franklin Pierce as classmates. Appointed shortly after to the professorship of modern languages there, he spent two years in European travel to fit himself before assuming it. In 1836 he became professor of modern languages and literature at Harvard, and held the chair for eighteen years. He died at his home in Cambridge, Mass., March 24, 1882. His chief volumes of poetry are : "Voices of the Night" (1839), "Ballads," "Spanish Student," "Evangeline," "The Golden Legend," "The Song of Hiawatha," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "Tales of a Wayside Inn." He also wrote in prose : "Outre-Mer," and the novels "Hyperion" and "Kavanagh."]

"SPEAK ! speak ! thou fearful guest  
 Who, with thy hollow breast  
 Still in rude armor drest,  
     Comest to daunt me !  
 Wrapt not in Eastern balms,  
 But with thy fleshless palms  
 Stretched, as if asking alms,  
     Why dost thou haunt me ?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes  
 Pale flashes seemed to rise,  
 As when the Northern skies  
     Gleam in December ;  
 And, like the water's flow  
 Under December's snow,  
 Came a dull voice of woe  
     From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old !  
 My deeds, though manifold,  
 No Skald in song has told,  
     No Saga taught thee !  
 Take heed, that in thy verse  
 Thou dost the tale rehearse,

## THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

Else dread a dead man's curse !  
For this I sought thee.

“Far in the Northern Land,  
By the wild Baltic's strand,  
I, with my childish hand,  
Tamed the gyrfalcon ;  
And, with my skates fast-bound,  
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,  
That the poor whimpering hound  
Trembled to walk on.

“Oft to his frozen lair  
Tracked I the grisly bear,  
While from my path the hare  
Fled like a shadow ;  
Oft through the forest dark  
Followed the werewolf's bark,  
Until the soaring lark  
Sang from the meadow.

“But when I older grew,  
Joining a corsair's crew,  
O'er the dark sea I flew  
With the marauders.  
Wild was the life we led ;  
Many the souls that sped,  
Many the hearts that bled,  
By our stern orders.

“Many a wassail bout  
Wore the long Winter out,  
Often our midnight shout  
Set the cocks crowing,  
As we the Berserk's tale  
Measured in cups of ale,  
Draining the oaken pail,  
Filled to o'erflowing.

“Once as I told in glee  
Tales of the stormy sea,  
Soft eyes did gaze on me,  
Burning yet tender ;  
And as the white stars shine  
On the dark Norway pine,

On that dark heart of mine  
Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,  
Yielding, yet half afraid,  
And in the forest's shade  
Our vows were plighted.  
Under its loosened vest  
Fluttered her little breast,  
Like birds within their nest  
By the hawk frightened.

"Bright in her father's hall  
Shields gleamed upon the wall,  
Loud sang the minstrels all,  
Chaunting his glory;  
When of old Hildebrand  
I asked his daughter's hand,  
Mute did the minstrels stand  
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,  
Loud then the champion laughed,  
And as the wind gusts waft  
The sea foam brightly,  
So the loud laugh of scorn,  
Out of those lips unshorn,  
From the deep drinking horn  
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,  
I but a Viking wild,  
And though she blushed and smiled,  
I was discarded!  
Should not the dove so white  
Follow the sea mew's flight,  
Why did they leave that night  
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,  
Bearing the maid with me,—  
Fairest of all was she  
Among the Norsemen!—  
When on the white sea strand,  
Waving his armed hand,  
Saw we old Hildebrand,  
With twenty horsemen.

“Then launched they to the blast,  
Bent like a reed each mast,  
Yet we were gaining fast,

When the wind failed us:  
And with a sudden flaw  
Came round the gusty Skaw,  
So that our foe we saw  
Laugh as he hailed us.

“And as to catch the gale  
Round veered the flapping sail,  
Death! was the helmsman’s hail,  
Death without quarter!  
Midships with iron keel  
Struck we her ribs of steel;  
Down her black hulk did reel  
Through the black water!

“As with his wings aslant,  
Sails the fierce cormorant,  
Seeking some rocky haunt,  
With his prey laden,  
So toward the open main,  
Beating to sea again,  
Through the wild hurricane,  
Bore I the maiden.

“Three weeks we westward bore,  
And when the storm was o’er,  
Cloudlike we saw the shore  
Stretching to leeward;  
There for my lady’s bower  
Built I the lofty tower,  
Which, to this very hour,  
Stands looking seaward.

“There lived we many years;  
Time dried the maiden’s tears;  
She had forgot her fears,  
She was a mother;  
Death closed her mild blue eyes,  
Under that tower she lies;  
Ne’er shall the sun arise  
On such another!

“Still grew my bosom then,  
Still as a stagnant fen!



Hateful to me were men,  
 The sunlight hateful!  
 In the vast forest here,  
 Clad in my warlike gear,  
 Fell I upon my spear,  
 O, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars,  
 Bursting these prison bars,  
 Up to its native stars  
 My soul ascended!  
 There from the flowing bowl  
 Deep drinks the warrior's soul,  
*Skool ! to the Northland ! Skool !*"  
 — Thus the tale ended.



## DEATH OF READY AND RESCUE OF THE SEAGRAVES.

BY FREDERICK MARRYAT.

(From "Masterman Ready.")

[FREDERICK MARRYAT: An English novelist; born at London, July 10, 1792; the son of a member of Parliament. He entered the navy as a midshipman (1806), and rose to the rank of commander (1815). He participated in engagements off the French coast; served in the Mediterranean, the East and West Indies, and off the coast of North America, taking part during the War of 1812 in a gunboat fight on Lake Pontchartrain. He was a man of great personal daring, and often risked his life to save drowning men. Resigning from the navy in 1830, he devoted himself to writing nautical romances and stories of adventure. Among his most popular works are: "Frank Mildmay" (1829), "The King's Own," "Peter Simple," "Jacob Faithful," "Mr. Midshipman Easy," "Japhet in Search of a Father," "Snarleyyow," "The Phantom Ship," "Masterman Ready," "The Children of the New Forest." He died at Langham, August 9, 1848.]

THE loud yells of the savages struck terror into the heart of Mrs. Seagrave; it was well that she had not seen their painted bodies and fierce appearance, or she would have been much more alarmed. Little Albert and Caroline clung round her neck with terror in their faces; they did not cry, but looked round and round to see from whence the horrid noise proceeded, and then clung faster to their mother. Master Tommy was

very busy finishing all the breakfast which had been left, for there was no one to check him as usual; Juno was busy outside, and was very active and courageous. Mr. Seagrave had been employed making the holes between the palisades large enough to admit the barrels of the muskets, so that they could fire at the savages without being exposed; while William and Ready, with their muskets loaded, were on the lookout for their approach.

"They are busy with the old house just now, sir," observed Ready, "but that won't detain them long."

"Here they come," replied William; "and look, Ready, is not that one of the women who escaped from us in the canoe, who is walking along with the first two men? Yes, it is, I am sure."

"You are right, Master William; it is one of them. Ah! they have stopped; they did not expect the stockade, that is clear, and it has puzzled them; see how they are all crowding together and talking; they are holding a council of war how to proceed; that tall man must be one of their chiefs. Now, Master William, although I intend to fight as hard as I can, yet I always feel a dislike to begin first; I shall therefore show myself over the palisades, and if they attack me, I shall then fire with a quiet conscience."

"But take care they don't hit you, Ready."

"No great fear of that, Master William. Here they come!"

Ready now stood upon the plank within, so as to show himself to the savages, who gave a tremendous yell; and, as they advanced, a dozen spears were thrown at him with so true an aim that, had he not instantly dodged behind the stockade, he must have been killed. Three or four spears remained quivering in the palisades, just below the top; the others went over it, and fell down inside of the stockade, at the further end.

"Now, Master William, take good aim;" but before William could fire, Mr. Seagrave, who had agreed to be stationed at the corner, so that he might see if the savages went round to the other side, fired his musket, and the tall chief fell to the ground.

Ready and William also fired, and two more of the savages were seen to drop, amid the yells of their companions. Juno handed up the other muskets which were ready loaded, and took those discharged, and Mrs. Seagrave, having desired Caroline to take care of her little brother, and Tommy to be very

quiet and good, came out, turned the key of the door upon them, and hastened to assist Juno in reloading the muskets.

The spears now rushed through the air, and it was well that they could fire from the stockade without exposing their persons, or they would have had but little chance. The yells increased, and the savages now began to attack on every quarter; the most active, who climbed like cats, actually succeeded in gaining the top of the palisades, but, as soon as their heads appeared above, they were fired at with so true an aim that they dropped down dead outside. This combat lasted for more than an hour, when the savages, having lost a great many men, drew off from the assault, and the parties within the stockade had time to breathe.

"They have not gained much in this bout, at all events," said Ready; "it was well fought on our side, and, Master William, you certainly behaved as if you had been brought up to it; I don't think you ever missed your man once."

"Do you think they will go away now?" said Mrs. Seagrave.

"Oh, no, madame, not yet; they will try us every way before they leave us. You see these are very brave men, and it is clear that they know what gunpowder is, or they would have been more astonished."

"I should think so too," replied Mr. Seagrave; "the first time that savages hear the report of firearms, they are usually thrown into great consternation."

"Yes, sir; but such has not been the case with these people, and therefore I reckon it is not the first time that they have fought with Europeans."

"Are they all gone, Ready?" said William, who had come down from the plank to his mother.

"No, sir; I see them between the trees now; they are sitting round in a circle, and, I suppose, making speeches; it's the custom of these people."

"Well, I'm very thirsty, at all events," said William. "Juno, bring me a little water."

Juno went to the water tub, to comply with William's request, and in a few minutes afterward came back in great consternation.

"Oh, massa! oh, missy! no water; water all gone!"

"Water all gone!" cried Ready, and all of them, in a breath.

"Yes ; not one little drop in the cask."

"I filled it up to the top !" exclaimed Ready, very gravely ; "the tub did not leak, that I am sure of ; how can this have happened ?"

"Missy, I tink I know now," said Juno ; "you remember you send Massa Tommy, the two or three days we wash, to fetch water from well in little bucket. You know how soon he come back, and how you say what good boy he was, and how you tell Massa Seagrave when he come to dinner. Now, missy, I quite certain Massa Tommy no take trouble go to well, but fetch water from tub all the while, and so he empty it."

"I'm afraid you're right, Juno," replied Mrs. Seagrave. "What shall we do ?"

"I go speak Massa Tommy," said Juno, running to the house.

"This is a very awkward thing, Mr. Seagrave," observed Ready, gravely.

Mr. Seagrave shook his head.

The fact was, that they all perceived the danger of their position ; if the savages did not leave the island, they would perish of thirst or have to surrender ; and in the latter case all their lives would most certainly be sacrificed.

Juno now returned ; her suspicions were but too true. Tommy, pleased with the praise of being so quick in bringing the water, had taken out the spigot of the cask, and drawn it all off. He was now crying, and promising not to take the water again.

"His promises come too late," observed Mr. Seagrave ; "well, it is the will of Heaven that all our careful arrangements and preparations against this attack should be defeated by the idleness of a child, and we must submit."

"Very true, sir," replied Ready ; "all our hopes now are that the savages may be tired out, and leave the island."

"If I had but a little for the children, I should not care," observed Mrs. Seagrave ; "but to see these poor things suffer — is there not a drop left, Juno, anywhere ?"

Juno shook her head. "All gone, missy ; none nowhere."

Mrs. Seagrave said she would go and examine, and went away into the house, accompanied by Juno.

"This is a very bad business, Ready," observed Mr. Seagrave. "What would we give for a shower of rain now, that we might catch the falling drops ?"



"There are no signs of it, sir," replied Ready; "we must, however, put our confidence in One who will not forsake us."

"I wish the savages would come on again," observed William; "for the sooner they come, the sooner the affair will be decided."

"I doubt if they will to-day, sir; at nighttime I think it very probable, and I fear the night attack more than the day. We must make preparations for it."

"Why, what can we do, Ready?"

"In the first place, sir, by nailing planks from cocoanut tree to cocoanut tree above the present stockade, we may make a great portion of it much higher, and more difficult to climb over. Some of them were nearly in this time. If we do that, we shall not have so large a space to watch over and defend; and then we must contrive to have a large fire ready for lighting, that we may not have to fight altogether in the dark. It will give them some advantage in looking through the palisades, and seeing where we are, but they cannot well drive their spears through, so it is no great matter. We must make the fire in the center of the stockade, and have plenty of tar in it, to make it burn bright; and we must not, of course, light it until after we are attacked. We shall then see where they are trying for an entrance, and where to aim with our muskets."

"The idea is very good, Ready," said Mr. Seagrave; "if it had not been for this unfortunate want of water, I really should be sanguine of beating them off."

"We may suffer very much, Mr. Seagrave, I have no doubt; but who knows what the morrow may bring forth?"

"True, Ready. Do you see the savages now?"

"No, sir; they have left the spot where they were in consultation, and I do not even hear them; I suppose they are busy with their wounded and their dead."

As Ready had supposed, no further attack was made by the savages on that day, and he, William, and Mr. Seagrave were very busy making their arrangements; they nailed the planks on the trunks of the trees above the stockade so as to make three sides of the stockade at least five feet higher and almost impossible to climb up; and they prepared a large fire in a tar barrel full of cocoanut leaves mixed with wood and tar, so as to burn fiercely. Dinner or supper they had none, for there was nothing but salt pork and beef and

live turtle, and, by Ready's advice, they did not eat, as it would only increase their desire to drink.

The poor children suffered much ; little Albert wailed and cried for "water, water" ; Caroline knew that there was none, and was quiet, poor little girl, although she suffered much ; as for Tommy, the author of all this misery, he was the most impatient, and roared for some time, till William, quite angry at his behavior, gave him a smart box on the ear, and he reduced his roar to a whimper, from fear of receiving another. Ready remained on the lookout ; indeed, everything was so miserable inside of the house, that they were all glad to go out of it ; they could do no good, and poor Mrs. Seagrave had a difficult and most painful task to keep the children quiet under such severe privation, for the weather was still very warm and sultry.

But the moaning of the children was very soon after dusk drowned by the yells of the savages, who, as Ready had prognosticated, now advanced to the night attack.

Every part of the stockade was at once assailed, and their attempts now made were to climb into it ; a few spears were occasionally thrown, but it was evident that the object was to obtain an entrance by dint of numbers. It was well that Ready had taken the precaution of nailing the deal planks above the original stockade, or there is little doubt but that the savages would have gained their object ; as it was, before the flames of the fire, which Juno had lighted by Ready's order, gave them sufficient light, three or four savages had climbed up and had been shot by William and Mr. Seagrave, as they were on the top of the stockade.

When the fire burned brightly, the savages outside were easily aimed at, and a great many fell in their attempts to get over. The attack continued more than an hour, when at last, satisfied that they could not succeed, the savages once more withdrew, carrying with them, as before, their dead and wounded.

"I trust that they will now reëmbark, and leave the island," said Mr. Seagrave to Ready.

"I only wish they may, sir ; it is not at all impossible ; but there is no saying. I have been thinking, Mr. Seagrave, that we might be able to ascertain their movements by making a lookout. You see, sir, that cocoanut tree," continued Ready, pointing to one of those to which the palisades were fastened,

"is much taller than any of the others; now, by driving spike nails into the trunk at about a foot apart, we might ascend it with ease, and it would command a view of the whole bay; we then could know what the enemy were about."

"Yes, that is very true; but will not any one be very much exposed if he climbs up?"

"No, sir, for you see the cocoanut trees are cut down clear of the palisades to such a distance, that no savage could come at all near without being seen by any one on the lookout, and giving us sufficient time to get down again before he could use his spear."

"I believe that you are right there, Ready, but at all events, I would not attempt to do it before daylight, as there may be some of them still lurking underneath the stockade."

"Certainly, there may be, sir, and therefore, until daylight, we will not begin. Fortunately, we have plenty of spike nails left."

Mr. Seagrave then went into the house; Ready desired William to lie down and sleep for two or three hours, as he would watch. In the morning, when Mr. Seagrave came out, he would have a little sleep himself.

"I can't sleep, Ready. I'm mad with thirst," replied William.

"Yes, sir; it's very painful—I feel it myself very much, but what must those poor children feel? I pity them most."

"I pity my mother most, Ready," replied William; "it must be agony to her to witness their sufferings, and not be able to relieve them."

"Yes, indeed, it must be terrible, Master William, to a mother's feelings; but, perhaps, these savages will be off to-morrow, and then we shall forget all our privations."

"I trust in God that they may, Ready; but they seem very determined."

"Yes, sir; iron is gold to them; and what will civilized men not do for gold? Come, Master William, lie down at all events, even if you cannot sleep."

In the mean time, Mr. Seagrave had gone into the house. He found the children still crying for water, notwithstanding the coaxing and soothing of Mrs. Seagrave, who was shedding tears as she hung over poor little Albert. Juno had gone out and had dug with a spade as deep as she could, with a faint

hope that some might be found, but in vain, and she had just returned mournful and disconsolate. There was no help for it but patience; and patience could not be expected in children so young. Little Caroline only drooped, and said nothing. Mr. Seagrave remained for two or three hours with his wife, assisting her in pacifying the children, and soothing her to the utmost of his power; at last he went out and found old Ready on the watch.

"Ready, I had rather a hundred times be attacked by these savages, and have to defend this place, than be in that house for even five minutes and witness the sufferings of my wife and children."

"I do not doubt it, sir," replied Ready; "but cheer up, and let us hope for the best; I think it very probable that the savages after this second defeat will leave the island."

"I wish I could think so, Ready; it would make me very happy; but I have come out to take the watch, Ready. Will you not sleep for a while?"

"I will, sir, if you please, take a little sleep. Call me in two hours; it will then be daylight, and I can go to work, and you can get some repose yourself."

"I am too anxious to sleep; I think so, at least."

"Master William said he was too thirsty to sleep, sir; but, poor fellow, he is now fast enough."

"I trust that boy will be spared, Ready."

"I hope so, too, for he is a noble fellow; but we are all in the hands of the Almighty. Good night, sir."

"Good night, Ready."

Mr. Seagrave took his station on the plank, and was left to his own reflections; that they were not of the most pleasant kind may easily be imagined. He had, however, been well schooled by adversity, and had lately brought himself to such a frame of mind as to bow in submission to the will of Heaven, whatever it might be. He prayed earnestly and fervently that they might be delivered from the danger and sufferings which threatened them, and became calm and tranquil, prepared for the worst, if the worst was to happen, and confidently placing himself and his family under the care of Him who orders all as He thinks best.

At daylight Ready woke up and relieved Mr. Seagrave, who did not return to the house, but lay down on the cocoanut boughs, where Ready had been lying by the side of William.



As soon as Ready had got out the spike nails and hammer, he summoned William to his assistance, and they commenced driving them into the cocoanut tree, one looking out in case of the savages approaching, while the other was at work. In less than an hour they had gained the top of the tree close to the boughs, and had a very commanding view of the bay, as well as inland. William, who was driving the last dozen spikes, took a survey, and then came down to Ready.

"I can see everything, Ready; they have pulled down the old house altogether, and are most of them lying down outside, covered up with their war cloaks; some women are walking to and fro from the canoes, which are lying on the beach where they first landed."

"They have pulled down the house to obtain the iron nails, I have no doubt," replied Ready. "Did you see any of their dead?"

"No; I did not look about very much, but I will go up again directly. I came down because my hands were jarred with hammering, and the hammer was so heavy to carry. In a minute or two I shall go up light enough. My lips are burning, Ready, and swelled; the skin is peeling off. I had no idea that want of water would have been so dreadful. I think poor Tommy is more than punished already."

"A child does not reflect upon consequences, Master William, nor could we possibly foresee that his using up the water could have created such misery. It was an idle trick of his, and whatever may be the consequences, it still can be considered as such, and nothing more."

"I was in the hopes of finding a cocoanut or two on the tree, but there was not one."

"And if you had found one, it would not have had any milk in it at this season of the year. However, Master William, if the savages do not go away to-day something must be done. I wish now that you would go up again, and see if they are not stirring."

William again mounted to the top of the tree, and remained up for some minutes; when he came down, he said, "They are all up now, and swarming like bees. I counted two hundred and sixty of the men, in their war cloaks and feather head-dresses; the women are passing to and fro from the well with water; there is nobody at the canoes except eight or ten women, who are beating their heads, I think, or doing some-

thing of the kind. I could not make it out well, but they seem all doing the same thing."

"I know what they are about, Master William; they are cutting themselves with knives or other sharp instruments. It is the custom of these people. The dead are all put into the canoes, and these women are lamenting over them; perhaps they are going away, since the dead are in the canoes; but there is no saying."

The second day was passed in keeping a lookout upon the savages, and awaiting a fresh attack. They could perceive from the top of the cocoanut tree that the savages held a council of war in the forenoon, sitting round in a large circle, while one got up in the center, and made a speech, flourishing his club and spear while he spoke. In the afternoon the council broke up, and the savages were observed to be very busy in all directions, cutting down the cocoanut trees, and collecting all the brushwood.

Ready watched them for a long while, and at last came down a little before sunset. "Mr. Seagrave," said he, "we shall have, in my opinion, no attack this night, but to-morrow we must expect something very serious; the savages are cutting down the trees, and making large fagots; they do not get on very fast, because their hatchets are made of stone and don't cut very well; but perseverance and numbers will effect everything, and I dare say that they will work all night till they have obtained as many fagots as they want."

"But what do you imagine to be their object, Ready, in cutting down trees, and making the fagots?"

"Either, sir, to pile them up outside the palisades, so large as to be able to walk up upon them, or else to pile them up to set fire to them, and burn us out."

"Do you think they will succeed?"

"Not without very heavy loss; perhaps we may beat them off, but it will be a hard fight, harder than any we have had yet. We must have the women to load the muskets, so that we may fire as fast as we can. I should not think much of their attempts to burn us, if it were not for the smoke. Cocoa-nut wood, especially with the bark on, as our palisades have, will char a long while, but not burn easily when standing upright; and the fire, when the fagots are kindled, although it will be fierce, will not last long."

"But suffering as we are now, Ready, for want of water,

how can we possibly keep up our strength to meet them in a suffocating smoke and flame? we must drop with sheer exhaustion."

"We must hope for the best, and do our best, Mr. Seagrave," replied Ready; "and recollect that, should anything happen to me during the conflict, if there is any chance of your being overpowered, you must take advantage of the smoke, to escape into the woods, and find your way to the tents. I have no doubt that you will be able to do that; of course the attack will be to windward, if they use fire, and you must try and escape to leeward; I have shown William how to force a palisade if necessary. The savages, if they get possession, will not think of looking for you at first, and, perhaps, when they have obtained all that the house contains, not even afterward."

"Why do you say if any accident happens to you, Ready?" said William.

"Because, Master William, if they place the fagots so as to be able to walk to the top of the palisades, I may be wounded or killed, and so may you."

"Of course," replied William; "but they are not in yet, and they shall have a hard fight for it."

Ready then told Mr. Seagrave that he would keep the watch, and call him at twelve o'clock. During these two days they had eaten very little; a turtle had been killed, and pieces fried; but eating only added to their thirst, and even the children refused the meat. The sufferings were now really dreadful, and poor Mrs. Seagrave was almost frantic.

As soon as Mr. Seagrave had gone into the house, Ready called William, and said: "Master William, water we must have. I cannot bear to see the agony of the poor children, and the state of mind which your poor mother is in; and more, without water we never shall be able to beat off the savages to-morrow. We shall literally die of choking in the smoke, if they use fire. Now, William, I intend to take one of the seven-gallon barricos, and go down to the well for water. I may succeed, and I may not, but attempt it I must; and if I fall, it cannot be helped."

"Why not let me go, Ready?" replied William.

"For many reasons, William," said Ready; "and the chief one is, that I do not think you would succeed so well as I shall. I shall put on the war cloak and feathers of the savage who fell dead inside of the stockade, and that will be a disguise; but I shall take no arms except this spear, as they would only

be in my way, and increase the weight I have to carry. Now, observe, you must let me out of the door, and when I am out, in case of accident, put one of the poles across it inside; that will keep the door fast, if they attack it, until you can secure it with the others. Watch my return, and be all ready to let me in. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, perfectly, Ready; but I am now, I must confess, really frightened; if anything was to happen to you, what a misery it would be."

"There is no help for it, William. Water must, if possible, be procured, and now is a better time to make the attempt than later, when they may be more on the watch; they have left off their work, and are busy eating; if I meet any one, it will only be a woman."

Ready went for the barrico, a little cask, which held six or seven gallons of water. He put on the headdress and war cloak of the savage; and, taking the barrico on his shoulder, and the spear in his hand, the poles which barred the door were softly removed by William, and after ascertaining that no one was concealed beneath the palisades. Ready pressed William's hand, and set off across the cleared space outside of the stockade, and gained the cocoanut trees. William, as directed, closed the door, passed one pole through the inner doorposts for security, and remained on the watch. He was in an awful state of suspense, listening to the slightest noise, —even the slight rustling by the wind of the cocoanut boughs above him made him start; there he continued for some minutes, his gun ready cocked by his side.

"It is time that he returned," thought William; "the distance is not a hundred yards, and yet I have heard no noise." At last he thought he heard footsteps coming very softly. Yes, it was so. Ready was returning and without any accident. William had his hand upon the pole, to slip it on one side, and open the door, when he heard a scuffle and a fall close to the door. He immediately threw down the pole and opened it, just as Ready called him by name. William seized his musket, and sprung out; he found Ready struggling with a savage, who was uppermost, and with his spear at Ready's breast. In a second William leveled and fired, and the savage fell dead by the side of Ready.

"Take the water in quick, William," said Ready, in a faint voice; "I will contrive to crawl in if I can."



William caught up the barrico of water, and took it in ; he then hastened to Ready, who was on his knees. Mr. Seagrave, hearing the musket fired, had run out, and finding the stockade door open, followed William, and seeing him endeavoring to support Ready, caught hold of his other arm, and they led him tottering into the stockade ; the door was then immediately secured, and they went to his assistance.

"Are you hurt, Ready?" said William.

"Yes, dear boy, yes ; hurt to death, I fear ; his spear went through my breast. Water, quick, water !"

"Alas, that we had some !" said Mr. Seagrave.

"We have, papa," replied William ; "but it has cost us dear."

William ran for a pannikin, and taking out the bung, poured some water out of the barrico, and gave it to Ready, who drank it with eagerness.

"Now, William, lay me down on these cocoanut boughs ; go and give some water to the others, and when you have all drunk, then come to me again. Don't tell Mrs. Seagrave that I'm hurt. Do as I beg of you."

"Papa, take the water—do, pray," replied William ; "I cannot leave Ready."

"I will, my boy," replied Mr. Seagrave ; "but first drink yourself."

William, who was very faint, drank off the pannikin of water, which immediately revived him, and then, while Mr. Seagrave hastened with some water to the children and women, occupied himself with old Ready, who breathed heavily, but did not speak.

After returning twice for water, to satisfy those in the house, Mr. Seagrave came to the assistance of William, who had been removing Ready's clothes to ascertain the nature and extent of the wound which he had received.

"We had better move him to where the other cocoanut boughs lie ; he will be more comfortable there," said William.

Ready whispered, "More water." William gave him some more, and then, with the assistance of his father, Ready was removed to a more comfortable place. As soon as they had laid him there, Ready turned on his side and threw up a quantity of blood.

"I am better now," said he, in a low voice ; "bind up the wound, William ; an old man like me has not much blood to spare."

Mr. Seagrave and William then opened his shirt, and examined the wound; the spear had gone deep into the lungs. William threw off his own shirt, tore it up into strips, and then bound up the wound so as to stop the effusion of blood.

Ready, who at first appeared much exhausted with being moved about, gradually recovered so as to be able to speak in a low voice, when Mrs. Seagrave came out of the house.

"Where is that brave, kind man," cried she, "that I may bless him and thank him?"

Mr. Seagrave went to her, and caught her by the arm.

"He is hurt, my dear; I am afraid very much hurt. I did not tell you at the time."

Mr. Seagrave first briefly related what had occurred, and then led her to where old Ready was lying. Mrs. Seagrave knelt by his side, took his hand, and burst into tears.

"Don't weep for me, dear madame," said Ready; "my days have been numbered; I'm only sorry that I cannot any more be useful to you."

"Dear, good old man," said Mrs. Seagrave, after a pause, "whatever may be our fates, and that is for the Almighty to decide for us, as long as I have life, what you have done for me and mine shall never be forgotten."

Mrs. Seagrave then bent over him, and, kissing his forehead, rose from her knees, and retired weeping into the house.

"William," said Ready, "I can't talk now; raise my head a little, and then leave me; I shall be better if I'm quiet. You have not looked round lately. Come again in about half an hour. Leave me now, Mr. Seagrave; I shall be better if I doze a little."

William and Mr. Seagrave complied with Ready's request; they went up to the planks, and examined all round the stockade, cautiously and carefully; at last they stopped.

"This is a sad business, William," said Mr. Seagrave.

William shook his head. "He would not let me go," replied he; "I wish he had. I fear that he is much hurt; do you think so, papa?"

"I should say that he cannot recover, William. We shall miss him to-morrow, if they attack us; I fear much for the result."

"I hardly know what to say, papa; but this I feel, that since we have been relieved I am able to do twice as much as I could have done before."

"I feel the same, my dear boy ; but still, with such a force against us, two people cannot do much."

"If my mother and Juno load the muskets for us," replied William, "we shall at all events do as much now as we should have been able to do if there were three, so exhausted as we should have been."

"Perhaps so, my dear William ; at all events we will do our best, for we fight for our lives and the lives of those most dear to us."

William went softly up to Ready, and found that the old man was dozing, if not asleep ; he did not therefore disturb him, but returned to his father ; they carried the barrico of water into the house, and put it in Mrs. Seagrave's charge, that it might not be wasted ; and now that their thirst had been appeased, they all felt the calls of hunger. Juno and William went and cut off steaks from the turtle, and fried them ; they all made a hearty meal, and perhaps never had they taken one with so much relish in their lives.

It was nearly daylight, when William, who had several times been softly up to Ready to ascertain whether he slept or not, found him with his eyes open.

"How do you find yourself, Ready ?" said William.

"I am quiet and easy, William, and without much pain ; but I think I am sinking, and shall not last long. Recollect that if you are obliged to escape from the stockade, William, you take no heed of me, but leave me where I am. I cannot live, and were you to move me, I should only die the sooner."

"I had rather die with you than leave you, Ready."

"No, sir ; that is wrong and foolish ; you must save your mother and your brothers and sisters ; promise me that you will do as I wish."

William hesitated.

"I point out to you your duty, Master William ; I know what your feelings are, but you must not give way to them ; promise me this, or you will make me very miserable."

William squeezed Ready's hand ; his heart was too full to speak.

"They will come at daylight, William — I think so at least ; you have not much time to spare ; climb to the lookout, and wait there till day dawns ; watch them as long as you can in safety, and then come down to tell me what you have seen,"

Ready's voice became faint after this exertion of speaking so much.

He motioned to William, who immediately climbed up the cocoanut tree, and waited there till daylight.

At dawn of day, he perceived that the savages were at work, that they had collected all the fagots together opposite to where the old house stood, and were very busy in making arrangements for the attack. At last he perceived that they every one shouldered a fagot, and commenced their advance toward the stockade; William immediately descended from the tree, and called his father, who was talking with Mrs. Seagrave. The muskets were all loaded, and Mrs. Seagrave and Juno took their posts below the planking, to reload them as fast as they were fired.

"We must fire upon them as soon as we are sure of not missing them, William," said Mr. Seagrave, "for the more we check their advance the better."

When the first savages were within fifty yards, they both fired, and two of the men dropped; and they continued to fire as their assailants came up, with great success for the first ten minutes; after which the savages advanced in a larger body, and took the precaution to hold the fagots in front of them, for some protection as they approached. By these means they gained the stockade in safety, and commenced laying their fagots. Mr. Seagrave and William still kept up an incessant fire upon them, but not with so much success as before.

Although many fell, the fagots were gradually heaped up, till they almost reached to the holes between the palisades, through which they pointed their muskets; and as the savages contrived to slope them down from the stockade to the ground, it was evident that they meant to mount up and take them by escalade. At last, it appeared as if all the fagots had been placed, and the savages retired further back, to where the cocoanut trees were still standing.

"They have gone away, father," said William; "but they will come again, and I fear it is all over with us."

"I fear so too, my noble boy," replied Mr. Seagrave; "they are only retreating to arrange for a general assault, and they now will be able to gain an entrance. I almost wish they had fired the fagots; we might have escaped as Ready pointed out to us, but now I fear we have no chance."

"Don't say a word to my mother," said William; "let us



defend ourselves to the last, and if we are overpowered, it is the will of God ! ”

“ I should like to take a farewell embrace of your dear mother,” said Mr. Seagrave ; “ but no ; it will be weakness just now ; I had better not. Here they come, William, in a swarm. Well, God bless you, my boy ; we shall all, I trust, meet in Heaven.”

The whole body of savages were now advancing from the cocoanut wood in a solid mass ; they raised a yell, which struck terror into the hearts of Mrs. Seagrave and Juno, yet they flinched not. The savages were again within fifty yards of them, when the fire was opened upon them ; this was answered by loud yells, and the savages had already reached to the bottom of the sloping pile of fagots, when the yells and the reports of the muskets were drowned by a much louder report, followed by the crackling and breaking of the cocoanut trees, which made both parties start with surprise ; another and another followed, the ground was plowed up, and the savages fell in numbers.

“ It must be the cannon of a ship, father ! ” said William ; “ we are saved — we are saved ! ”

“ It can be nothing else ; we are saved, and by a miracle,” replied Mr. Seagrave in utter astonishment.

The savages paused in the advance, quite stupefied ; again, again, again, the report of the loud guns boomed through the air, and the round shot and grape came whizzing and tearing through the cocoanut grove ; at this last broadside, the savages turned and fled toward their canoes ; not one was left to be seen.

“ We are saved ! ” cried Mr. Seagrave, leaping off the plank and embracing his wife, who sunk down on her knees, and held up her clasped hands in thankfulness to Heaven.

William had hastened up to the lookout on the cocoanut tree, and now cried out to them below, as the guns were again discharged : —

“ A large schooner, father ; she is firing at the savages, who are at the canoes ; they are falling in every direction ; some have plunged into the water ; there is a boatful of armed men coming on shore ; they are close to the beach, by the garden point. Three of the canoes have got off full of men ; there go the guns again ; two of the canoes are sunk, father ; the boat has landed, and the people are coming up this way.” William then descended from the lookout as fast as he could.

As soon as he was down, he commenced unbarring the door of the stockade. He pulled out the last pole just as he heard the feet of their deliverers outside. He threw open the door, and a second after found himself in the arms of Captain Osborn.



## FRIENDSHIP.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

WE HAVE a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken. Manger all the selfishness that chills like east winds the world, the whole human family is bathed with an element of love like a fine ether. How many persons we meet in houses, whom we scarcely speak to, whom yet we honor, and who honor us ! How many we see in the street, or sit with in church, whom, though silently, we warmly rejoice to be with ! Read the language of these wandering eyebeams. The heart knoweth.

The effect of the indulgence of this human affection is a certain cordial exhilaration. In poetry and in common speech the emotions of benevolence and complacency which are felt towards others are likened to the material effects of fire ; so swift, or much more swift, more active, more cheering, are these fine inward irradiations. From the highest degree of passionate love to the lowest degree of good will, they make the sweetness of life.

Our intellectual and active powers increase with our affection. The scholar sits down to write, and all his years of meditation do not furnish him with one good thought or happy expression ; but it is necessary to write a letter to a friend, — and forthwith troops of gentle thoughts invest themselves, on every hand, with chosen words. See, in any house where virtue and self-respect abide, the palpitation which the approach of a stranger causes. A commended stranger is expected and announced, and an uneasiness betwixt pleasure and pain invades all the hearts of a household. His arrival almost brings fear to the good hearts that would welcome him. The house is dusted, all things fly into their places, the old coat is exchanged for the new, and they must get up a dinner if they can. Of a commended stranger, only the good report is told by others, only the good and new is heard by us. He stands to us for humanity. He is what we wish. Having imagined and invested him, we ask how we should stand related in conversation and action with such a man, and are

uneasy with fear. The same idea exalts conversation with him. We talk better than we are wont. We have the nimblest fancy, a richer memory, and our dumb devil has taken leave for the time. For long hours we can continue a series of sincere, graceful, rich communications, drawn from the oldest, secretest experience, so that they who sit by, of our own kinsfolk and acquaintance, shall feel a lively surprise at our unusual powers. But as soon as the stranger begins to intrude his partialities, his definitions, his defects into the conversation, it is all over. He has heard the first, the last, and best he will ever hear from us. He is no stranger now. Vulgarities, ignorance, misapprehension, are old acquaintances. Now, when he comes, he may get the order, the dress, and the dinner,—but the throbbing of the heart and the communications of the soul, no more.

Pleasant are these jets of affection which make a young world for me again. Delicious is a just and firm encounter of two, in a thought, in a feeling. How beautiful, on their approach to this beating heart, the steps and forms of the gifted and the true! The moment we indulge our affections, the earth is metamorphosed: there is no winter and no night: all tragedies, all ennuis vanish,—all duties even; nothing fills the proceeding eternity but the forms all radiant of beloved persons. Let the soul be assured that somewhere in the universe it should rejoin its friend, and it would be content and cheerful alone for a thousand years.

I awoke this morning with devout thanksgiving for my friends, the old and the new. Shall I not call God the Beautiful, who daily showeth himself so to me in his gifts? I chide society, I embrace solitude, and yet I am not so ungrateful as not to see the wise, the lovely, and the noble-minded, as from time to time they pass my gate. Who hears me, who understands me, becomes mine,—a possession for all time. Nor is nature so poor but she gives me this joy several times, and thus we weave social threads of our own, a new web of relations; and, as many thoughts in succession substantiate themselves, we shall by and by stand in a new world of our own creation, and no longer strangers and pilgrims in a traditionary globe. My friends have come to me unsought. The great God gave them to me. By oldest right, by the divine affinity of virtue with itself, I find them, or rather not I but the Deity in me and in them both deride and cancel the thick walls of individual

character, relation, age, sex, circumstance, at which he usually connives, and now makes many one. High thanks I owe you, excellent lovers, who carry out the world for me to new and noble depths, and enlarge the meaning of all my thoughts. These are not stark and stiffened persons, but the newborn poetry of God, — poetry without stop, — hymn, ode, and epic, poetry still flowing and not yet caked in dead books with annotation and grammar, but Apollo and the Muses chanting still. Will these two separate themselves from me again, or some of them? I know not, but I fear it not; for my relation to them is so pure that we hold by simple affinity, and the Genius of my life being thus social, the same affinity will exert its energy on whomsoever is as noble as these men and women, wherever I may be.

I confess to an extreme tenderness of nature on this point. It is almost dangerous to me to “crush the sweet poison of misused wine” of the affections. A new person is to me always a great event and hinders me from sleep. I have had such fine fancies lately about two or three persons which have given me delicious hours; but the joy ends in the day; it yields no fruit. Thought is not born of it; my action is very little modified. I must feel pride in my friend’s accomplishments as if they were mine, — wild, delicate, throbbing property in his virtues. I feel as warmly when he is praised, as the lover when he hears applause of his engaged maiden. We overestimate the conscience of our friend. His goodness seems better than our goodness, his nature finer, his temptations less. Everything that is his, his name, his form, his dress, books, and instruments, fancy enhances. Our own thought sounds new and larger from his mouth.

Yet the systole and diastole of the heart are not without their analogy in the ebb and flow of love. Friendship, like the immortality of the soul, is too good to be believed. The lover, beholding his maiden, half knows that she is not verily that which he worships: and in the golden hour of friendship we are surprised with shades of suspicion and unbelief. We doubt that we bestow on our hero the virtues in which he shines, and afterwards worship the form to which we have ascribed this divine inhabitation. In strictness, the soul does not respect man as it respects itself. In strict science all persons underlie the same condition of an infinite remoteness. Shall we fear to cool our love by facing the fact, by mining



for the metaphysical foundation of this Elysian temple? Shall I not be as real as the things I see? If I am, I shall not fear to know them for what they are. Their essence is not less beautiful than their appearance, though it needs finer organs for its apprehension. The root of the plant is not unsightly to science, though for chaplets and festoons we cut the stem short. And I must hazard the production of the bald fact amidst these pleasing reveries, though it should prove an Egyptian skull at our banquet. A man who stands united with his thought conceives magnificently of himself. He is conscious of a universal success, even though bought by uniform particular failures. No advantages, no powers, no gold or force, can be any match for him. I cannot choose but rely on my own poverty more than on your wealth. I cannot make your consciousness tantamount to mine. Only the star dazzles; the planet has a faint, moonlike ray. I hear what you say of the admirable parts and tried temper of the party you praise, but I see well that, for all his purple cloaks, I shall not like him, unless he is at last a poor Greek like me. I cannot deny it, O friend, that the vast shadow of the Phenomenal includes thee also in its pied and painted immensity,—thee also, compared with whom all else is shadow. Thou art not Being, as Truth is, as Justice is,—thou art not my soul, but a picture and effigy of that. Thou hast come to me lately, and already thou art seizing thy hat and cloak. Is it not that the soul puts forth friends as the tree puts forth leaves, and presently, by the germination of new buds, extrudes the old leaf? The law of nature is alternation for evermore. Each electrical state superinduces the opposite. The soul environs itself with friends that it may enter into a grander self-acquaintance or solitude; and it goes alone for a season that it may exalt its conversation or society. This method betrays itself along the whole history of our personal relations, the instinct of affection revives the hope of union with our mates, and the returning sense of insulation recalls us from the chase. Thus every man passes his life in the search after friendship, and if he should record his true sentiment, he might write a letter like this to each new candidate for his love.

DEAR FRIEND,—If I was sure of thee, sure of thy capacity, sure to match my mood with thine, I should never think again of trifles in relation to thy comings and goings. I am not very wise:

my moods are quite attainable: and I respect thy genius: it is to me as yet unfathomed; yet dare I not presume in thee a perfect intelligence of me, and so thou art to me a delicious torment. Thine ever, or never.

Yet these uneasy pleasures and fine pains are for curiosity and not for life. They are not to be indulged. This is to weave cobweb, and not cloth. Our friendships hurry to short and poor conclusions, because we have made them a texture of wine and dreams, instead of the tough fiber of the human heart. The laws of friendship are great, austere, and eternal, of one web with the laws of nature and of morals. But we have aimed at a swift and petty benefit, to suck a sudden sweetness. We snatch at the slowest fruit in the whole garden of God, which many summers and many winters must ripen. We seek our friend not sacredly, but with an adulterate passion which would appropriate him to ourselves. In vain. We are armed all over with subtle antagonisms, which, as soon as we meet, begin to play, and translate all poetry into stale prose. Almost all people descend to meet. All association must be a compromise, and, what is worst, the very flower and aroma of the flower of each of the beautiful natures disappears as they approach each other. What a perpetual disappointment is actual society, even of the virtuous and gifted! After interviews have been compassed with long foresight we must be tormented presently by baffled blows, by sudden, unseasonable apathies, by epilepsies of wit and of animal spirits, in the heyday of friendship and thought. Our faculties do not play us true, and both parties are relieved by solitude.

I ought to be equal to every relation. It makes no difference how many friends I have and what content I can find in conversing with each, if there be one to whom I am not equal. If I have shrunk unequal from one contest, instantly the joy I find in all the rest becomes mean and cowardly. I should hate myself, if then I made my other friends my asylum.

The valiant warrior famousèd for fight,  
After a hundred victories, once foiled,  
Is from the book of honor razed quite  
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled.

Our impatience is thus sharply rebuked. Bashfulness and apathy are a tough husk in which a delicate organization is pro-

tected from premature ripening. It would be lost if it knew itself before any of the best souls were yet ripe enough to know and own it. Respect the *naturlangsamkeit* which hardens the ruby in a million years, and works in duration in which Alps and Andes come and go as rainbows. The good spirit of our life has no heaven which is the price of rashness. Love, which is the essence of God, is not for levity, but for the total worth of man. Let us not have this childish luxury in our regards; but the austerest worth; let us approach our friend with an audacious trust in the truth of his heart, in the breadth, impossible to be overturned, of his foundations.

The attractions of this subject are not to be resisted, and I leave, for the time, all account of subordinate social benefit, to speak of that select and sacred relation which is a kind of absolute, and which even leaves the language of love suspicious and common, so much is this purer, and nothing is so much divine.

I do not wish to treat friendships daintily, but with roughest courage. When they are real, they are not glass threads or frostwork, but the solidest thing we know. For now, after so many ages of experience, what do we know of nature or of ourselves? Not one step has man taken toward the solution of the problem of his destiny. In one condemnation of folly stand the whole universe of men. But the sweet sincerity of joy and peace which I draw from this alliance with my brother's soul is the nut itself whereof all nature and all thought is but the husk and shell. Happy is the house that shelters a friend! It might well be built, like a festal bower or arch, to entertain him a single day. Happier, if he know the solemnity of that relation and honor its law! It is no idle bond, no holiday engagement. He who offers himself a candidate for that covenant comes up, like an Olympian, to the great games where the firstborn of the world are the competitors. He proposes himself for contests where Time, Want, Danger, are in the lists, and he alone is victor who has truth enough in his constitution to preserve the delicacy of his beauty from the wear and tear of all these. The gifts of fortune may be present or absent, but all the hap in that contest depends on intrinsic nobleness and the contempt of trifles. There are two elements that go to the composition of friendship, each so sovereign that I can detect no superiority in either, no reason why either should be first named. One is Truth. A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere,

Before him I may think aloud. I am arrived at last in the presence of a man so real and equal that I may drop even those most undermost garments of dissimulation, courtesy, and second thought, which men never put off, and may deal with him with the simplicity and wholeness with which one chemical atom meets another. Sincerity is the luxury allowed, like diadems and authority, only to the highest rank, *that* being permitted to speak truth, as having none above it to court or conform unto. Every man alone is sincere. At the entrance of a second person, hypocrisy begins. We parry and fend the approach of our fellow-man by compliments, by gossip, by amusements, by affairs. We cover up our thought from him under a hundred folds. I knew a man who under a certain religious frenzy cast off this drapery, and omitting all compliment and commonplace, spoke to the conscience of every person he encountered, and that with great insight and beauty. At first he was resisted, and all men agreed he was mad. But persisting, as indeed he could not help doing, for some time in this course, he attained to the advantage of bringing every man of his acquaintance into true relations with him. No man would think of speaking falsely with him, or of putting him off with any chat of markets or reading rooms. But every man was constrained by so much sincerity to face him, and what love of nature, what poetry, what symbol of truth he had, he did certainly show him. But to most of us society shows not its face and eye, but its side and its back. To stand in true relations with men in a false age is worth a fit of insanity, is it not? We can seldom go erect. Almost every man we meet requires some civility, requires to be humored;—he has some fame, some talent, some whim of religion or philanthropy in his head that is not to be questioned, and which spoils all conversation with him. But a friend is a sane man who exercises not my ingenuity, but me. My friend gives me entertainment without requiring me to stoop, or to lisp, or to mask myself. A friend, therefore, is a sort of paradox in nature. I who alone am, I who see nothing in nature whose existence I can affirm with equal evidence to my own, behold now the semblance of my being, in all its height, variety, and curiosity, reiterated in a foreign form; so that a friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature.

The other element of friendship is Tenderness. We are holden to men by every sort of tie, by blood, by pride, by fear,



by hope, by lucre, by lust, by hate, by admiration, by every circumstance and badge and trifle, but we can scarce believe that so much character can subsist in another as to draw us by love. Can another be so blessed and we so pure that we can offer him tenderness? When a man becomes dear to me I have touched the goal of fortune. I find very little written directly to the heart of this matter in books. And yet I have one text which I cannot choose but remember. My author says, "I offer myself faintly and bluntly to those whose I effectually am, and tender myself least to him to whom I am the most devoted." I wish that friendship should have feet, as well as eyes and eloquence. It must plant itself on the ground, before it walks over the moon. I wish it to be a little of a citizen, before it is quite a cherub. We chide the citizen because he makes love a commodity. It is an exchange of gifts, of useful loans; it is good neighborhood; it watches with the sick; it holds the pall at the funeral; and quite loses sight of the delicacies and nobility of the relation. But though we cannot find the god under this disguise of a sutler, yet on the other hand we cannot forgive the poet if he spins his thread too fine and does not substantiate his romance by the municipal virtues of justice, punctuality, fidelity, and pity. I hate the prostitution of the name of friendship to signify modish and worldly alliances. I much prefer the company of plowboys and tin peddlers, to the silken and perfumed amity which only celebrates its days of encounter by a frivolous display, by rides in a curriele, and dinners at the best taverns. The end of friendship is a commerce the most strict and homely that can be joined; more strict than any of which we have experience. It is for aid and comfort through all the relations and passages of life and death. It is fit for serene days and graceful gifts and country rambles, but also for rough roads and hard fare, shipwreck, poverty, and persecution. It keeps company with the sallies of the wit and the trances of religion. We are to dignify to each other the daily needs and offices of man's life, and embellish it by courage, wisdom, and unity. It should never fall into something usual and settled, but should be alert and inventive and add rhyme and reason to what was drudgery.

For perfect friendship may be said to require natures so rare and costly, so well tempered each and so happily adapted, and withal so circumstanced (for even in that particular, a poet says, love demands that the parties be altogether paired), that

very seldom can its satisfaction be realized. It cannot subsist in its perfection, say some of those who are learned in this warm lore of the heart, betwixt more than two. I am not quite so strict in my terms, perhaps because I have never known so high a fellowship as others. I please my imagination more with a circle of godlike men and women variously related to each other and between whom subsists a lofty intelligence. But I find this law of *one to one* peremptory for conversation, which is the practice and consummation of friendship. Do not mix waters too much. The best mix as ill as good and bad. You shall have very useful and cheering discourse at several times with two several men, but let all three of you come together and you shall not have one new and hearty word. Two may talk and one may hear, but three cannot take part in a conversation of the most sincere and searching sort. In good company there is never such discourse between two, across the table, as takes place when you leave them alone. In good company the individuals at once merge their egotism into a social soul exactly coextensive with the several consciousnesses there present. No partialities of friend to friend, no fondnesses of brother to sister, of wife to husband, are there pertinent, but quite otherwise. Only he may then speak who can sail on the common thought of the party, and not poorly limited to his own. Now this convention, which good sense demands, destroys the high freedom of great conversation, which requires an absolute running of two souls into one.

No two men but being left alone with each other enter into simpler relations. Yet it is affinity that determines *which* two shall converse. Unrelated men give little joy to each other; will never suspect the latent powers of each. We talk sometimes of a great talent for conversation, as if it were a permanent property in some individuals. Conversation is an evanescent relation,—no more. A man is reputed to have thought and eloquence; he cannot, for all that, say a word to his cousin or his uncle. They accuse his silence with as much reason as they would blame the insignificance of a dial in the shade. In the sun it will mark the hour. Among those who enjoy his thought he will regain his tongue.

Friendship requires that rare mean betwixt likeness and unlikeness that piques each with the presence of power and of consent in the other party. Let me be alone to the end of the world, rather than that my friend should overstep, by a word

or a look, his real sympathy. I am equally balked by antagonism and by compliance. Let him not cease an instant to be himself. The only joy I have in his being mine is that the *not mine* is *mine*. It turns the stomach, it blots the daylight; where I looked for a manly furtherance or at least a manly resistance, to find a mush of concession. Better be a nettle in the side of your friend than his echo. The condition which high friendship demands is ability to do without it. To be capable that high office requires great and sublime parts. There must be very two, before there can be very one. Let it be an alliance of two large, formidable natures, mutually beheld, mutually feared, before yet they recognize the deep identity which, beneath these disparities, unites them.

He only is fit for this society who is magnanimous. He must be so to know its law. He must be one who is sure that greatness and goodness are always economy. He must be one who is not swift to intermeddle with his fortunes. Let him not dare to intermeddle with this. Leave to the diamond its ages to grow, nor expect to accelerate the births of the eternal. Friendship demands a religious treatment. We must not be willful, we must not provide. We talk of choosing our friends, but friends are self-elected. Reverence is a great part of it. Treat your friend as a spectacle. Of course if he be a man he has merits that are not yours, and that you cannot honor if you must needs hold him close to your person. Stand aside. Give those merits room. Let them mount and expand. Be not so much his friend that you can never know his peculiar energies, like fond mammas who shut up their boy in the house until he is almost grown a girl. Are you the friend of your friend's buttons, or of his thought? To a great heart he will still be a stranger in a thousand particulars, that he may come near in the holiest ground. Leave it to girls and boys to regard a friend as property, and to suck a short and all-confounding pleasure, instead of the pure nectar of God.

Let us buy our entrance to this guild by a long probation. Why should we desecrate noble and beautiful souls by intruding on them? Why insist on rash personal relations with your friend? Why go to his house, or know his mother and brother and sisters? Why be visited by him at your own? Are these things material to our covenant? Leave this touching and clawing. Let him be to me a spirit. A message, a thought, a sincerity, a glance from him, I want, but not news, nor pottage. I

can get politics and chat and neighborly conveniences from cheaper companions. Should not the society of my friend be to me poetic, pure, universal, and great as nature itself? Ought I to feel that our tie is profane in comparison with yonder bar of cloud that sleeps on the horizon, or that clump of waving grass that divides the brook? Let us not vilify, but raise it to that standard. That great defying eye, that scornful beauty of his mien and action, do not pique yourself on reducing, but rather fortify and enhance. Worship his superiorities. Wish him not less by a thought, but hoard and tell them all. Guard him as thy great counterpart; have a principedom to thy friend. Let him be to thee forever a sort of beautiful enemy, untamable, devoutly revered, and not a trivial convenience to be soon outgrown and cast aside. The hues of the opal, the light of the diamond, are not to be seen if the eye is too near. To my friend I write a letter and from him I receive a letter. That seems to you a little. Me it suffices. It is a spiritual gift, worthy of him to give and of me to receive. It profanes nobody. In these warm lines the heart will trust itself, as it will not to the tongue, and pour out the prophecy of a godlier existence than all the annals of heroism have yet made good.

Respect so far the holy laws of this fellowship as not to prejudice its perfect flower by your impatience for its opening. We must be our own before we can be another's. There is at least this satisfaction in crime, according to the Latin proverb: you can speak to your accomplice on even terms. *Crimen quos inquinat, æquat.* To those whom we admire and love, at first we cannot. Yet the least defect of self-possession vitiates, in my judgment, the entire relation. There can never be deep peace between two spirits, never mutual respect, until in their dialogue each stands for the whole world.

What is so great as friendship, let us carry with what grandeur of spirit we can. Let us be silent, — so we may hear the whisper of the gods. Let us not interfere. Who set you to cast about what you should say to the select souls, or to say anything to such? No matter how ingenious, no matter how graceful and bland. There are innumerable degrees of folly and wisdom, and for you to say aught is to be frivolous. Wait, and thy soul shall speak. Wait until the necessary and everlasting overpowers you, until day and night avail themselves of your lips. The only money of God is God. He pays never with anything less, or anything else. The only reward of virtue is



virtue : the only way to have a friend is to be one. You shall not come nearer a man by getting into his house. If unlike, his soul only flees the faster from you, and you shall catch never a true glance of his eye. We see the noble afar off and they repel us ; why should we intrude ? Late, — very late, — we perceive that no arrangements, no introductions, no consuetudes or habits of society would be of any avail to establish us in such relations with them as we desire, — but solely the uprise of nature in us to the same degree it is in them : then shall we meet as water with water : and if we should not meet them then, we shall not want them, for we are already they. In the last analysis, love is only the reflection of a man's own worthiness from other men. Men have sometimes exchanged names with their friends, as if they would signify that in their friend each loved his own soul.

The higher the style we demand of friendship, of course the less easy to establish it with flesh and blood. We walk alone in the world. Friends such as we desire are dreams and fables. But a sublime hope cheers ever the faithful heart, that elsewhere, in other regions of the universal power, souls are now acting, enduring, and daring, which can love us and which we can love. We may congratulate ourselves that the period of nonage, of follies, of blunders, and of shame is passed in solitude, and when we are finished men we shall grasp heroic hands in heroic hands. Only be admonished by what you already see, not to strike leagues of friendship with cheap persons, where no friendship can be. Our impatience betrays us into rash and foolish alliances which no God attends. By persisting in your path, though you forfeit the little you gain the great. You become pronounced. You demonstrate yourself, so as to put yourself out of the reach of false relations, and you draw to you the firstborn of the world, — those rare pilgrims whereof only one or two wander in nature at once, and before whom the vulgar great show as specters and shadows merely.

It is foolish to be afraid of making our ties too spiritual, as if so we could lose any genuine love. Whatever correction of our popular views we make from insight, nature will be sure to bear us out in, and though it seem to rob us of some joy, will repay us with a greater. Let us feel if we will the absolute insulation of man. We are sure that we have all in us. We go to Europe, or we pursue persons, or we read books, in the instinctive faith that these will call it out and reveal

us to ourselves. Beggars all. The persons are such as we; the Europe, an old faded garment of dead persons; the books, their ghosts. Let us drop this idolatry. Let us give over this mendicancy. Let us even bid our dearest friends farewell, and defy them, saying, "Who are you? Unhand me: I will be dependent no more." Ah! seest thou not, O brother, that thus we part only to meet again on a higher platform, and only be more each other's because we are more our own? A friend is Janus-faced: he looks to the past and the future. He is the child of all my foregoing hours, the prophet of those to come. He is the harbinger of a greater friend. It is the property of the divine to be reproductive.

I do then with my friends as I do with my books. I would have them where I can find them, but I seldom use them. We must have society on our own terms, and admit or exclude it on the slightest cause. I cannot afford to speak much with my friend. If he is great he makes me so great that I cannot descend to converse. In the great days, presentiments hover before me, far before me, in the firmament. I ought then to dedicate myself to them. I go in that I may seize them, I go out that I may seize them. I fear only that I may lose them receding into the sky in which now they are only a patch of brighter light. Then, though I prize my friends, I cannot afford to talk with them and study their visions, lest I lose my own. It would indeed give me a certain household joy to quit this lofty seeking, this spiritual astronomy or search of stars, and come down to warm sympathies with you: but then I know well I shall mourn always the vanishing of my mighty gods. It is true, next week I shall have languid times, when I can well afford to occupy myself with foreign objects: then I shall regret the lost literature of your mind, and wish you were by my side again. But if you come, perhaps you will fill my mind only with new visions: not with yourself but with your lusters, and I shall not be able any more than now to converse with you. So I will owe to my friends this evanescent intercourse. I will receive from them not what they have but what they are. They shall give me that which properly they cannot give me, but which emanates from them. But they shall not hold me by any relations less subtle and pure. We will meet as though we met not, and part as though we parted not.

It has seemed to me lately more possible than I knew, to carry a friendship greatly on one side, without due corre-

spondence on the other. Why should I cumber myself with the poor fact that the receiver is not capacious? It never troubles the sun that some of his rays fall wide and vain into ungrateful space, and only a small part on the reflecting planet. Let your greatness educate the crude and cold companion. If he is unequal he will presently pass away; but thou art enlarged by thy own shining, and, no longer a mate for frogs and worms, dost soar and burn with the gods of the empyrean. It is thought a disgrace to love unrequited. But the great will see that true love cannot be unrequited. True love transcends instantly the unworthy object and dwells and broods on the eternal, and when the poor interposed mask crumbles, it is not sad, but feels rid of so much earth and feels its independency the surer. Yet these things may hardly be said without a sort of treachery to the relation. The essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust. It must not surmise or provide for infirmity. It treats its object as a god, that it may deify both.



## THE COURTIN'.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

[1819-1891.]

ZEKLE crep' up, quite unbeknown,  
 An' peeked in thru the winder,  
 An' there sot Huld' all alone,  
 'ith no one nigh to hender.

Agin' the chimbley crooknecks hung,  
 An' in amongst 'em rusted  
 The old queen's arm thet Gran'ther Young  
 Fetched back frum Concord busted.

The wannut logs shot sparkles out  
 Towards the pootiest, bless her!  
 An' leetle fires danced all about  
 The chiny on the dresser.

The very room, coz she was in,  
 Looked warm frum floor to ceilin',  
 An' she looked full ez rosy agin  
 Ez th' apples she wuz peelin'.

She heerd a foot an' knowed it, tu,  
 A raspin' on the scraper, —  
 All ways to once her feelins flew  
 Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,  
 Some doubtfe o' the seekle;  
 His heart kep' goin' pitypat,  
 But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yet she gin her cheer a jerk  
 Ez though she wished him funder,  
 An' on her apples kep' to work  
 Ez ef a wager spurred her.

"You want to see my Pa, I spose?"  
 "Wal, no; I come designin' —"  
 "To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es  
 Agin to-morrow's i'nin'."

He stood a spell on one foot fust  
 Then stood a spell on t'other,  
 An' on which one he felt the wust  
 He couldn't ha' told ye, nuther.

Sez he, "I'd better call agin;"  
 Sez she, "Think likely, *Mister*;"  
 The last word pricked him like a pin.  
 An' — wal, he up and kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,  
 Huldy sot pale ez ashes,  
 All kind o' smily round the lips  
 An' teary round the lashes.

Her blood riz quick, though, like the tide  
 Down to the Bay o' Fundy,  
 An' all I know is they wuz cried  
 In meetin', come nex' Sunday.



## TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

By SAMUEL WARREN.

[SAMUEL WARREN: An English novelist; born in Denbighshire, Wales, May 23, 1807. He studied medicine at Edinburgh, but abandoned it for law. Ultimately he became queen's counsel, recorder at Hull, and a member of Parliament. He is chiefly remembered for his "Passages from the Diary of a Late Physician" (1832) and "Ten Thousand a Year" (1841), both of which appeared originally in *Blackwood's Magazine*. He died in 1877, in London.]

## THE HERO APPEARS ON THE SCENE.

ABOUT ten o'clock one Sunday morning, in the month of July, 1839, the dazzling sunbeams, which had for several hours irradiated a little dismal back attic in one of the closest courts adjoining Oxford Street, in London, and stimulated with their intensity the closed eyelids of a young man—one TITTLBAT TITMOUSE—lying in bed, at length woke him. He rubbed his eyes for some time, to relieve himself from the irritation occasioned by the sudden glare they encountered; and yawned and stretched his limbs with a heavy sense of weariness, as though his sleep had not refreshed him. He presently cast his eyes towards the heap of clothes lying huddled together on the backless chair by the bedside, where he had hastily flung them about an hour after midnight; at which time he had returned from a great draper's shop in Oxford Street, where he served as a shopman, and where he had nearly dropped asleep, after a long day's work, in the act of putting up the shutters. He could hardly keep his eyes open while he undressed, short as was the time required to do so; and on dropping exhausted into bed, there he had continued, in deep unbroken slumber, till the moment of his being presented to the reader.

He lay for several minutes, stretching, yawning, and sighing, occasionally casting an irresolute glance towards the tiny fireplace, where lay a modicum of wood and coal, with a tinder box and a match or two placed upon the hob, so that he could easily light his fire for the purposes of shaving and breakfasting. He stepped at length lazily out of bed, and when he felt his feet, again yawned and stretched himself. Then he lit his fire, placed his bit of a kettle on the top of it, and returned to bed, where he lay with his eye fixed on the fire, watching the crack-

bling blaze insinuate itself through the wood and coal. Once, however, it began to fail, so he had to get up and assist it, by blowing, and bits of paper; and it seemed in so precarious a state that he determined not again to lie down, but sit on the bedside: as he did, with his arms folded, ready to resume operations if necessary. In this posture he remained for some time, watching his little fire, and listlessly listening to the discordant jangling of innumerable church bells, clamorously calling the citizens to their devotions. The current of thoughts passing through his mind, was something like the following:—

“Heigho!—Lud, Lud!—Dull as ditch water!—This is my only holiday, yet I don’t seem to enjoy it!—for I feel knocked up with my week’s work! (A yawn.) What a life mine is, to be sure! Here I am, in my eight-and-twentieth year, and for four long years have been one of the shopmen at Tag-rag & Co.’s, slaving from half-past seven o’clock in the morning till nine at night, and all for a salary of thirty-five pounds a year, and my board! And Mr. Tag-rag—eugh! what a beast!—is always telling me how high he’s raised my salary!! Thirty-five pounds a year is all I have for lodging, and turning out like a gentleman! ’Pon my soul! it *can’t* last; for sometimes I feel getting desperate—such strange thoughts come into my mind!—Seven shillings a week do I pay for *this* cursed hole—(he uttered these words with a bitter emphasis, accompanied by a disgustful look round the little room)—that one couldn’t swing a cat in without touching the four sides!—Last winter three of our gents (*i.e.* his fellow-shopmen) came to tea with me one Sunday night; and bitter cold as it was, we four made this cursed doghole so hot, we were obliged to open the window!—And as for accommodation—I recollect I had to borrow two nasty chairs from the people below, who on the next Sunday borrowed my only decanter, in return, and, hang them, cracked it!—Curse me, say I, if this life is worth having! It’s all the very vanity of vanities—as it’s said somewhere in the Bible—and no mistake! Fag, fag, fag, all one’s days, and - - what for? Thirty-five pounds a year, and ‘*no advance!*’ (Here occurred a pause and reverie, from which he was roused by the clangor of the church bells.) Bah, bells! ring away till you’re all cracked! - - Now do you think *I’m* going to be mewed up in church on this the only day out of the seven I’ve got to sweeten myself in, and sniff fresh air? A precious joke that would be! (A

yawn.) Whew!—after all, I'd almost as lieve sit here; for what's the use of my going out? Everybody I see out is happy, excepting me, and the poor chaps that are like me!—Everybody laughs when they see me, and know that I'm only a tallow-faced counterjumper—I know that's the odious name we gents go by!—for whom it's no use to go out—for one day in seven can't give one a bloom! Oh, Lord! what's the use of being good-looking, as *some* chaps say I am?"—Here he instinctively passed his left hand through a profusion of sandy-colored hair, and cast an eye towards the bit of fractured looking-glass which hung against the wall, and had, by faithfully representing to him a by no means ugly set of features (despite the dismal hue of his hair) whenever he chose to appeal to it, afforded him more enjoyment than any other object in the world, for years. "Ah, by Jove! many and many's the fine gal I've done my best to attract the notice of, while I was serving her in the shop—that is, when I've seen her get out of a carriage! There has been luck to many a chap like me, in the same line of speculation: look at Tom Tarnish—how did he get Miss Twang, the rich pianoforte maker's daughter?—and *now* he's cut the shop, and lives at Hackney, like a regular gentleman! Ah! that *was* a stroke! But somehow it hasn't answered with *me* yet; the gals don't take! How I have set my eyes to be sure, and ogled them!—*All* of them don't seem to dislike the thing—and sometimes they'll smile, in a sort of way that says I'm safe—but it's been no use yet, not a bit of it!—My eyes! catch me, by the way, ever nodding again to a lady on the Sunday, that had smiled when I stared at her while serving her in the shop—after what happened to me a month or two ago in the Park! Didn't I feel like damaged goods, just then? But it's no matter, women are so different at different times!—Very likely I mismanaged the thing. By the way, what a precious puppy of a chap the fellow was that came up to her at the time she stepped out of her carriage to walk a bit! As for good looks—cut me to ribbons (another glance at the glass)—no; I a'n't afraid *there*, neither—but—heigho!—I suppose he was, as they say, born with a golden spoon in his mouth, and had never so many a thousand a year, to make up to him for never so few brains! He was uncommon well-dressed, though, I must own. What trousers!—they stuck so natural to him, he might have been born in them. And his waistcoat, and

satin stock—what an air! And yet, his figure was nothing *very* out of the way! His gloves, as white as snow; I've no doubt he wears a pair of them a day—my stars! that's three and sixpence a day; for don't I know what *they* cost?—Whew! if I had but the cash to carry on that sort of thing!—And when he'd seen her into her carriage—the horse he got on!—and what a tiptop groom—that chap's wages, I'll answer for it, were equal to my salary! (Here was another pause.) Now, just for the fun of the thing, only suppose luck was to befall *me*! Say that somebody was to leave me lots of cash—many thousands a year, or something in that line! My stars! wouldn't I go it with the best of them! (Another long pause.) Gad, I really should hardly know how to begin to spend it!—I think, by the way, I'd buy a *title* to set off with—for what won't money buy? The thing's often done; there was a great pawnbroker in the city, the other day, made a baronet of, all for his money—and why shouldn't I?" He grew a little heated with the progress of his reflections, clasp- ing his hands with involuntary energy, as he stretched them out to their fullest extent, to give effect to a very hearty yawn. "Lord, only think how it would sound:—

"SIR TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE, BARONET; (OR) LORD TIT-  
MOUSE!!

"The very first place I'd go to, after I'd got my title, and was rigged out in Tight-fit's tiptop, should be—our cursed shop! to buy a dozen or two pair of white kid. Ah, ha! What a flutter there would be among the poor pale devils as were standing, just as ever, behind the counters, at Tag-rag & Co.'s when my carriage drew up, and I stepped, a tiptop swell, into the shop. Tag-rag would come and attend to me himself! No, he wouldn't—pride wouldn't let him. I don't know, though: what wouldn't he do to turn a penny, and make two and ninepence into three and a penny? I shouldn't *quite* come Captain Stiff over him, I think, just at first: but I should treat him with a kind of an air, too, as if—hem! 'Pon my life! how delightful! (A sigh and a pause.) Yes, I should often come to the shop. Gad, it would be half the fun of my fortune! How they would envy me, to be sure! How one should enjoy it! I wouldn't think of *marrying* till—and yet I won't say either; if I got among some of them out-and-outers



—those first-rate articles—that lady, for instance, the other day in the Park—I should like to see her cut me as she did, with ten thousand a year in my pocket! Why, she'd be running after *me*!—or there's no truth in novels, which I'm sure there's often a great deal in. Oh, of course, I might marry whom I pleased! Who couldn't be got with ten thousand a year? (Another pause.) I think I should go abroad to Russia directly; for they tell me there's a man lives there who could dye this cussed hair of mine any color I liked—and—egad! I'd come home as black as a crow, and hold up my head as high as any of them! While I was about it, I'd have a touch at my eyebrows——” Grash here went all his castle-building, at the sound of his teakettle, hissing, whizzing, sputtering, in the agonies of boiling over. . . .

He was really not bad-looking, in spite of his sandy-colored hair. His forehead, to be sure, was contracted, and his eyes were of a very light color, and a trifle too protuberant; but his mouth was rather well formed, and being seldom closed, exhibited very beautiful teeth; and his nose was of that description which generally passes for a Roman nose. His countenance wore generally a smile, and was expressive of—self-satisfaction: and surely any expression is better than none at all. As for there being the slightest trace of *intellect* in it, I should be misleading the reader if I were to say anything of the sort. . . .

His condition was, indeed, forlorn in the extreme. To say nothing of his *prospects* in life—what was his present condition? A shopman with thirty-five pounds a year, out of which he had to find his clothing, washing, lodging, and all other incidental expenses—the chief item of his board—such as it was—being found him by his employers! He was five weeks in arrear to his landlady—a corpulent old termagant, whom nothing could have induced him to risk offending, but his overmastering love of finery; for I grieve to say, that this deficiency had been occasioned by his purchase of the ring he then wore with so much pride! How he had contrived to pacify her—lie upon lie he must have had recourse to—I know not. He was indebted also to his poor washerwoman in five or six shillings for at least a quarter's washing, and owed five times that amount to a little old tailor, who, with huge spectacles on his nose, turned up to him, out of a little cupboard which he occupied in Closet Court, and which Titmouse had to pass whenever he went to or from his lodgings, a lean, sallow,

wrinkled face, imploring him to "settle his small account." All the cash in hand which he had to meet contingencies between that day and quarter-day, which was six weeks off, was about twenty-six shillings, of which he had taken one for the present day's expenses !

Revolving these somewhat disheartening matters in his mind, he passed easily and leisurely along the whole length of Oxford Street. No one could have judged from his dressy appearance, the constant smirk on his face, and his confident air, how very miserable that poor little dandy was ; but three fourths of his misery were really occasioned by the impossibility he felt of his ever being able to indulge in his propensities for finery and display. Nothing better had he to occupy his few thoughts. He had had only a plain mercantile education, as it is called, *i.e.* reading, writing, and arithmetic ; beyond an exceedingly moderate acquaintance with these, he knew nothing whatever ; not having read anything except a few inferior novels, and plays, and sporting newspapers. Deplorable, however, as were his circumstances --

Hope springs eternal in the human breast.

And probably, in common with most who are miserable from straitened circumstances, he often conceived, and secretly relied upon, the possibility of some unexpected and accidental change for the better. He had heard and read of extraordinary cases of LUCK. Why might he not be one of the LUCKY ? A rich girl might fall in love with him — that was, poor fellow ! in his consideration, one of the least unlikely ways of luck's advent ; or some one might leave him money ; or he might win a prize in the lottery ; — all these, and other accidental modes of getting rich, frequently occurred to the well-regulated mind of Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse ; but he never once thought of one thing, *viz.* of determined, unwearying industry, perseverance, and integrity in the way of his business, conducing to such a result !

Is his case a solitary one ? — Dear reader, *you* may be unlike poor Tittlebat Titmouse in every respect except *one* !

[He comes into this amount of £10,000 a year by the barratry of Quirk, Gammon, & Snap, attorneys, who discover that he is an illegitimate cadet of a great house, suppress the fact of illegitimacy, dispossess the actual heirs, and extort £2600 a year hush money from him.]

## ENDEAVORS TO IMPROVE HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

[He goes to the shop of a fashionable perfumer and perruquier in Bond Street.]

A well-dressed gentleman was sitting behind the counter reading. He was handsome; and his elaborately curled hair was of a heavenly black (so at least Titmouse considered it), which was better than a thousand printed advertisements of the celebrated fluid which formed the chief commodity there vended. Titmouse, with a little hesitation, asked this gentleman what was the price of their article "for turning *light* hair black" — and was answered — "only seven and sixpence for the smaller-sized bottle."

One was placed upon the counter in a twinkling, where it lay like a miniature mummy, swathed, as it were, in manifold advertisements. "You'll find the fullest directions within, and testimonials from the highest nobility to the wonderful efficacy of the 'CYANOCHAITANTHROPOPOION.'"

"*Sure* it will do, sir?" inquired Titmouse, anxiously.

"Is *my* hair dark enough to your taste, sir?" said the gentleman, with a calm and bland manner — "because I owe it entirely to this invaluable specific."

"Do you, indeed, sir?" inquired Titmouse: adding with a sigh, "but, between ourselves, look at mine!" — and, lifting off his hat for a moment, he exhibited a great crop of bushy, caroty hair.

"Whew! rather ugly that, sir!" exclaimed the gentleman, looking very serious. — "What a curse it is to be born with such hair, isn't it?"

"'Pon my life I think so, sir!" answered Titmouse, mournfully; "and do you really say, sir, that this what's-its-name turned *yours* of that beautiful black?"

"Think? 'Pon my honor, sir, — certain; no mistake, I assure you! I was fretting myself into my grave about the color of my hair! Why, sir, there was a nobleman in here (I don't like to mention names) the other day, with a head that seemed as if it had been dipped into water and then powdered with brick dust; but — I assure you, the Cyanochaitanthropopoion was too much for it — it turned black in a very short time. You should have seen his lordship's ecstasy — [the speaker saw that Titmouse would swallow anything; so he went on with a confident air] — and in a month's time

he had married a beautiful woman whom he had loved from a child, but who had vowed she could never bring herself to marry a man with such a head of hair."

"How long does it take to do all this, sir?" interrupted Titmouse, eagerly, with a beating heart.

"Sometimes two — sometimes three days. In four days' time, I'll answer for it, your most intimate friend would not know you. My wife did not know me for a long while, and wouldn't let me salute her — ha, ha!" Here another customer entered; and Titmouse, laying down the five-pound note he had squeezed out of Tag-rag, put the wender-working bottle into his pocket, and on receiving his change, departed, bursting with eagerness to try the effects of the *Cyanochaitanthropopoion*. Within half an hour's time he might have been seen driving a hard bargain with a pawnbroker for a massive-looking eyeglass, upon which, as it hung suspended in the window, he had for months cast a longing eye; and he eventually purchased it (his eyesight, I need hardly say, was perfect) for only fifteen shillings. After taking a hearty dinner in a little dusky eating house in Rupert Street, frequented by fashionable-looking foreigners, with splendid heads of curling hair and mustaches, he hastened home, eager to commence the grand experiment. Fortunately, he was undisturbed that evening. Having lit his candle, and locked his door, with tremulous fingers he opened the papers enveloping the little bottle; and glancing over their contents, got so inflamed with the numberless instances of its efficacy, detailed in brief but glowing terms — as — the "Duke of —, the Countess of —, the Earl of —, etc., etc., the lovely Miss —, the celebrated Sir Little Bull's-eye (who was so gratified that he allowed his name to be used) — all of whom, from having hair of the reddest possible description, were now possessed of raven-hued locks" — that he threw down the paper, and hurriedly got the cork out of the bottle. Having turned up his coat-cuffs, he commenced the application of the *Cyanochaitanthropopoion*, rubbing it into his hair, eyebrows, and whiskers, with all the energy he was capable of, for upwards of half an hour. Then he read over again every syllable on the papers in which the bottle had been wrapped; and about eleven o'clock, having given sundry curious glances at the glass, got into bed, full of exciting hopes and delightful anxieties concerning the success of the great experiment he was trying. He could not sleep



for several hours. He dreamed a rapturous dream—that he bowed to a gentleman with coal-black hair, whom he fancied he had seen before—and suddenly discovered that he was only looking at *himself* in a glass!!—This awoke him. Up he jumped—sprang to his little glass breathlessly—but ah! merciful Heavens! he almost dropped down dead! His hair was perfectly *green*—there could be no mistake about it. He stood staring in the glass in speechless horror, his eyes and mouth distended to their utmost, for several minutes. Then he threw himself on the bed, and felt fainting. Out he presently jumped again, in a kind of ecstasy—rubbed his hair desperately and wildly about—again looked into the glass—there it was, rougher than before; but eyebrows, whiskers, and head—all were, if anything, of a more vivid and brilliant green. Despair came over him. What had all his past troubles been to this?—what was to become of him? He got into bed again, and burst into a perspiration. Two or three times he got into and out of bed, to look at himself—on each occasion deriving only more terrible confirmation than before, of the disaster which had befallen him. After lying still for some minutes, he got out of bed, and kneeling down, tried to say his prayers; but it was in vain—and he rose half choked. It was plain he must have his head shaved, and wear a wig, which would be making an old man of him at once. Getting more and more disturbed in his mind, he dressed himself, half determined on starting off to Bond Street, and breaking every pane of glass in the shop window of the infernal impostor who had sold him the liquid which had so frightfully disfigured him. As he stood thus irresolute, he heard the step of Mrs. Squallop approaching his door, and recollected that he had ordered her to bring up his teakettle about that time. Having no time to take his clothes off, he thought the best thing he could do would be to pop into bed again, draw his nightcap down to his ears and eyebrows, pretend to be asleep, and, turning his back towards the door, have a chance of escaping the observation of his landlady. No sooner thought of than done. Into bed he jumped, and drew the clothes over him—not aware, however, that in his hurry he had left his legs, with boots and trousers on, exposed to view—an unusual spectacle to his landlady, who had, in fact, scarcely ever known him in bed at so late an hour before. He lay as still as a mouse. Mrs. Squallop, after glancing with surprise at his

legs, happening to direct her eyes towards the window, beheld a small bottle standing there — only half of whose dark contents were remaining. Oh gracious! — of course it must be poison, and Mr. Titmouse must be dead! — In a sudden fright she dropped the kettle, plucked the clothes off the trembling Titmouse, and cried out — “Oh, Mr. Titmouse! Mr. Titmouse! what *have* you been ——”

“Well, ma’am, what the devil do you mean? How dare you ——” commenced Titmouse, suddenly sitting up, and looking furiously at Mrs. Squallop. An inconceivably strange and horrid figure he looked. He had all his day clothes on; a white cotton nightcap was drawn down to his very eyes, like a man going to be hanged; his face was very pale, and his whiskers were of a bright green color.

“Lard a-mighty!” exclaimed Mrs. Squallop, faintly, the moment that this strange apparition had presented itself; and sinking on the chair, she pointed with a dismayed air to the ominous-looking object standing on the window shelf. Titmouse thence inferred that she had found out the true state of the case. “Well — *isn’t* it an infernal shame, Mrs. Squallop?” said he, getting off the bed; and, plucking off his nightcap, he exhibited the full extent of his misfortune. “What d’ye think of *that*!” he exclaimed, staring wildly at her. Mrs. Squallop gave a faint shriek, turned her head aside, and motioned him away.

“I shall go mad — I SHALL!” cried Titmouse, tearing his green hair.

“Oh Lord! — oh Lord!” groaned Mrs. Squallop, evidently expecting him to leap upon her. Presently, however, she a little recovered her presence of mind; and Titmouse, stuttering with fury, explained to her what had taken place. As he went on, Mrs. Squallop became less and less able to control herself, and at length burst into a fit of convulsive laughter, and sat holding her hands to her fat shaking sides, and appearing likely to tumble off her chair. Titmouse was almost on the point of striking her! At length, however, the fit went off; and wiping her eyes, she expressed the greatest commiseration for him, and proposed to go down and fetch up some soft soap and flannel, and try what “a good hearty wash would do.” Scarce sooner said than done — but, alas, in vain! Scrub, scrub — lather, lather, did they both; but, the instant that the soap suds had been washed off, there was the head as green as ever!

"Oh, murder, murder! what *am* I to do, Mrs. Squallop?" groaned Titmouse, having taken another look at himself in the glass.

"Why---really I'd be off to a police office, and have 'em all taken up, if as how I was *you*!" quoth Mrs. Squallop.

"No---see if I don't take that bottle, and make the fellow that sold it me swallow what's left---and I'll smash in his shop front besides!"

"Oh, you won't---you mustn't---not on no account! Stop at home a bit, and be quiet; it may go off with all this washing, in the course of the day. Soft soap is an uncommon strong thing for getting colors out---but---a---a---excuse me now, Mr. Titmouse"---said Mrs. Squallop, seriously---"why wasn't you satisfied with the hair God Almighty had given you? D'ye think He didn't know a deal better than you what was best for you? I'm blest if I don't think this is a judgment on you, when one comes to consider!"

"What's the use of your standing preaching to me in this way, Mrs. Squallop?" said Titmouse, first with amazement, and then with fury in his manner.---"A'n't I half mad without it? Judgment or no judgment---where's the harm of my wanting black hair any more than black trousers? That a'n't *your own* hair, Mrs. Squallop---you're as gray as a badger underneath---'pon my soul! I've often remarked it---I *have*, 'pon my soul!"

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Himperance!" furiously exclaimed Mrs. Squallop, "you're a liar! And you deserve what you've got! It *is* a judgment, and I hope it will stick by you---so take *that* for your sauce, you vulgar fellow!" (snapping her fingers at him). "Get rid of your green hair if you can! It's only carrot *tops* instead of carrot *roots*---and some likes one, some the other---ha! ha! ha!"

"I'll tell you what, Mrs. Squ---" he commenced, but she had gone, having slammed to the door behind her with all her force. . . .

"Look, sir! look! Only look here what your cussed stuff has done to my hair!" said Titmouse, on presenting himself soon after to the gentleman who had sold him the infernal liquid; and, taking off his hat, exposed his green hair. The gentleman, however, did not appear at all surprised, or discomposed.

"Ah---yes! I see---I see. You're in the intermediate stage. It differs in different people---"

"Differs, sir ! I'm going mad ! I look like a green monkey — cuss me if I don't !"

"In *me*, now," replied the gentleman, with a matter-of-fact air, "the color was a strong *yellow*. But have you read the explanations that are given in the wrapper ?"

"Read 'em ?" echoed Titmouse, furiously — "I should think so ? Much good they do *me* ! Sir, you're a humbug ! — an impostor ! I'm a sight to be seen for the rest of my life ! Look at me, sir ! Eyebrows, whiskers, and all !"

"*Rather* a singular appearance, just at present, I must own," said the gentleman, his face turning suddenly red all over with the violent effort he was making to prevent an explosion of laughter. He soon, however, recovered himself, and added coolly — "If you'll only persevere —"

"Persevere be d——d !" interrupted Titmouse, violently clapping his hat on his head. "I'll teach you to *persevere* in taking in the public ! I'll have a warrant out against you in no time !"

"Oh, my dear sir, I'm accustomed to all this !" said the gentleman, coolly.

"The — devil — you — are !" gasped Titmouse, quite aghast.

"Oh, often — often, while the liquid is performing the first stage of the change ; but, in a day or two afterwards, the parties generally come back smiling into my shop, with heads as black as crows !"

"No ! But really — do they, sir ?" interrupted Titmouse, drawing a long breath.

"Hundreds, I may say thousands, my dear sir ! And one lady gave me a picture of herself, in her black hair, to make up for her abuse of me when it was in a puce color — fact, honor !"

"But do you recollect any one's hair turning *green*, and then getting black ?" inquired Titmouse, with trembling anxiety.

"Recollect any ? Fifty at least. For instance, there was Lord Albert Addlehead — but why should I mention names ? I know hundreds ! But everything is honor and confidential *here* !"

"And did Lord what's-his-name's hair grow green, and then black ; and was it at first as light as mine ?"

"His hair was redder, and in consequence it became greener, and now is blacker than ever yours will be."



"Well, if I and my landlady have this morning used an ounce, we've used a quarter of a pound of soft soap in ——."

"Soft soap! — soft soap!" cried out the gentleman, with an air of sudden alarm — "that explains all" (he forgot how well it had been already explained by him). "By Heavens, sir! — soft soap! You may have ruined your hair forever!" Titmouse opened his eyes and mouth with a start of terror, it not occurring to his astute mind that the intolerable green had preceded, not followed, the use of the soft soap. "Go home, my dear sir! God bless you — go home, as you value your hair; take this small bottle of DAMASCUS CREAM, and rub it in before it's too late; and then use the remainder of the ——"

"Then you don't think it's already too late?" inquired Titmouse, faintly; and, having been assured to the contrary — having asked the price of the Damascus cream, which was "*only* three and sixpence" (stamp included) — he purchased and paid for it with a rueful air, and took his departure. He sneaked homeward along the streets with the air of a pickpocket, fearful that every one he met was an officer who had his eye on him. He was not, in fact, very far off the mark; for many a person smiled, and stared, and turned round to look at him as he went along.

Titmouse slunk upstairs to his room in a sad state of depression, and spent the next hour in rubbing into his hair the Damascus cream. He rubbed till he could hardly hold his arms up any longer, from sheer fatigue. Having risen at length to mark, from the glass, the progress he had made, he found that the only result of his persevering exertions had been to give a greasy shining appearance to the hair, which remained green as ever. With a half-uttered groan he sank down upon a chair, and fell into a sort of abstraction, which was interrupted by a sharp knock at his door. Titmouse started up, trembled, and stood for a moment or two irresolute, glancing fearfully at the glass; and then, opening the door, let in — Mr. Gammon, who started back a pace or two, as if he had been shot, on catching sight of the strange figure of Titmouse. It was useless for Gammon to try to check his laughter; so, leaning against the doorpost, he yielded to the impulse, and laughed without intermission for nearly a couple of minutes. Titmouse felt desperately angry, but feared to show it; and the timid, rueful, lackadaisical air with which he regarded the dreaded Mr. Gam-

mon only prolonged and aggravated the agonies of that gentleman. When at length he had a little recovered himself, holding his left hand to his side, with an exhausted air, he entered the little apartment, and asked Titmouse what in the name of heaven he had been doing to himself: "*Without this*" (in the absurd slang of the lawyers) that he suspected most vehemently, all the while, what Titmouse had been about; but he wished to hear Titmouse's own account of the matter!—Titmouse, not daring to hesitate, complied—Gammon listening in an agony of suppressed laughter. He looked as little at Titmouse as he could, and was growing a trifle more sedate, when Titmouse, in a truly lamentable tone inquired, "What's the good, Mr. Gammon, of ten thousand a year with such a horrid head of hair as this?"

#### HIS POLITICAL SPEECH.

"Now, Mr. Titmouse!" said the returning officer, addressing that gentleman: who on hearing the words, turned as white as a sheet, and felt very much disposed to be sick. He pulled out of his coat pocket a well-worn little roll of paper, on which was the speech which Mr. Gammon had prepared for him, as I have already intimated; and with a shaking hand he unrolled it, casting at its contents a glance, momentary and despairing. What then would that little fool have given for memory, voice, and manner enough to "speak the speech that had been set down for him!" He cast a dismal look over his shoulder at Mr. Gammon, and took off his hat—Sir Harkaway clapping him on the back, exclaiming, "Now for't, lad—have at 'em, and away—never fear!" The moment that he stood bareheaded, and prepared to address the writhing mass of faces before him, he was greeted with a prodigious shout, while hats were some of them waved, and others flung into the air. It was, indeed, several minutes before the uproar abated in the least. With fearful rapidity, however, every species of noise and interruption ceased—and a deadly silence prevailed. The sea of eager, excited faces—all turned towards *him*—was a spectacle which might for a moment have shaken the nerves of even a *man*—had he been "unaccustomed to public speaking." The speech, which—brief and simple though it was—he had never been able to make his own, even after copying it out half a dozen times, and trying to learn it off for

an hour or two daily during the preceding fortnight, he had now utterly forgotten; and he would have given a hundred pounds to retire at once from the contest, or sink unperceived under the floor of the hustings.

"Begin! begin!" whispered Gammon, earnestly.

"Ya—a—s—but—what shall I say?" stammered Titmouse.

"Your speech," answered Gammon, impatiently.

"I—I—'pon my—soul—I've—forgot every word of it!"

"Then *read it*," said Gammon, in a furious whisper.—"Good God, you'll be hissed off the hustings!—Read from the paper, do you hear!" he added, almost gnashing his teeth.

Matters having come to this fearful issue, "Gentlemen," commenced Mr. Titmouse, faintly——

"Hear him! Hear, hear!—Hush!—Sh! sh!" cried the impatient and expectant crowd.

Now, I happen to have a shorthand writer's notes of every word uttered by Mr. Titmouse, together with an account of the reception it met with: and I shall here give the reader, first, Mr. Titmouse's *real*, and secondly, Mr. Titmouse's *supposed* speech, as it appeared two days afterwards in the columns of the *Yorkshire Stingo*.

Look on *this picture* ————— and on *THIS!*

#### Mr. Titmouse's ACTUAL Speech.

GENTLEMEN, — Most uncommon, unaccustomed as I am (*cheers*) — happy — memorable, — proudest — high honor — unworthy (*cheering*) — day of my life — important crisis (*cheers*) — day gone by, and arrived — too late (*cheering*) — civil and religious liberty all over the world (*immense cheering, led off by Mr. Mudflint*). Yes, gentlemen, — I would observe — it is unnecessary to say — passing of that truly glorious Bill — charter — no mistake — Britons never

#### Mr. Titmouse's REPORTED Speech.

Silence having been restored, Mr. Titmouse said, that he feared it was but too evident that he was unaccustomed to scenes so exciting as the present one — that was one source of his embarrassment; but the greatest was, the enthusiastic reception with which he had been honored, and of which he owned himself quite unworthy (*cheers*). He agreed with the gentleman who had proposed him in so very able and powerful a speech (*cheers*), that we had arrived at a crisis in our national

shall be slaves (*enthusiastic cheers*). — Gentlemen, unaccustomed as I am to address an assembly of this—a-hem! (“*hear! hear! hear!*” and *cheers*)—civil and religious liberty all over the world (*cheers*)—yet the tongue can feel where the heart cannot express the (*cheers*)—so help me —! universal suffrage and cheap and enlightened equality (*cries of “that’s it, lad!”*)—which can never fear to see established in this country (*cheers*)—if only true to—industrious classes and corn laws—yes, gentlemen, I say corn laws—for I am of op—(*hush! cries of “ay, lad, what dost say about THEM?”*) working out the principles which conduce to the establishment a—a—a—civil and religious liberty of the press! (*cheers*) and the working classes (*hush!*) — Gentlemen, unaccustomed as I am—well—at any rate—will you—I say—will you? (*vehement cries of “no! no! never!”*) unless you are true to yourselves! Gentlemen, without going into—vote by Ballot (*cheers*) and quarterly Parliaments (*loud cheering*)—three polar stars of my public conduct—(here the great central banner was waved to and fro, amid enthusiastic cheering)—and reducing the overgrown Church Establishment to a—difference between me and my honorable opponent (*loud cheers and groans*)—I live among you (*cheers*)—spend my money in the borough (*cheers*)—no business to come here (*no, no!*)—right about, close borough (*hisses!*)—

history (*cheering*)—a point at which it would be ruin to go back, while to stand still was impossible (*cheers*); and, therefore, there was nothing for it but to go forward (*great cheering*). He looked upon the passing of the Bill for giving Everybody Everything, as establishing an entirely new order of things (*cheers*), in which the people had been roused to a sense of their being the only legitimate source of power (*cheering*). They had, like Samson, though weakened by the cruelty and torture of his tyrants, bowed down and broken into pieces the gloomy fabric of aristocracy. The words “Civil and Religious Liberty” were now no longer a byword and a reproach (*cheers*); but, as had been finely observed by the gentleman who had so eloquently proposed him to their notice, the glorious truth had gone forth to the ends of the earth, that no man was under any responsibility for his opinions or his belief, any more than for the shape of his nose (*universal cheering*). A spirit of tolerance, amelioration, and renovation was now abroad, actively engaged in repairing our defective and dilapidated constitution, the relic of a barbarous age—with some traces of modern duty, but more of ancient ignorance and unsightliness (*cheers*). The great Bill he alluded to had roused the masses into political being (*immense cheering*), and made them sensible of the necessity of keeping down a rapacious and domineering oligarchy (*groans*). Was not the



patient attention, which I will not further trespass upon (*"hear! hear!"* and *loud cheering*) — full explanation — rush early to the — base, bloody, and brutal (*cheers*) — poll triumphant — extinguish forever (*cheers*). — Gentlemen, these are my sentiments — wish you many happy — re — hem! a-hem — and by early displaying a determination to — (*cries of "we will! we will!"*) — eyes of the whole country upon you — crisis of our national representation — patient attention — latest day of my life. — Gentlemen, yours truly.

liberty of the press placed now upon an intelligible and imperishable basis? — Already were its purifying and invigorating influences perceptible (*cheering*) — and he trusted that it would never cease to direct its powerful energies to the demolition of the many remaining barriers to the improvement of mankind (*cheers*). The corn laws must be repealed, the taxes must be lowered, the army and navy reduced; vote by ballot and universal suffrage conceded, the quarterly meeting of Parliament secured, and the revenues of the church be made applicable to civil purposes. Marriage must be no longer fenced about by religious ceremonials (*cheers*). He found that there were three words on his banner, which were worth a thousand speeches, — *Peace, Retrenchment, Reform*, — which, as had been happily observed by the gentleman who had so ably proposed him —



## THE AFGHAN WAR

### AND CATASTROPHE OF THE KHYBER PASS.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

(From "A History of Our Own Times.")

[JUSTIN MCCARTHY; an Irish writer; born at Cork, November 22, 1830. In 1853 he engaged in journalism, becoming editor in chief of the *Liverpool Morning Star* in 1894. From 1879 to 1900 he represented Longford in Parliament as a Home Ruler. Among his books, which include novels, histories, and biographies, are: "A History of Our Own Times," his most important work (4 vols., 1879-1880); "History of the Four Georges" (4 vols., 1886); "Lady Judith"

(1871); "A Fair Saxon" (1873); "Dear Lady Disdain" (1875); "The Comet of a Season" (1881); "Roland Oliver" (1889); "Charing Cross to St. Paul's" (1891); "Sir Robert Peel" (1891); "The Dictator" (1893); "Pope Leo XIII," (1896); "The Riddle Ring" (1896); and "The Story of Gladstone's Life" (1897). Died in 1912.]

THE withdrawal of Dost Mahomed from the scene did nothing to secure the reign of the unfortunate Shah Sujah. The Shah was hated on his own account. He was regarded as a traitor who had sold his country to the foreigners. Insurrections began to be chronic. They were going on in the very midst of Cabul itself. Sir W. Macnaghten was warned of danger, but seemed to take no heed. Some fatal blindness appears to have suddenly fallen on the eyes of our people in Cabul.

On November 2d, 1841, an insurrection broke out. Sir Alexander Burnes lived in the city itself; Sir W. Macnaghten and the military commander, Major General Elphinstone, were in cantonments at some little distance. The insurrection might have been put down in the first instance with hardly the need even of Napoleon's famous "whiff of grapeshot." But it was allowed to grow up without attempt at control. Sir Alexander Burnes could not be got to believe that it was anything serious, even when a fanatical and furious mob were besieging his own house. The fanatics were especially bitter against Burnes, because they believed that he had been guilty of treachery. They accused him of having pretended to be the friend of Dost Mahomed, deceived him, and brought the English into the country. How entirely innocent of this charge Burnes was we all now know; but it would be idle to deny that there was much in the external aspect of events to excuse such a suspicion in the mind of an infuriated Afghan. To the last Burnes refused to believe that he was in danger. He had always been a friend to the Afghans, he said, and he could have nothing to fear. It was true. He had always been the sincere friend of the Afghans. It was his misfortune, and the heavy fault of his superiors, that he had been made to appear as an enemy of the Afghans. He had now to pay a heavy penalty for the errors and the wrongdoing of others. He harangued the raging mob, and endeavored to bring them to reason. He does not seem to have understood, up to the very last moment, that by reminding them that he was Alexander Burnes, their old friend, he was only giving them a new reason

for demanding his life. He was murdered in the tumult. He and his brother and all those with them were hacked to pieces with Afghan knives. He was only in his thirty-seventh year when he was murdered. He was the first victim of the policy which had resolved to intervene in the affairs of Afghanistan. Fate seldom showed with more strange and bitter malice her proverbial irony than when she made him the first victim of the policy adopted in despite of his best advice and his strongest warnings.

The murder of Burnes was not a climax; it was only a beginning. The English troops were quartered in cantonments outside the city, and at some little distance from it. These cantonments were, in any case of real difficulty, practically indefensible. The popular monarch, the darling of his people, whom we had restored to his throne, was in the Balla Hissar, or citadel of Cabul. From the moment when the insurrection broke out he may be regarded as a prisoner or a besieged man there. He was as utterly unable to help our people as they were to help him. The whole country threw itself into insurrection against him and us. The Afghans attacked the cantonments, and actually compelled the English to abandon the forts in which all our commissariat was stored. We were thus threatened with famine, even if we could resist the enemy in arms. We were strangely unfortunate in our civil and military leaders. Sir W. Macnaghten was a man of high character and good purpose, but he was weak and credulous. The commander, General Elphinstone, was old, infirm, tortured by disease, broken down both in mind and body, incapable of forming a purpose of his own, or of holding to one suggested by anybody else. His second in command was a far stronger and abler man, but unhappily the two could never agree.

"They were both of them," says Sir J. W. Kaye, "brave men. In any other situation, though the physical infirmities of the one and the cankered vanity, the dogmatical perverseness, of the other, might have in some measure detracted from their efficiency as military commanders, I believe they would have exhibited sufficient courage and constancy to rescue an army from utter destruction, and the British name from indelible reproach. But in the Cabul cantonments they were miserably out of place. They seem to have been sent there, by superhuman intervention, to work out the utter ruin and prostration of an unholy policy by ordinary human means."

One fact must be mentioned by an English historian — one which an English historian has happily not often to record. It is certain that an officer in our service entered into negotiations for the murder of the insurgent chiefs, who were our worst enemies. It is more than probable that he believed in doing so he was acting as Sir W. Macnaghten would have had him do. Sir W. Macnaghten was innocent of any complicity in such a plot, and was incapable of it. But the negotiations were opened and carried on in his name.

A new figure appeared on the scene, a dark and a fierce apparition. This was Akbar Khan, the favorite son of Dost Mahomed. He was a daring, a clever, an unscrupulous young man. From the moment when he entered Cabul he became the real leader of the insurrection against Shah Sujah and us. Macnaghten, persuaded by the military commander that the position of things was hopeless, consented to enter into negotiations with Akbar Khan. Before the arrival of the latter the chiefs of the insurrection had offered us terms which made the ears of our envoy tingle. Such terms had not often been even suggested to British soldiers before. They were simply unconditional surrender. Macnaghten indignantly rejected them. Everything went wrong with him, however. We were beaten again and again by the Afghans. Our officers never faltered in their duty ; but the melancholy truth has to be told that the men, most of whom were Asiatics, at last began to lose heart and would not fight the enemy. So the envoy was compelled to enter into terms with Akbar Khan and the other chiefs. Akbar Khan received him at first with contemptuous insolence — as a haughty conqueror receives some ignoble and humiliated adversary. It was agreed that the British troops should quit Afghanistan at once ; that Dost Mahomed and family should be sent back to Afghanistan ; that on his return the unfortunate Shah Sujah should be allowed to take himself off to India or where he would ; and that some British officers should be left at Cabul as hostages for the fulfillment of the conditions.

The evacuation did not take place at once, although the fierce winter was setting in, and the snow was falling heavily, ominously. Macnaghten seems to have had still some lingering hopes that something would turn up to relieve him from the shame of quitting the country ; and it must be owned that he does not seem to have had any intention of carrying out the



terms of the agreement if by any chance he could escape from them. On both sides there were dallyings and delays. At last Akbar Khan made a new and startling proposition to our envoy. It was that they two should enter into a secret treaty, should unite their arms against the other chiefs, and should keep Shah Sujah on the throne as nominal king, with Akbar Khan as his vizier. Macnaghten caught at the proposals. He had entered into terms of negotiation with the Afghan chiefs together; he now consented to enter into a secret treaty with one of the chiefs to turn their joint arms against the others. It would be idle and shameful to attempt to defend such a policy. We can only excuse it by considering the terrible circumstances of Macnaghten's position, the manner in which his nerves and moral fiber had been shaken and shattered by calamities, and his doubts whether he could place any reliance on the promises of the chiefs. He had apparently sunk into that condition of mind which Macaulay tells us that Clive adopted so readily in his dealings with Asiatics, and under the influence of which men naturally honorable and high-minded come to believe that it is right to act treacherously with those whom we believe to be treacherous. All this is but excuse, and rather poor excuse. When it has all been said and thought of, we must still be glad to believe that there are not many Englishmen who would, under any circumstances, have consented even to give a hearing to the proposals of Akbar Khan.

Whatever Macnaghten's error, it was dearly expiated. He went out at noon next day to confer with Akbar Khan on the banks of the neighboring river. Three of his officers were with him. Akbar Khan was ominously surrounded by friends and retainers. These kept pressing round the unfortunate envoy. Some remonstrance was made by one of the English officers, but Akbar Khan said it was of no consequence, as they were all in the secret. Not many words were spoken; the expected conference had hardly begun when a signal was given or an order issued by Akbar Khan, and the envoy and the officers were suddenly seized from behind. A scene of wild confusion followed, in which hardly anything is clear and certain but the one most horrible incident. The envoy struggled with Akbar Khan, who had himself seized Macnaghten; Akbar Khan drew from his belt one of a pair of pistols which Macnaghten had presented to him a short time before, and shot him through the body. The fanatics who were crowding

round hacked the body to pieces with their knives. Of the three officers one was killed on the spot; the other two were forced to mount Afghan horses and carried away as prisoners.

At first this horrid deed of treachery and blood shows like that to which Clearchus and his companions, the chiefs of the famous ten thousand Greeks, fell victims at the hands of Tissaphernes, the Persian satrap. But it seems certain that the treachery of Akbar, base as it was, did not contemplate more than the seizure of the envoy and his officers. There were jealousies and disputes among the chiefs of the insurrection. One of them, in especial, had got his mind filled with the conviction, inspired, no doubt, by the unfortunate and unparalleled negotiation already mentioned, that the envoy had offered a price for his head. Akbar Khan was accused by him of being a secret friend of the envoy and the English. Akbar Khan's father was a captive in the hands of the English, and it may have been thought that on his account and for personal purposes Akbar was favoring the envoy, and even intriguing with him. Akbar offered to prove his sincerity by making the envoy a captive and handing him over to the chiefs. This was the treacherous plot which he strove to carry out by entering into the secret negotiations with the easily deluded envoy. On the fatal day the latter resisted and struggled; Akbar Khan heard a cry of alarm that the English soldiers were coming out of the cantonments to rescue the envoy; and, wild with passion, he suddenly drew his pistol and fired. This was the statement made again and again by Akbar Khan himself. It does not seem an improbable explanation for what otherwise looks a murder as stupid and purposeless as it was brutal. The explanation does not much relieve the darkness of Akbar Khan's character. It is given here as history, not as exculpation. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that Akbar Khan would have shrunk from any treachery or any cruelty which served his purpose. His own explanation of his purpose in this instance shows a degree of treachery which could hardly be surpassed even in the East. But it is well to bear in mind that the suspicion of perfidy under which the English envoy labored, and which was the main impulse of Akbar Khan's movement, had evidence enough to support it in the eyes of suspicious enemies, and that poor Macnaghten would not have been murdered had he not consented to meet Akbar Khan and

treat with him on a proposition to which an English official should never have listened.

A terrible agony of suspense followed among the little English force in the cantonments. The military chiefs afterward stated that they did not know until the following day that any calamity had befallen the envoy. But a keen suspicion ran through the cantonments that some fearful deed had been done. No step was taken to avenge the death of Macnaghten, even when it became known that his hacked and mangled body had been exhibited in triumph all through the streets and bazaars of Cabul. A paralysis seemed to have fallen over the councils of our military chiefs. On December 24th, 1841, came a letter from one of the officers seized by Akbar Khan, accompanying proposals for a treaty from the Afghan chiefs. It is hard now to understand how any English officers could have consented to enter into terms with the murderers of Macnaghten before his mangled body could well have ceased to bleed. It is strange that it did not occur to most of them that there was an alternative; that they were not ordered by fate to accept whatever the conquerors chose to offer. We can all see the difficulty of their position. General Elphinstone and his second in command, Brigadier Shelton, were convinced that it would be equally impossible to stay where they were or to cut their way through the Afghans. But it might have occurred to many that they were nevertheless not bound to treat with the Afghans. They might have remembered the famous answer of the father in Corneille's immortal drama, who is asked what his son could have done but yield in the face of such odds, and exclaims in generous passion that he could have died. One English officer of mark did counsel his superiors in this spirit. This was Major Eldred Pottinger, whose skill and courage in the defense of Herat we have already mentioned. Pottinger was for cutting their way through all enemies and difficulties as far as they could, and then occupying the ground with their dead bodies. But his advice was hardly taken into consideration.

It was determined to treat with the Afghans; and treating with the Afghans now meant accepting any terms the Afghans chose to impose on their fallen enemies. In the negotiations that went on, some written documents were exchanged. One of these, drawn up by the English negotiators, contains a short sentence which we believe to be absolutely unique in the

history of British dealings with armed enemies. It is an appeal to the Afghan conquerors not to be too hard upon the vanquished, not to break the bruised reed. "In friendship, kindness and consideration are necessary, not overpowering the weak with sufferings!"

In friendship! — we appealed to the friendship of Macnaghten's murderers; to the friendship, in any case, of the man whose father we had dethroned and driven into exile. Not overpowering the weak with sufferings! The weak were the English! One might fancy he was reading the plaintive and piteous appeal of some forlorn and feeble tribe of helpless half-breeds for the mercy of arrogant and mastering rulers. "Suffolk's imperious tongue is stern and rough," says one in Shakespeare's pages, when he is bidden to ask for consideration at the hands of captors whom he is no longer able to resist. The tongue with which the English force at Cabul addressed the Afghans was not imperious or stern or rough. It was bated, mild, and plaintive. Only the other day, it would seem, these men had blown up the gates of Ghuznee, and rushed through the dense smoke and the falling ruins to attack the enemy hand to hand. Only the other day our envoy had received in surrender the bright sword of Dost Mahomed. Now the same men who had seen these things could only plead for a little gentleness of consideration, and had no thought of resistance, and did not any longer seem to know how to die.

We accepted the terms of treaty offered to us. Nothing else could be done by men who were not prepared to adopt the advice of the heroic father in Corneille. The English were at once to take themselves off out of Afghanistan, giving up all their guns except six, which they were allowed to retain for their necessary defense in their mournful journey home; they were to leave behind all the treasure, and to guarantee the payment of something additional for the safe-conduct of the poor little army to Peshawur or to Jellalabad; and they were to hand over six officers as hostages for the due fulfillment of the conditions. It is of course understood that the conditions included the immediate release of Dost Mahomed and his family and their return to Afghanistan. When these should return, the six hostages were to be released. Only one concession had been obtained from the conquerors. It was at first demanded that some of the married ladies should be left as hostages; but on the urgent representations of the English officers this con-



dition was waived — at least for the moment. When the treaty was signed, the officers who had been seized when Macnaghten was murdered were released.

It is worth mentioning that these officers were not badly treated by Akbar Khan while they were in his power. On the contrary, he had to make strenuous efforts, and did make them in good faith, to save them from being murdered by bands of his fanatical followers. One of the officers has himself described the almost desperate efforts which Akbar Khan had to make to save him from the fury of the mob, who thronged thirsting for the blood of the Englishman up to the very stirrup of their young chief. "Akbar Khan," says this officer, "at length drew his sword and laid about him right manfully" in defense of his prisoner. When, however, he had got the latter into a place of safety, the impetuous young Afghan chief could not restrain a sneer at his captive and the cause his captive represented. Turning to the English officer, he said more than once, "in a tone of triumphant derision," some words such as these: "So you are the man who came here to seize my country?"

It must be owned that the condition of things gave bitter meaning to the taunt, if it did not actually excuse it. At a later period of this melancholy story it is told by Lady Sale that crowds of the fanatical Ghilzyes were endeavoring to persuade Akbar Khan to slaughter all the English, and that when he tried to pacify them they said that when Burnes came into the country they entreated Akbar Khan's father to have Burnes killed, or he would go back to Hindostan, and on some future day return and bring an army with him, "to take our country from us"; and all the calamities had come upon them because Dost Mahomed would not take their advice. Akbar Khan either was or pretended to be moderate. He might, indeed, safely put on an air of magnanimity. His enemies were doomed. It needed no command from him to decree their destruction.

The withdrawal from Cabul began. It was the heart of a cruel winter. The English had to make their way through the awful pass of Kurd Cabul. This stupendous gorge runs for some five miles between mountain ranges so narrow, lofty, and grim that in the winter season the rays of the sun can hardly pierce its darkness even at the noontide. Down the center dashed a precipitous mountain torrent so fiercely that

the stern frost of that terrible time could not stay its course. The snow lay in masses on the ground; the rocks and stones that raised their heads above the snow in the way of the unfortunate travelers were slippery with frost. Soon the white snow began to be stained and splashed with blood. Fearful as this Kurd Cabul Pass was, it was only a degree worse than the road which for two whole days the English had to traverse to reach it. The army which set out from Cabul numbered more than four thousand fighting men—of whom Europeans, it should be said, formed but a small proportion—and some twelve thousand camp followers of all kinds. There were also many women and children: Lady Macnaghten, widow of the murdered envoy; Lady Sale, whose gallant husband was holding Jellalabad, at the near end of the Khyber Pass, toward the Indian frontier; Mrs. Stuart, her daughter, soon to be widowed by the death of her young husband; Mrs. Trevor and her seven children, and many other pitiable fugitives.

The winter journey would have been cruel and dangerous enough in time of peace; but this journey had to be accomplished in the midst of something far worse than common war. At every step of the road, every opening of the rocks, the unhappy crowd of confused and heterogeneous fugitives were beset by bands of savage fanatics, who with their long guns and long knives were murdering all they could reach. It was all the way a confused constant battle against a guerrilla enemy of the most furious and merciless temper, who were perfectly familiar with the ground, and could rush forward and retire exactly as suited their tactics. The English soldiers, weary, weak, and crippled by frost, could make but a poor fight against the savage Afghans. "It was no longer," says Sir J. W. Kaye, "a retreating army; it was a rabble in chaotic flight." Men, women, and children, horses, ponies, camels, the wounded, the dying, the dead, all crowded together in almost inextricable confusion among the snow and amidst the relentless enemies. "The massacre"—to quote again from Sir J. W. Kaye, "was fearful in this Kurd Cabul Pass. Three thousand men are said to have fallen under the fire of the enemy, or to have dropped down paralyzed and exhausted, to be slaughtered by the Afghan knives. And amidst these fearful scenes of carnage, through a shower of matchlock balls, rode English ladies on horseback or in camel panniers, sometimes vainly endeavoring to keep their children beneath their eyes, and los-

ing them in the confusion and bewilderment of the desolating march."

Was it for this, then, that our troops had been induced to capitulate? Was this the safe-conduct which the Afghan chiefs had promised in return for their accepting the ignominious conditions imposed on them? Some of the chiefs did exert themselves to their utmost to protect the unfortunate English. It is not certain what the real wish of Akbar Khan may have been. He protested that he had no power to restrain the hordes of fanatical Ghilzyes whose own immediate chiefs had not authority enough to keep them from murdering the English whenever they got a chance. The force of some few hundred horsemen whom Akbar Khan had with him were utterly incapable, he declared, of maintaining order among such a mass of infuriated and lawless savages. Akbar Khan constantly appeared on the scene during this journey of terror. At every opening or break of the long straggling flight he and his little band of followers showed themselves on the horizon: trying still to protect the English from utter ruin, as he declared; come to gloat over their misery, and to see that it was surely accomplished, some of the unhappy English were ready to believe. Yet his presence was something that seemed to give a hope of protection. Akbar Khan at length startled the English by a proposal that the women and children who were with the army should be handed over to his custody to be conveyed by him in safety to Peshawur. There was nothing better to be done. The only modification of his request, or command, that could be obtained was that the husbands of the married ladies should accompany their wives. With this agreement the women and children were handed over to the care of this dreaded enemy, and Lady Macnaghten had to undergo the agony of a personal interview with the man whose own hand had killed her husband. Few scenes in poetry or romance can surely be more thrilling with emotion than such a meeting as this must have been. Akbar Khan was kindly in his language, and declared to the unhappy widow that he would give his right arm to undo, if it were possible, the deed that he had done.

The women and children and the married men whose wives were among this party were taken from the unfortunate army and placed under the care of Akbar Khan. As events turned out, this proved a fortunate thing for them. But in any case

it was the best thing that could be done. Not one of these women and children could have lived through the horrors of the journey which lay before the remnant of what had once been a British force. The march was resumed; new horrors set in; new heaps of corpses stained the snow; and then Akbar Khan presented himself with a fresh proposition. In the treaty made at Cabul between the English authorities and the Afghan chiefs, there was an article which stipulated that "the English force at Jellalabad shall march for Peshawur before the Cabul army arrives, and shall not delay on the road." Akbar Khan was especially anxious to get rid of the little army at Jellalabad, at the near end of the Khyber Pass. He desired above all things that it should be on the march home to India; either that it might be out of his way, or that he might have a chance of destroying it on its way. It was in great measure as a security for its moving that he desired to have the women and children under his care. It is not likely that he meant any harm to the women and children; it must be remembered that his father and many of the women of his family were under the control of the British Government as prisoners in Hindostan. But he fancied that if he had the English women in his hands the army at Jellalabad could not refuse to obey the condition set down in the article of the treaty. Now that he had the women in his power, however, he demanded other guarantees with openly acknowledged purpose of keeping these latter until Jellalabad should have been evacuated. He demanded that General Elphinstone, the commander, with his second in command, and also one other officer, should hand themselves over to him as hostages. He promised, if this were done, to exert himself more than before to restrain the fanatical tribes, and also to provide the army in the Kurd Cabul Pass with provisions. There was nothing for it but to submit; and the English general himself became, with the women and children, a captive in the hands of the inexorable enemy.

Then the march of the army, without a general, went on again. Soon it became the story of a general without an army; before very long there was neither general nor army. It is idle to lengthen a tale of mere horrors. The straggling remnant of an army entered the Jugdulluk Pass—a dark, steep, narrow, ascending path between crags. The miserable toilers found that the fanatical, implacable tribes had barricaded the pass. All was over. The army of Cabul was finally extin-



guished in that barricaded pass. It was a trap ; the British were taken in. A few mere fugitives escaped from the scene of actual slaughter, and were on the road to Jellalabad, where Sale and his little army were holding their own. When they were within sixteen miles of Jellalabad the number was reduced to six. Of these six, five were killed by straggling marauders on the way. One man alone reached Jellalabad to tell the tale. Literally one man, Dr. Brydon, came to Jellalabad out of a moving host which had numbered in all sixteen thousand when it set out on its march. The curious eye will search through history or fiction in vain for any picture more thrilling with the suggestions of an awful catastrophe than that of this solitary survivor, faint and reeling on his jaded horse, as he appeared under the walls of Jellalabad, to bear the tidings of our Thermopylæ of pain and shame.



## THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

BY MARY HOWITT.

[1799-1888.]

"WILL you walk into my parlor ? "

Said the Spider to the Fly ;

" 'Tis the prettiest little parlor

That ever you did spy.

"The way into my parlor

Is up a winding stair,

And I have many curious things

To show when you are there."

"Oh no, no," said the little Fly,

"To ask me is in vain ;

For who goes up your winding stair

Can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear,

With soaring up so high ;

Will you rest upon my little bed ? "

Said the Spider to the Fly.

"There are pretty curtains drawn around ;

The sheets are fine and thin,

And if you like to rest awhile,

I'll snugly tuck you in ! "

## THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

"Oh no, no," said the little Fly,  
 "For I've often heard it said,  
 They never, never wake again,  
 Who sleep upon your bed."

Said the cunning Spider to the Fly:  
 "Dear friend, what can I do  
 To prove the warm affection  
 I've always felt for you?"

"I have within my pantry  
 Good store of all that's nice:  
 I'm sure you're very welcome —  
 Will you please to take a slice?"

"Oh no, no," said the little Fly,  
 "Kind sir, that cannot be;  
 I've heard what's in your pantry,  
 And I do not wish to see."

"Sweet creature!" said the Spider,  
 "You're witty and you're wise;  
 How handsome are your gauzy wings!  
 How brilliant are your eyes!"

"I have a little looking-glass  
 Upon my parlor shelf;  
 If you'll step in one moment, dear,  
 You shall behold yourself."

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said,  
 "For what you're pleased to say,  
 And, bidding you good morning now,  
 I'll call another day."

The Spider turned him round about,  
 And went into his den,  
 For well he knew the silly Fly  
 Would soon come back again:

So he wove a subtle web  
 In a little corner sly,  
 And set his table ready  
 To dine upon the Fly.

Then came out to his door again,  
And merrily did sing:—  
“Come hither, hither, pretty Fly,  
With the pearl and silver wing;

“Your robes are green and purple—  
There’s a crest upon your head;  
Your eyes are like the diamond bright,  
But mine are dull as lead!”

Alas, alas! how very soon  
This silly little Fly,  
Hearing his wily, flattering words,  
Came slowly flitting by;

With buzzing wings she hung aloft,  
Then near and nearer drew,  
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes,  
And green and purple hue—

Thinking only of her crested head—  
Poor, foolish thing! At last,  
Up jumped the cunning Spider,  
And fiercely held her fast.

He dragged her up his winding stair,  
Into his dismal den,  
Within his little parlor—  
But she ne’er came out again.

And now, dear little children,  
Who may this story read,  
To idle, silly, flattering words,  
I pray you ne’er give heed.

Unto an evil counselor  
Close heart and ear and eye,  
And take a lesson from this tale  
Of the Spider and the Fly.

## THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH.

By EDGAR ALLAN POE.

[For biographical sketch, see page 261.]

THE "Red Death" had long devastated the country. No pestilence had ever been so fatal, or so hideous. Blood was its Avatar and its seal—the redness and the horror of blood. There were sharp pains, and sudden dizziness, and then profuse bleeding at the pores, with dissolution. The scarlet stains upon the body, and especially upon the face, of the victim were the pest ban which shut him out from the aid and from the sympathy of his fellow-men. And the whole seizure, progress, and termination of the disease were the incidents of half an hour.

But the Prince Prospero was happy and dauntless and sagacious. When his dominions were half-depopulated, he summoned to his presence a thousand hale and light-hearted friends from among the knights and dames of his court, and with these retired to the deep seclusion of one of his castellated abbeys. This was an extensive and magnificent structure, the creation of the prince's own eccentric yet august taste. A strong and lofty wall girdled it in. This wall had gates of iron. The courtiers, having entered, brought furnaces and massy hammers and welded the bolts. They resolved to leave means neither of ingress nor egress to the sudden impulses of despair, or of frenzy from within. The abbey was amply provisioned. With such precautions the courtiers might bid defiance to contagion. The external world could take care of itself. In the mean time it was folly to grieve, or to think. The prince had provided all the appliances of pleasure. There were buffoons, there were improvisatori, there were ballet dancers, there were musicians, there was Beauty, there was wine. All these and security were within. Without was the "Red Death."

It was toward the close of the fifth or sixth month of his seclusion, and while the pestilence raged most furiously abroad, that the Prince Prospero entertained his thousand friends at a masked ball of the most unusual magnificence.

It was a voluptuous scene, that masquerade. But first let me tell of the rooms in which it was held. There were seven—an imperial suite. In many palaces, however, such suites form a



long and straight vista, while the folding doors slide back nearly to the walls on either hand, so that the view of the whole extent is scarcely impeded. Here the case was very different ; as might have been expected from the prince's love of the *bizarre*. The apartments were so irregularly disposed that the vision embraced but little more than one at a time. There was a sharp turn at every twenty or thirty yards, and at each turn a novel effect. To the right and left, in the middle of each wall, a tall and narrow Gothic window looked out upon a closed corridor which pursued the windings of the suite. These windows were of stained glass, whose color varied in accordance with the prevailing hue of the decorations of the chamber into which it opened. That at the eastern extremity was hung, for example, in blue ; and vividly blue were its windows. The second chamber was purple in its ornaments and tapestries, and here the panes were purple. The third was green throughout, and so were the casements. The fourth was furnished and lighted with orange ; the fifth with white ; the sixth with violet. The seventh apartment was closely shrouded in black velvet tapestries that hung all over the ceiling and down the walls, falling in heavy folds upon the carpet of the same material and hue. But in this chamber only, the color of the windows failed to correspond with the decorations. The panes here were scarlet — a deep blood color. Now in no one of the seven apartments was there any lamp or candelabrum, amid the profusion of golden ornaments that lay scattered to and fro or depended from the roof. There was no light of any kind emanating from lamp or candle within the suite of chambers. But in the corridors that followed the suite, there stood opposite to each window a heavy tripod, bearing a brazier of fire, that projected its rays through the tinted glass and so glaringly illumined the room. And thus were produced a multitude of gaudy and fantastic appearances. But in the western or black chamber, the effect of the firelight that streamed upon the dark hangings through the blood-tinted panes was ghastly in the extreme, and produced so wild a look upon the countenances of those who entered, that there were few of the company bold enough to set foot within its precincts at all.

It was in this apartment also that there stood, against the western wall, a gigantic clock of ebony. Its pendulum swung to and fro with a dull, heavy, monotonous clang ; and when the minute hand made the circuit of the face, and the hour was to

he stricken, there came from the brazen lungs of the clock a sound which was clear and loud and deep and exceedingly musical, but of so peculiar a note and emphasis that at each lapse of an hour, the musicians of the orchestra were constrained to pause momentarily in their performance, to hearken to the sound; and thus the waltzers perforce ceased their evolutions; and there was a brief disconcert of the whole gay company: and while the chimes of the clock yet rang, it was observed that the giddiest grew pale, and the more aged and sedate passed their hands over their brows as if in confused reverie or meditation. But when the echoes had fully ceased, a light laughter at once pervaded the assembly; the musicians looked at each other and smiled as if at their own nervousness and folly, and made whispering vows, each to the other, that the next chiming of the clock should produce in them no similar emotion: and then, after the lapse of sixty minutes (which embrace three thousand and six hundred seconds of the Time that flies), there came yet another chiming of the clock, and then were the same disconcert and tremulousness and meditation as before.

But in spite of these things, it was a gay and magnificent revel. The tastes of the prince were peculiar. He had a fine eye for colors and effects. He disregarded the *décora* of mere fashion. His plans were bold and fiery, and his conceptions glowed with barbaric luster. There are some who would have thought him mad. His followers felt that he was not. It was necessary to hear and see and touch him to be *sure* that he was not.

He had directed, in great part, the movable embellishments of the seven chambers, upon occasion of this great *fête*: and it was his own guiding taste which had given character to the masqueraders. Be sure they were grotesque. There were much glare and glitter and piquancy and phantasm — much of what has been since seen in “Hernani.” There were arabesque figures with unsuited limbs and appointments. There were delirious fancies such as the madman fashions. There were much of the beautiful, much of the wanton, much of the *bizarre*, something of the terrible, and not a little of that which might have excited disgust. To and fro in the seven chambers there stalked, in fact, a multitude of dreams. And these — the dreams — writhed in and about, taking hue from the rooms, and causing the wild music of the orchestra to seem as the echo

of their steps. And anon, there strikes the ebony clock which stands in the hall of the velvet. And then, for a moment, all is still, and all is silent save the voice of the clock. The dreams are stiff-frozen as they stand. But the echoes of the chime die away—they have endured but an instant—and a light, half-subdued laughter floats after them as they depart. And now again the music swells, and the dreams live, and writhe to and fro more merrily than ever, taking hue from the many-tinted windows through which stream the rays from the tripods. But to the chamber which lies most westwardly of the seven, there are now none of the maskers who venture; for the night is waning away; and there flows a ruddier light through the blood-colored panes; and the blackness of the sable drapery appalls; and to him whose foot falls upon the sable carpet, there comes from the near clock of ebony a muffled peal, more solemnly emphatic than any which reaches *their* ears who indulge in the more remote gayeties of the other apartments.

But these other apartments were densely crowded, and in them beat feverishly the heart of life. And the revel went whirlingly on, until at length there commenced the sounding of midnight upon the clock. And then the music ceased, as I have told; and the evolutions of the waltzers were quieted; and there was an uneasy cessation of all things as before. But now there were twelve strokes to be sounded by the bell of the clock; and thus it happened, perhaps, that more of thought crept, with more of time, into the meditations of the thoughtful among those who reveled. And thus too it happened, perhaps, that before the last echoes of the last chime had utterly sunk into silence, there were many individuals in the crowd who had found leisure to become aware of the presence of a masked figure which had arrested the attention of no single individual before. And the rumor of this new presence having spread itself whisperingly around, there arose at length from the whole company a buzz, or murmur, expressive of disapprobation and surprise—then, finally, of terror, of horror, and of disgust.

In an assembly of phantasms such as I have painted, it may well be supposed that no ordinary appearance could have excited such sensation. In truth, the masquerade license of the night was nearly unlimited; but the figure in question had out-Heroded Herod, and gone beyond the bounds of even the prince's indefinite decorum. There are chords in the hearts of

the most reckless which cannot be touched without emotion. Even with the utterly lost, to whom life and death are equally jests, there are matters of which no jest can be made. The whole company, indeed, seemed now deeply to feel that in the costume and bearing of the stranger, neither wit nor propriety existed. The figure was tall and gaunt, and shrouded from head to foot in the habiliments of the grave. The mask which concealed the visage was made so nearly to resemble the countenance of a stiffened corpse that the closest scrutiny must have had difficulty in detecting the cheat. And yet all this might have been endured, if not approved, by the mad revelers around. But the mummer had gone so far as to assume the type of the Red Death. His vesture was dabbled in *blood*—and his broad brow, with all the features of the face, was besprinkled with the scarlet horror.

When the eyes of Prince Prospero fell upon this spectral image (which with a slow and solemn movement, as if more fully to sustain its *rôle*, stalked to and fro among the waltzers), he was seen to be convulsed, in the first moment, with a strong shudder either of terror or distaste; but in the next, his brow reddened with rage.

“Who dares”—he demanded hoarsely of the courtiers who stood near him—“who dares insult us with this blasphemous mockery? Seize him and unmask him—that we may know whom we have to hang at sunrise from the battlements!”

It was in the eastern or blue chamber in which stood the Prince Prospero as he uttered these words. They rang throughout the seven rooms loudly and clearly—for the prince was a bold and robust man, and the music had become hushed at the waving of his hand.

It was in the blue room where stood the prince, with a group of pale courtiers by his side. At first, as he spoke, there was a slight rushing movement of this group in the direction of the intruder, who at the moment was also near at hand, and now, with deliberate and stately step, made closer approach to the speaker. But from a certain nameless awe with which the mad assumptions of the mummer had inspired the whole party, there were found none who put forth hand to seize him: so that, unimpeded, he passed within a yard of the prince's person; and while the vast assembly, as if with one impulse, shrank from the centers of the rooms to the walls, he made his way uninterruptedly, but with the same solemn and measured step



which had distinguished him from the first, through the blue chamber to the purple — through the purple to the green — through the green to the orange — through this again to the white — and even thence to the violet, ere a decided movement had been made to arrest him. It was then, however, that the Prince Prospero, maddening with rage and the shame of his own momentary cowardice, rushed hurriedly through the six chambers, while none followed him on account of a deadly terror that had seized upon all. He bore aloft a drawn dagger, and had approached in rapid impetuosity to within three or four feet of the retreating figure, when the latter, having attained the extremity of the velvet apartment, turned suddenly and confronted his pursuer. There was a sharp cry — and the dagger dropped gleaming upon the sable carpet, upon which, instantly afterwards, fell prostrate in death the Prince Prospero. Then, summoning the wild courage of despair, a throng of the revelers at once threw themselves into the black apartment, and seizing the mummer, whose tall figure stood erect and motionless within the shadow of the ebony clock — gasped in unutterable horror at finding the grave ceremonies and corpse-like mask, which they handled with so violent a rudeness, untenanted by any tangible form.

And now was acknowledged the presence of the Red Death. He had come like a thief in the night. And one by one dropped the revelers in the blood-bedewed halls of their revel, and died each in the despairing posture of his fall. And the life of the ebony clock went out with that of the last of the gay. And the flames of the tripods expired. And Darkness, and Decay, and the Red Death, held illimitable dominion over all.



## TALES FROM THE FJELD.

By P. CH. ASBJÖRNSSEN.

(Translated by Sir George Dasent.)

[PETER CHRISTEN ASBJÖRNSSEN, born at Christiania, Norway, January 15, 1812; died January 6, 1885. He studied at the university in his native place, paying especial attention to zoölogy and botany, and later gave much attention to the study of folklore. He taught and traveled; was head forester in a district in the north of Norway, and was subsequently sent by the government to investigate the turf industry in other countries. Meanwhile he wrote voluminously on the subject of natural history and folklore, winning his reputation chiefly

through the latter. His greatest works are : "Norske Folke-eventyr" (Norwegian Folk Tales), in collaboration with Moe, 1842-1844 ; and "Norske Huldre-eventyr og Folkesagn" (Norwegian Fairy Tales and Folk Legends), 1845 ]

### FRIENDS IN LIFE AND DEATH.

ONCE on a time there were two young men who were such great friends that they swore to one another they would never part, either in life or death. One of them died before he was at all old, and a little while after the other wooed a farmer's daughter, and was to be married to her. So when they were bidding guests to the wedding, the bridegroom went himself to the churchyard where his friend lay, and knocked at his grave and called him by name. No ! he neither answered nor came. He knocked again, and he called again, but no one came. A third time he knocked louder and called louder to him, to come that he might talk to him. So, after a long, long time, he heard a rustling, and at last the dead man came up out of the grave.

"It was well you came at last," said the bridegroom, "for I have been standing here ever so long, knocking and calling for you."

"I was a long way off," said the dead man, "so that I did not quite hear you till the last time you called."

"All right !" said the bridegroom ; "but I am going to stand bridegroom to-day, and you mind well, I dare say, what we used to talk about, and how we were to stand by each other at our weddings as best man."

"I mind it well," said the dead man, "but you must wait a bit till I have made myself a little smart ; and, after all, no one can say I have on a wedding garment."

The lad was hard put to it for time, for he was overdue at home to meet the guests, and it was all but time to go to church ; but still he had to wait awhile and let the dead man go into a room by himself, as he begged, so that he might brush himself up a bit, and come smart to church like the rest ; for, of course, he was to go with the bridal train to church.

Yes ! the dead man went with him both to church and from church, but when they had got so far on with the wedding that they had taken off the bride's crown, he said he must go. So, for old friendship's sake, the bridegroom said he would go with him to the grave again. And as they walked to the church-

yard the bridegroom asked his friend if he had seen much that was wonderful, or heard anything that was pleasant to know.

"Yes! that I have," said the dead man. "I have seen much, and heard many strange things."

"That must be fine to see," said the bridegroom. "Do you know, I have a mind to go along with you, and see all that with my own eyes."

"You are quite welcome," said the dead man; "but it may chance that you may be away some time."

"So it might," said the bridegroom; but for all that he would go down into the grave.

But before they went down the dead man took and cut a turf out of the graveyard and put it on the young man's head. Down and down they went, far and far away, through dark, silent wastes, across wood, and moor, and bog, till they came to a great, heavy gate, which opened to them as soon as the dead man touched it. Inside it began to grow lighter, first as though it were moonshine, and the farther they went the lighter it got. At last they got to a spot where there were such green hills, knee-deep in grass, and on them fed a large herd of kine, who grazed as they went; but for all they ate those kine looked poor, and thin, and wretched.

"What's all this?" said the lad who had been bridegroom; "why are they so thin and in such bad case, though they eat, every one of them, as though they were well paid to eat?"

"This is a likeness of those who never can have enough, though they rake and scrape it together ever so much," said the dead man.

So they journeyed on far and farther than far, till they came to some hill pastures, where there was naught but bare rocks and stones, with here and there a blade of grass. Here was grazing another herd of kine, which were so sleek, and fat, and smooth that their coats shone again.

"What are these," asked the bridegroom, "who have so little to live on, and yet are in such good plight? I wonder what they can be."

"This," said the dead man, "is a likeness of those who are content with the little they have, however poor it be."

So they went farther and farther on till they came to a great lake, and it and all about it was so bright and shining that the bridegroom could scarce bear to look at it — it was so dazzling.

"Now, you must sit down here," said the dead man, "till I come back. I shall be away a little while."

With that he set off, and the bridegroom sat down, and as he sat sleep fell on him, and he forgot everything in sweet, deep slumber. After a while the dead man came back.

"It was good of you to sit still here, so that I could find you again."

But when the bridegroom tried to get up, he was all overgrown with moss and bushes, so that he found himself sitting in a thicket of thorns and brambles.

So when he had made his way out of it, they journeyed back again, and the dead man led him by the same way to the brink of the grave. There they parted and said farewell, and as soon as the bridegroom got out of the grave he went straight home to the house where the wedding was.

But when he got where he thought the house stood, he could not find his way. Then he looked about on all sides, and asked every one he met, but he could neither hear nor learn anything of the bride, or the wedding, or his kindred, or his father and mother; nay, he could not so much as find any one whom he knew. And all he met wondered at the strange shape, who went about and looked for all the world like a scarecrow.

Well! as he could find no one he knew, he made his way to the priest, and told him of his kinsmen and all that had happened up to the time he stood bridegroom, and how he had gone away in the midst of his wedding. But the priest knew nothing at all about it at first; but when he had hunted in his old registers, he found out that the marriage he spoke of had happened a long, long time ago, and that all the folk he talked of had lived four hundred years before.

In that time there had grown up a great stout oak in the priest's yard, and when he saw it he clambered up into it, that he might look about him. But the graybeard who had sat in heaven and slumbered for four hundred years, and had now at last come back, did not come down from the oak as well as he went up. He was stiff and gouty, as was likely enough; and so when he was coming down he made a false step, fell down, broke his neck, and that was the end of him.



THE FATHER OF THE FAMILY.

Once on a time there was a man who was out on a journey; so at last he came to a big and fine farm, and there was a house so grand that it might well have been a little palace.

"Here it would be good to get leave to spend the night," said the man to himself, as he went inside the gate. Hard by stood an old man with gray hair and beard, who was hewing wood.

"Good evening, father," said the wayfarer. "Can I have houseroom here to-night?"

"I'm not father in the house," said the graybeard. "Go into the kitchen, and talk to my father."

The wayfarer went into the kitchen, and there he met a man who was still older, and he lay on his knees before the hearth, and was blowing up the fire.

"Good evening, father," said the wayfarer. "Can I get houseroom here to-night?"

"I'm not father in the house," said the old man; "but go in and talk to my father. You'll find him sitting at the table in the parlor."

So the wayfarer went into the parlor, and talked to him who sat at the table. He was much older than either of the other two, and there he sat, with his teeth chattering, and shivered and shook, and read out of a big book, almost like a little child.

"Good evening, father," said the man. "Will you let me have houseroom here to-night?"

"I'm not father in the house," said the man who sat at the table, whose teeth chattered, and who shivered and shook; "but speak to my father yonder—he who sits on the bench."

So the wayfarer went to him who sat on the bench, and he was trying to fill himself a pipe of tobacco; but he was so withered up and his hands shook so with the palsy that he could scarce hold the pipe.

"Good evening, father," said the wayfarer again. "Can I get houseroom here to-night?"

"I'm not father in the house," said the old withered fellow; "but speak to my father who lies in bed yonder."

So the wayfarer went to the bed, and there lay an old, old man, who but for his pair of big staring eyes scarcely looked alive.

"Good evening, father," said the wayfarer. "Can I get houseroom here to-night?"

"I'm not father in the house," said the old earl with the big eyes; "but go and speak to my father, who lies yonder in the cradle."

Yes, the wayfarer went to the cradle, and there lay a earl as old as the hills, so withered and shriveled he was no bigger than a baby, and it was hard to tell that there was any life in him, except that there was a sound of breathing every now and then in his throat.

"Good evening, father," said the wayfarer. "May I have houseroom here to-night?"

It was long before he got an answer, and still longer before the earl brought it out; but the end was he said, as all the rest, that he was not father in the house. "But go," said he, "and speak to my father; you'll find him hanging up in the horn yonder against the wall."

So the wayfarer stared about round the walls, and at last he caught sight of the horn; but when he looked for him who hung in it, he looked more like a film of ashes that had the likeness of a man's face. Then he was so frightened that he screamed out,—

"Good evening, father! will you let me have houseroom here to-night?"

Then a chirping came out of the horn like a little tomtit, and it was all he could do to make out that the chirping meant, "YES, MY CHILD."

And now a table came in which was covered with the costliest dishes, and with ale and brandy; and when he had eaten and drank, there came in a good bed with reindeer skins; and the wayfarer was so very glad because he had at last found the right father in the house.

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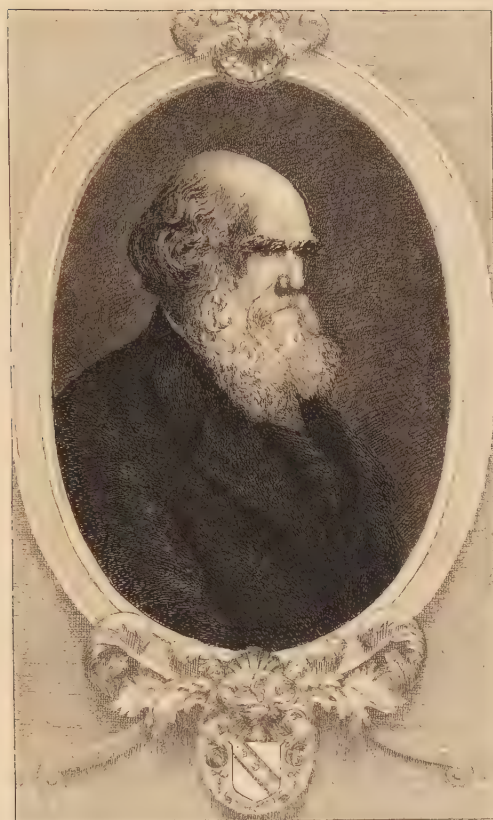
## EXTRACTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF CHARLES DARWIN.

[CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN, F. R. S., English naturalist, was born at Shrewsbury, February 12, 1809; died April 11, 1882. He took his degree at Cambridge with no special distinction in 1831, and the same year, sailed in H. M. S. "Beagle" as volunteer naturalist, on a surveying expedition of four years. On his return, and throughout a long life in which he never knew a day of perfect health, he devoted



Charles Darwin  
Etching by C. X. Harris







himself to patient and continuous study of natural science. His style in writing is clear, elegant and picturesque; his facts are always accurate and his attitude judicial. The "Origin of Species" (1859) and "Descent of Man" (1871) are his two celebrated works which in their day aroused a storm of controversy. In them he set forth the evidence for his belief that species both of plants and animals are not unchangeable but have developed from other forms. "Fertilization of Orchids" (1852); "Climbing Plants" (1875); "Expression of Emotion in Men and Animals" (1873); "Formation of Vegetable World by the Action of Worms" (1881); and the "Journal of Researches into Geology and Natural History," published on his return from the voyage in the "Beagle" are among his volumes.]

### THE SLAVE-MAKING INSTINCT.

(From "Origin of Species.")

THIS remarkable instinct was first discovered in the *Formica* (*Polyerges*) *rufescens* by Pierre Huber, a better observer even than his celebrated father. This ant is absolutely dependent on its slaves; without their aid, the species would certainly become extinct in a single year. The males and fertile females do no work of any kind, and the workers or sterile females, though most energetic and courageous in capturing slaves, do no other work. They are incapable of making their own nests or of feeding their own larvæ. When the old nest is found inconvenient, and they have to migrate, it is the slaves which determine the migration, and actually carry their masters in their jaws. So utterly helpless are the masters, that when Huber shut up thirty of them without a slave, but with plenty of the food which they like best, and with their own larvæ and pupæ to stimulate them to work, they did nothing; they could not even feed themselves, and many perished of hunger. Huber then introduced a single slave (*F. fusca*), and she instantly set to work, fed and saved the survivors; made some cells and tended the larvæ, and put all to rights. What can be more extraordinary than these well-ascertained facts? If we had not known of any other slave-making ant, it would have been hopeless to speculate how so wonderful an instinct could have been perfected.

Another species, *Formica sanguinea*, was likewise first discovered by P. Huber to be a slave-making ant. This species is found in the southern parts of England, and its habits have been attended to by Mr. F. Smith, of the British Museum, to whom I am much indebted for information on this and other subjects. Although fully trusting to the statements of Huber and Mr. Smith, I tried to approach the subject in a sceptical

frame of mind, as any one may well be excused for doubting the existence of so extraordinary an instinct as that of making slaves. Hence, I will give the observations which I made in some little detail. I opened fourteen nests of *F. sanguinea*, and found a few slaves in all. Males and fertile females of the slave species (*F. fusca*) are found only in their own proper communities, and have never been observed in the nests of *F. sanguinea*. The slaves are black and not above half the size of their red masters, so that the contrast in their appearance is great. When the nest is slightly disturbed, the slaves occasionally come out, and like their masters are much agitated and defend the nest: when the nest is much disturbed, and the larvæ and pupæ are exposed, the slaves work energetically together with their masters in carrying them away to a place of safety. Hence, it is clear that the slaves feel quite at home. During the months of June and July, in three successive years, I watched for many hours several nests in Surrey and Sussex, and never saw a slave either leave or enter a nest. As, during these months, the slaves are very few in number, I thought that they might behave differently when more numerous; but Mr. Smith informs me that he has watched the nests at various hours during May, June, and August, both in Surrey and Hampshire, and has never seen the slaves, though present in large numbers in August, either leave or enter the nest. Hence he considers them as strictly household slaves. The masters, on the other hand, may be constantly seen bringing in materials for the nest, and food of all kinds. During the year 1860, however, in the month of July, I came across a community with an unusually large stock of slaves, and I observed a few slaves mingled with their masters leaving the nest, and marching along the same road to a tall Scotch-fir-tree, twenty-five yards distant, which they ascended together, probably in search of aphides or cœci. According to Huber, who had ample opportunities for observation, the slaves in Switzerland habitually work with their masters in making the nest, and they alone open and close the doors in the morning and evening; and, as Huber expressly states, their principal office is to search for aphides. This difference in the usual habits of the masters and slaves in the two countries, probably depends merely on the slaves being captured in greater numbers in Switzerland than in England.

One day I fortunately witnessed a migration of *F. sanguinea* from one nest to another, and it was a most interesting spec-



tacle to behold the masters carefully carrying their slaves in their jaws instead of being carried by them, as in the case of *F. rufescens*. Another day my attention was struck by about a score of the slave-makers haunting the same spot, and evidently not in search of food; they approached and were vigorously repulsed by an independent community of the slave-species (*F. fusca*); sometimes as many as three of these ants clinging to the legs of the slave-making *F. sanguinea*. The latter ruthlessly killed their small opponents, and carried their dead bodies as food to their nest, twenty-nine yards distant; but they were prevented from getting any pupæ to rear as slaves. I then dug up a small parcel of the pupæ of *F. fusca* from another nest, and put them down on a bare spot near the place of combat; they were eagerly seized and carried off by the tyrants, who perhaps fancied that, after all, they had been victorious in their late combat.

At the same time I laid on the same place a small parcel of the pupæ of another species, *F. flava*, with a few of these little yellow ants still clinging to the fragments of their nest. This species is sometimes, though rarely, made into slaves, as has been described by Mr. Smith. Although so small a species, it is very courageous, and I have seen it ferociously attack other ants. In one instance I found to my surprise an independent community of *F. flava* under a stone beneath a nest of the slave-making *F. sanguinea*; and when I had accidentally disturbed both nests, the little ants attacked their big neighbours with surprising courage. Now I was curious to ascertain whether *F. sanguinea* could distinguish the pupæ of *F. fusca*, which they habitually make into slaves, from those of the little and furious *F. flava*, which they rarely capture, and it was evident that they did at once distinguish them: for we have seen that they eagerly and instantly seized the pupæ of *F. fusca*, whereas they were much terrified when they came across the pupæ, or even the earth from the nest, of *F. flava*, and quickly ran away; but in about a quarter of an hour, shortly after all the little yellow ants had crawled away, they took heart and carried off the pupæ.

One evening I visited another community of *F. sanguinea*, and found a number of these ants returning home and entering their nests, carrying the dead bodies of *F. fusca* (showing that it was not a migration) and numerous pupæ. I traced a long file of ants burthened with booty, for about forty yards back, to a very thick clump of heath, whence I saw the last individual

of *F. sanguinea* emerge, carrying a pupa; but I was not able to find the desolated nest in the thick heath. The nest, however, must have been close at hand, for two or three individuals of *F. fusca* were rushing about in the greatest agitation, and one was perched motionless with its own pupa in its mouth on the top of a spray of heath, an image of despair over its ravaged home. Such are the facts, though they did not need confirmation by me, in regard to the wonderful instinct of making slaves.

### REASON IN ANIMALS.

(From "The Descent of Man.")

OF all the faculties of the human mind, it will, I presume, be admitted that *Reason* stands at the summit. Only a few persons now dispute that animals possess some power of reasoning. Animals may constantly be seen to pause, deliberate, and resolve. It is a significant fact, that the more the habits of any particular animal are studied by a naturalist, the more he attributes to reason and the less to unlearned instincts.<sup>1</sup> In future chapters we shall see that some animals extremely low in the scale apparently display a certain amount of reason. No doubt it is often difficult to distinguish between the power of reason and that of instinct. For instance, Dr. Hayes, in his work on "The Open Polar Sea," repeatedly remarks that his dogs, instead of continuing to draw the sledges in a compact body, diverged and separated when they came to thin ice, so that their weight might be more evenly distributed. This was often the first warning which the travelers received that the ice was becoming thin and dangerous. Now, did the dogs act thus from the experience of each individual, or from the example of the older and wiser dogs, or from an inherited habit, that is, from instinct? This instinct may possibly have arisen since the time, long ago, when dogs were first employed by the natives in drawing their sledges; or the Arctic wolves, the parent-stock of the Esquimau dog, may have acquired an instinct impelling them not to attack their prey in a close pack, when on thin ice.

We can only judge by the circumstances under which actions are performed, whether they are due to instinct, or to

<sup>1</sup> Mr. L. H. Morgan's work on "The American Beaver," 1868, offers a good illustration of this remark. I cannot help thinking, however, that he goes too far in underrating the power of instinct.

reason, or to the mere association of ideas; this latter principle, however, is intimately connected with reason. A curious case has been given by Prof. Möbius,<sup>1</sup> of a pike, separated by a plate of glass from an adjoining aquarium stocked with fish, and who often dashed himself with such violence against the glass in trying to catch the other fishes, that he was sometimes completely stunned. The pike went on thus for three months, but at last learned caution, and ceased to do so. The plate of glass was then removed, but the pike would not attack these particular fishes, though he would devour others which were afterward introduced; so strongly was the idea of a violent shock associated in his feeble mind with the attempt on his former neighbours. If a savage, who had never seen a large plate-glass window, were to dash himself even once against it, he would for a long time afterward associate a shock with a window-frame; but, very differently from the pike, he would probably reflect on the nature of the impediment, and be cautious under analogous circumstances. Now with monkeys, as we shall presently see, a painful or merely a disagreeable impression, from an action once performed, is sometimes sufficient to prevent the animal from repeating it. If we attribute this difference between the monkey and the pike solely to the association of ideas being so much stronger and more persistent in the one than the other, though the pike often received much the more severe injury, can we maintain in the case of man that a similar difference implies the possession of a fundamentally different mind?

Houzeau relates<sup>2</sup> that, while crossing a wide and arid plain in Texas, his two dogs suffered greatly from thirst, and that between thirty and forty times they rushed down the hollows to search for water. These hollows were not valleys, and there were no trees in them, or any other difference in the vegetation, and, as they were absolutely dry, there could have been no smell of damp earth. The dogs behaved as if they knew that a dip in the ground offered them the best chance of finding water, and Houzeau has often witnessed the same behaviour in other animals.

I have seen, as I dare say have others, that when a small object is thrown on the ground beyond the reach of one of the elephants in the Zoological Gardens, he blows through his trunk on the ground beyond the object, so that the current

<sup>1</sup> "Die Bewegungen der Thiere," etc., 1873, p. 11.

<sup>2</sup> "Facultés Mentales des Animaux," 1872, tom. ii, p. 265.

reflected on all sides may drive the object within his reach. Again, a well-known ethnologist, Mr. Westropp, informs me that he observed in Vienna a bear deliberately making with his paw a current in some water, which was close to the bars of his cage, so as to draw a piece of floating bread within his reach. These actions of the elephant and bear can hardly be attributed to instinct or inherited habit, as they would be of little use to an animal in a state of nature. Now, what is the difference between such actions, when performed by an uncultivated man, and by one of the higher animals?

### MUSIC.

(From "The Descent of Man.")

MUSIC arouses in us various emotions, but not the more terrible ones of horror, fear, rage, etc. It awakens the gentle feelings of tenderness and love, which readily pass into devotion. In the Chinese annals it is said, "Music hath the power of making heaven descend upon earth." It likewise stirs up in us the sense of triumph and the glorious ardor for war. These powerful and mingled feelings may well give rise to the sense of sublimity. We can concentrate (as Dr. Seeman says) greater intensity of feeling in a single musical note than in a page of writing. It is probable that nearly the same emotions, but much weaker and far less complex, are felt by birds when the male pours forth his full volume of song, in rivalry with other males, to captivate the female. Love is still the commonest theme of our songs. As Herbert Spencer remarks, "music arouses dormant sentiments of which we had not conceived the possibility, and do not know the meaning"; or, as Richter says, "tells us of things we have not seen and shall not see." Commonly, when vivid emotions are felt and expressed by the orator, or even in common speech, musical cadences and rhythm are instinctively used. The negro in Africa when excited often bursts forth in song; "another will reply in song, while the company, as if touched by a musical wave, murmur a chorus in perfect unison." Even monkeys express strong feelings in different tones—anger, impatience, by low—fear and pain by high notes. The sensations and ideas thus excited in us by music, or expressed by the cadences of oratory, appear from their vagueness, yet depth, like mental reverions to the emotions and thoughts of a long-past age.







## Swift and Stella

From the painting by M. I. Dicksee





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## DREAM-PEDLARY

By THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

[THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES, poet and dramatist, was born in Clifton, England, 1803; nephew of Maria Edgeworth. He studied at Pembroke College, Oxford; lived in Germany and Switzerland 1825-1846, and died in the hospital at Basle, Jan. 26, 1849. He wrote "The Improvisatore" (1821), "The Bride's Tragedy" (1822), "Death's Jest Book" (posthumous), many poems, and some works in German.]

IF THERE were dreams to sell,  
What would you buy?  
Some cost a passing-bell;  
Some a light sigh,  
That shakes from Life's fresh crown  
Only a rose-leaf down.  
If there were dreams to sell,  
Merry and sad to tell,  
And the crier rung the bell,  
What would you buy?

A cottage lone and still,  
With bowers nigh,  
Shadowy, my woes to still,  
Until I die.  
Such pearl from Life's fresh crown  
Fain would I shake me down.  
Were dreams to have at will,  
This would best heal my ill,  
This would I buy.

But there were dreams to sell,  
Ill didst thou buy:  
Life is a dream, they tell,  
Waking to die.—  
Dreaming a dream to prize  
Is wishing ghosts to rise;  
And if I had the spell  
To call the buried well,  
Which one would I?—

If there are ghosts to raise,  
 What shall I call  
 Out of hell's murky haze,  
 Heaven's blue pall? —  
 Raise my loved long-lost boy  
 To lead me to his joy. —  
 There are no ghosts to raise;  
 Out of death lead no ways;  
 Vain is the call. —

Know'st thou not ghosts to sue?  
 No love thou hast. —  
 Else lie, as I will do,  
 And breathe thy last;  
 So out of Life's fresh crown  
 Fall like a rose-leaf down.  
 Thus are the ghosts to woo;  
 Thus are all dreams made true,  
 Ever to last!



## A PLAINT.

By EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

[EBENEZER ELLIOTT, "people's poet," was born in 1781 in Yorkshire, England, and worked in his father's iron foundry till 1804; later was in business at Sheffield. He published a volume of poems in 1823, "The Village Patriarch" in 1829, and "The Corn Law Rhymer" in 1831. He died in 1849.]

DARK, deep, and cold the current flows  
 Unto the sea where no wind blows,  
 Seeking the land which no one knows.

O'er its sad gloom still comes and goes  
 The mingled wail of friends and foes,  
 Borne to the land which no one knows.

Why shrieks for help yon wretch, who goes  
 With millions, from a world of woes,  
 Unto the land which no one knows?

Though myriads go with him who goes,  
 Alone he goes where no wind blows,  
 Unto the land which no one knows.

For all must go where no wind blows,  
 And none can go for him who goes;  
 None, none return whence no one knows.

Yet why should he who shrieking goes  
With millions, from a world of woes,  
Reunion seek with it or those?

Alone with God, where no wind blows,  
And Death, his shadow — doomed, he goes:  
That God is there the shadow shows.

O shoreless Deep, where no wind blows!  
And thou, O Land which no one knows!  
That God is All, His shadow shows.



## THE POWER OF THE WILD ASS' SKIN.

By HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

(From "La Peau de Chagrin.")

"And now for death!" cried the young man awakened from his musings. His last thought had recalled his fate to him, as it led him imperceptibly back from the forlorn hopes to which he had clung.

"Ah, ha! then my suspicions were well founded!" said the other, and his hands held the young man's wrists in a grip like that of a vise.

The young man smiled wearily at his mistake, and said gently:—

"You, sir, have nothing to fear; it is not your life, but my own that is in question. . . . But why should I hide a harmless fraud?" he went on, after a look at the anxious old man. "I came to see your treasures, to while away the time till night should come and I could drown myself decently. Who would grudge this last pleasure to a poet and a man of science?"

While he spoke, the jealous merchant watched the haggard face of his pretended customer with keen eyes. Perhaps the mournful tones of his voice reassured him, or he also read the dark signs of fate in the faded features that had made the gamblers shudder; he released his hands, but, with a touch of caution, due to the experience of some hundred years at least, he stretched his arm out to a sideboard as if to steady himself, took up a little dagger, and said:—

"Have you been a supernumerary clerk of the Treasury for three years without receiving any perquisites?"

The stranger could scarcely suppress a smile as he shook his head.

"Perhaps your father has expressed his regret for your birth a little too sharply? Or have you disgraced yourself?"

"If I meant to be disgraced I should live."

"You have been hissed perhaps at the Funambules? Or you have had to compose couplets to pay for your mistress' funeral? Do you want to be cured of the gold fever? Or to be quit of the spleen? For what blunder is your life a forfeit?"

"You must not look among the common motives that impel suicides for the reason of my death. To spare myself the task of disclosing my unheard-of sufferings, for which language has no name, I will tell you this — that I am in the deepest, most humiliating, and most cruel trouble, and," he went on in proud tones that harmonized ill with the words just uttered, "I have no wish to beg for either help or sympathy."

"Eh! eh!"

The two syllables which the old man pronounced resembled the sound of a rattle. Then he went on thus: —

"Without compelling you to entreat me, without making you blush for it, and without giving you so much as a French centime, a para from the Levant, a German heller, a Russian kopeck, a Scottish farthing, a single obolus or sestercius from the ancient world, or one piaster from the new, without offering you anything whatever in gold, silver or copper, notes or drafts, I will make you richer, more powerful, and of more consequence than a constitutional king."

The younger man thought that the older was in his dotage, and waited in bewilderment without venturing to reply.

"Turn round," said the merchant, suddenly catching up the lamp in order to light up the opposite wall; "look at that leathern skin," he went on.

The young man rose abruptly, and showed some surprise at the sight of a piece of shagreen which hung on the wall behind his chair. It was only about the size of a fox's skin, but it seemed to fill the deep shadows of the place with such brilliant rays that it looked like a small comet, an appearance at first sight inexplicable. The young skeptic went up to this so-called talisman, which was to rescue him from his woes, with a scoffing phrase in his thoughts. Still a harmless curiosity led him to bend over it and look at it from all points of view, and he soon found out the cause of its singular brilliancy,

The dark grain of the leather had been so carefully burnished and polished, the striped markings of the graining were so sharp and clear, that every particle of the surface of the bit of Oriental leather was in itself a focus which concentrated the light, and reflected it vividly.

He accounted for this phenomenon categorically to the old man, who only smiled meaningly by way of answer. His superior smile led the young scientific man to fancy that he himself had been deceived by some imposture. He had no wish to carry one more puzzle to his grave, and hastily turned the skin over, like some child eager to find out the mysteries of a new toy.

"Ah," he cried, "here is the mark of the seal which they call in the East the Signet of Solomon."

"So you know that, then?" asked the merchant. His peculiar method of laughter, two or three quick breathings through the nostrils, said more than any words, however eloquent.

"Is there anybody in the world simple enough to believe in that idle fancy?" said the young man, nettled by the spitefulness of the silent chuckle. "Don't you know," he continued, "that the superstitions of the East have perpetuated the mystical form and the counterfeit characters of the symbol, which represents a mythical dominion? I have no more laid myself open to a charge of credulity in this case than if I had mentioned sphinxes or griffins, whose existence mythology in a manner admits."

"As you are an Orientalist," replied the other, "perhaps you can read that sentence."

He held the lamp close to the talisman, which the young man held toward him, and pointed out some characters inlaid in the surface of the wonderful skin, as if they **had** grown on the animal to which it once belonged.

"I must admit," said the stranger, "that I have no idea how the letters could be engraved so deeply on the skin of a wild ass." And he turned quickly to the tables strewn with curiosities, and seemed to look for something.

"What is it that you want?" asked the old man.

"Something that will cut the leather, so that I can see whether the letters are printed or inlaid."

The old man held out his stiletto. The stranger took it and tried to cut the skin above the lettering; but when he had



removed a thin shaving of leather from them, the characters still appeared below, so clear and so exactly like the surface impression, that for a moment he was not sure that he had cut anything away after all.

"The craftsmen of the Levant have secrets known only to themselves," he said, half in vexation, as he eyed the characters of this Oriental sentence.

"Yes," said the old man, "it is better to attribute it to man's agency than to God's."

The mysterious words were thus arranged, as it runs in English : —

POSSESSING ME THOU SHALT POSSESS ALL THINGS.  
BUT THY LIFE IS MINE, FOR GOD HAS SO WILLED IT.  
WISH, AND THY WISHES SHALL BE FULFILLED ;  
BUT MEASURE THY DESIRES, ACCORDING  
TO THE LIFE THAT IS IN THEE.  
THIS IS THY LIFE,  
WITH EACH WISH I MUST SHRINK  
EVEN AS THY OWN DAYS.  
WILT THOU HAVE ME? TAKE ME.  
GOD WILL HEARKEN UNTO THEE.  
SO BE IT !

"So you read Sanskrit fluently," said the old man. "You have been in Persia, perhaps, or in Bengal?"

"No, sir," said the stranger, as he felt the emblematical skin curiously. It was almost as rigid as a sheet of metal.

The old merchant set the lamp back again upon the column, giving the other a look as he did so. "He has given up the action of dying already," the glance said with phlegmatic irony.

"Is it a jest, or is it an enigma?" asked the young man.

The other shook his head and said soberly : —

"I don't know how to answer you. I have offered this talisman with its terrible powers to men with more energy in them than you seem to me to have ; but though they laughed at the questionable power it might exert over their futures, not one of them was ready to venture to conclude the fateful contract proposed by an unknown force. I am of their opinion, I have doubted and refrained, and ——"

"Have you never even tried its power?" interrupted the young stranger.

"Tried it!" exclaimed the old man. "Suppose that you

were on the column in the Place Vendôme, would you try flinging yourself into space? Is it possible to stay the course of life? Has a man ever been known to die by halves? Before you came here, you had made up your mind to kill yourself, but all at once a mystery fills your mind, and you think no more about death. You child! Does not any one day of your life afford mysteries more absorbing? Listen to me. I saw the licentious days of the Regency. I was like you then, in poverty; I have begged my bread; but for all that, I am now a centenarian with a couple of years to spare, and a millionaire to boot. Misery was the making of me, ignorance has made me learned. I will tell you in a few words the great secret of human life. By two instinctive processes man exhausts the springs of life within him. Two verbs cover all the forms which these two causes of death may take—To Will and To have your Will. Between these two limits of human activity the wise have discovered an intermediate formula, to which I owe my good fortune and long life. To Will consumes us, and To have our Will destroys us, but To Know steeps our feeble organisms in perpetual calm. In me Thought has destroyed Will, so that Power is relegated to the ordinary functions of my economy. In a word, it is not in the heart which can be broken, nor in the senses that become deadened, but it is in the brain that cannot waste away and survives everything else, that I have set my life. Moderation has kept mind and body unruffled. Yet, I have seen the whole world. I have learned all languages, lived after every manner. I have lent a Chinaman money, taking his father's corpse as a pledge, slept in an Arab's tent on the security of his bare word, signed contracts in every capital of Europe, and left my gold without hesitation in savage wigwams. I have attained everything, because I have known how to despise all things.

“My one ambition has been to see. Is not Sight in a manner Insight? And to have knowledge or insight, is not that to have instinctive possession? To be able to discover the very substance of fact and to unite its essence to our essence? Of material possession what abides with you but an idea? Think, then, how glorious must be the life of a man who can stamp all realities upon his thought, place the springs of happiness within himself, and draw thence uncounted pleasures in idea, unsoiled by earthly stains. Thought is a key to all treasures; the miser's gains are ours without his cares. Thus I have soared

above this world, where my enjoyments have been intellectual joys. I have reveled in the contemplation of seas, peoples, forests, and mountains ! I have seen all things, calmly, and without weariness ; I have set my desires on nothing ; I have waited in expectation of everything. I have walked to and fro in the world as in a garden round about my own dwelling. Troubles, loves, ambitions, losses, and sorrows, as men call them, are for me ideas, which I transmute into waking dreams ; I express and transpose instead of feeling them ; instead of permitting them to prey upon my life, I dramatize and expand them ; I divert myself with them as if they were romances which I could read by the power of vision within me. As I have never overtaxed my constitution, I still enjoy robust health ; and as my mind is endowed with all the force that I have not wasted, this head of mine is even better furnished than my galleries. The true millions lie here," he said, striking his forehead. " I spend delicious days in communings with the past ; I summon before me whole countries, places, extents of sea, the fair faces of history. In my imaginary seraglio I have all the women I have never possessed. Your wars and revolutions come up before me for judgment. What is a feverish fugitive admiration for some more or less brightly colored piece of flesh and blood ; some more or less rounded human form ; what are all the disasters that wait on your erratic whims compared with the magnificent power of conjuring up the whole world within your soul compared with the immeasurable joys of movement, unstrangled by the cords of time, unclogged by the fetters of space ; the joys of beholding all things, of comprehending all things, of leaning over the parapet of the world to question the other spheres, to hearken to the voice of God ? There," he burst out vehemently, " there are To Will and To have your Will, both together." — he pointed to the bit of shagreen ; " there are your social ideas, your immoderate desires, your excesses, your pleasures that end in death, your sorrows that quicken the pace of life, the pain is perhaps but a violent pleasure ! Who could determine the point where pleasure becomes pain, where pain is still a pleasure ? Is not the utmost brightness of the ideal world soothing to us, while the lightest shadows of the physical world annoy ? Is not knowledge the secret of wisdom ? And what is folly but a riotous expenditure of Will or Power ? "

" Very good, then, a life of riotous excess for me ! " said the stranger, pouncing upon the piece of shagreen.

"Young man, beware!" cried the other with incredible vehemence.

"I had resolved my existence into thought and study," the stranger replied; "and yet they have not even supported me. I am not to be gulled by a sermon worthy of Swedenborg, nor by your Oriental amulet, nor yet by your charitable endeavors to keep me in a world wherein existence is no longer possible for me. . . . Let me see now," he added, clutching the talisman convulsively, as he looked at the old man, "I wish for a royal banquet, a carouse worthy of this century, which, it is said, has brought everything to perfection! Let me have young boon companions, witty, unwarped by prejudice, merry to the verge of madness! Let one wine succeed another, each more biting and perfumed than the last, and strong enough to bring about three days of delirium! Passionate women's forms should grace that night! I would be borne away to unknown regions beyond the confines of this world, by the ear and four-winged steeds of a frantic and uproarious orgie. Let us ascend to the skies, or plunge ourselves in the mire. I do not know if one soars or sinks at such moments, and I do not care! Next, I bid this enigmatical power to concentrate all delights for me in one single joy. Yes, I must comprehend every pleasure of earth and heaven in the final embrace that is to kill me. Therefore, after the wine, I wish to hold high festival to Priapus, with songs that might rouse the dead, and kisses without end; the sound of them should pass like the crackling of flame through Paris, should revive the heat of youth and passion in husband and wife, even in hearts of seventy years."

A laugh burst from the little old man. It rang in the young man's ears like an echo from hell, and tyrannously cut him short. He said no more.

"Do you imagine that my floors are going to open suddenly, so that luxuriously appointed tables may rise through them and guests from another world? No, no, young madcap. You have entered into the compact now, and there is an end of it. Henceforward, your wishes will be accurately fulfilled, but at the expense of your life. The compass of your days, visible in that skin, will contract according to the strength and number of your desires, from the least to the most extravagant. The Brahmin from whom I had this skin once explained to me that it would bring about a mysterious connection between the fortunes and the wishes of its possessor. Your first wish is a vul-



gar one, which I could fulfill, but I leave that to the issues of your new existence. After all, you were wishing to die ; very well, your suicide is only put off for a time."

The stranger was surprised and irritated that this peculiar old man persisted in not taking him seriously. A half philanthropic intention peeped so clearly forth from his last jesting observation, that he exclaimed : —

"I shall soon see, sir, if any change comes over my fortunes in the time it will take to cross the width of the quay. But I should like us to be quits for such a momentous service ; that is, if you are not laughing at an unlucky wretch, so I wish that you may fall in love with an opera dancer. You would understand the pleasures of intemperance then, and might perhaps grow lavish of the wealth that you have husbanded so philosophically."

He went out without heeding the old man's heavy sigh, went back through the galleries and down the staircase, followed by the stout assistant, who vainly tried to light his passage ; he fled with the haste of a robber caught in the act. Blinded by a kind of delirium, he did not even notice the unexpected flexibility of the piece of shagreen, which coiled itself up, pliant as a glove in his excited fingers, till it would go into the pocket of his coat, where he mechanically thrust it. As he rushed out of the door into the street, he ran up against three young men who were passing arm in arm.

"Brute !"

"Idiot !"

Such were the gratifying expressions exchanged between them.

"Why, it is Raphael !"

"Good ! we were looking for you."

"What ! it is you, then ?"

These three friendly exclamations quickly followed the insults, as the light of a street lamp, flickering in the wind, fell upon the astonished faces of the group.

"My dear fellow, you must come with us !" said the young man that Raphael had all but knocked down.

"What is all this about ?"

"Come along, and I will tell you the history of it as we go."

By fair means or foul, Raphael must go along with his friends toward the Pont des Arts ; they surrounded him, and linked him by the arm among their merry band.



"We have been after you for about a week," the speaker went on. "At your respectable hotel de Saint Quentin, where, by the way, the sign with the alternate black and red letters cannot be removed, and hangs out just as it did in the time of Jean Jacques, that Leonarda of yours told us that you were off into the country. For all that, we certainly did not look like duns, creditors, sheriff's officers, or the like. But no matter! Rastignac had seen you the evening before at the Bouffons; we took courage again, and made it a point of honor to find out whether you were roosting in a tree in the Champs Elysées, or in one of those philanthropic abodes where the beggars sleep on a twopenny rope, or if, more lucky, you were bivouacking in some boudoir or other. We could not find you anywhere. Your name was not in the jailer's registers at St. Pelagie nor at La Force! Government departments, cafés, libraries, lists of prefects' names, newspaper offices, restaurants, greenrooms—to cut it short, every lurking place in Paris, good or bad, has been explored in the most expert manner. We bewailed the loss of a man endowed with such genius, that one might look to find him either at Court or in the common jails. We talked of canonizing you as a hero of July, and, upon my word, we regretted you!"

As he spoke, the friends were crossing the Pont des Arts. Without listening to them, Raphael looked at the Seine, at the clamoring waves that reflected the lights of Paris. Above that river, in which but now he had thought to fling himself, the old man's prediction had been fulfilled, the hour of his death had been already put back by fate.

"We really regretted you," said his friend, still pursuing his theme. "It was a question of a plan in which we included you as a superior person, that is to say, somebody who can put himself above other people. The constitutional thimble-ry is carried on to-day, dear boy, more seriously than ever. The infamous monarchy, displaced by the heroism of the people, was a sort of drab, you could laugh and revel with her; but La Patrie is a shrewish and virtuous wife, and willy-nilly you must take her prescribed endearments. Then besides, as you know, authority passed over from the Tuileries to the journalists, at the time when the *Budget* changed its quarters and went from the Faubourg Saint Germain to the Chaussée d'Antin. But this you may not know perhaps. The Government, that is, the aristocracy of lawyers and bankers who

represent the country to-day, just as the priests used to do in the time of the monarchy, has felt the necessity of mystifying the worthy people of France with a few new words and old ideas, like philosophers of every school, and all strong intellects ever since time began. So now Royalist-national ideas must be inculcated, by proving to us that it is far better to pay twelve hundred million francs, thirty-three centimes to La Patrie, represented by Messieurs Such-and-Such, than to pay eleven hundred million francs, nine centimes to a king who used to say 'I' instead of 'we.' In a word, a journal, with two or three hundred thousand francs, good, at the back of it, has just been started, with a view to making an opposition paper to content the discontented, without prejudice to the national government of the citizen king. We scoff at liberty as at despotism now, and at religion or incredulity quite impartially. And since, for us, 'our country' means a capital where ideas circulate and are sold at so much a line, a succulent dinner every day, and the play at frequent intervals, where profligate women swarm, where suppers last on into the next day, and light loves are hired by the hour like cabs; and since Paris will always be the most adorable of all countries, the country of joy, liberty, wit, pretty women, *mauvais sujets*, and good wine; where the truncheon of authority never makes itself disagreeably felt, because one is so close to those who wield it, — we, therefore, sectaries of the god of Mephistopheles, have engaged to whitewash the public mind, to give fresh costumes to the actors, to put a new plank or two in the government booth, to doctor doctrinaires, and warm up old Republicans, to touch up the Bonapartists a bit, and revictual the Center; provided that we are allowed to laugh *in petto* at both kings and peoples, to think one thing in the morning and another at night, and to lead a merry life *à la Panurge*, or to recline upon soft cushions, *more orientali*.

"The scepter of this burlesque and macaronic kingdom," he went on, "we have reserved for you; so we are taking you straightway to a dinner given by the founder of the said newspaper, a retired banker, who, at a loss to know what to do with his money, is going to buy some brains with it. You will be welcomed as a brother, we shall hail you as king of these free lances, who will undertake anything; whose perspicacity discovers the intentions of Austria, England, or Russia, before either Russia, Austria, or England have formed any. Yes, we

will invest you with the sovereignty of those puissant intellects which give to the world its Mirabeaus, Talleyrands, Pitts, and Metternichs—all the clever Crispins who treat the destinies of a kingdom as gamblers' stakes, just as ordinary men play dominoes for *kirschenwasser*. We have given you out to be the most undaunted champion who ever wrestled in a drinking bout at close quarters with the monster called Carousal, whom all bold spirits wish to try a fall with; we have gone so far as to say that you have never yet been worsted. I hope you will not make liars of us. Taillefer, our amphitryon, has undertaken to surpass the circumscribed saturnalias of the petty modern Lucullus. He is rich enough to infuse pomp into trifles, and style and charm into dissipation. . . . Are you listening, Raphael?" asked the orator, interrupting himself.

"Yes," answered the young man, less surprised by the accomplishment of his wishes than by the natural manner in which the events had come about.

He could not bring himself to believe in magic, but he marveled at the accidents of human fate.

\* \* \* \* \*

He stood leaning against the marble chimney-piece, and stayed there quietly in the middle of the principal saloon, doing his best to give no one any advantage over him; but he scrutinized the faces about him, and gave a certain vague offense to those assembled, by his inspection. Like a dog aware of his strength, he awaited the contest on his own ground, without unnecessary barking. Toward the end of the evening he strolled into the card room, walking between the door and another that opened into the billiard room, throwing a glance from time to time over a group of young men that had gathered there. He heard his name mentioned after a turn or two. Although they lowered their voices, Raphael easily guessed that he had become the topic of their debate, and he ended by catching a phrase or two spoken aloud.

"You?"

"Yes, I."

"I dare you to do it!"

"Let us make a bet on it."

"Oh, he will do it."

Just as Valentin, curious to learn the matter of the wager, came up to pay closer attention to what they were saying, a tall, strong, good-looking young fellow, who, however, possessed the

impertinent stare peculiar to people who have material force at their back, came out of the billiard room.

"I am deputed, sir," he said, coolly addressing the marquis, "to make you aware of something which you do not seem to know; your face and person generally are a sort of annoyance to every one here, and to me in particular. You have too much politeness not to sacrifice yourself to the public good, and I beg that you will not show yourself in the Club again."

"This sort of joke has been perpetrated before, sir, in garrison towns at the time of the Empire; but nowadays it is exceedingly bad form," said Raphael, dryly.

"I am not joking," the young man answered, "and I repeat it; your health will be considerably the worse for a stay here; the heat and light, the air of the saloon, and the company are all bad for your complaint."

"Where did you study medicine?" Raphael inquired.

"I took my bachelor's degree on Lepage's shooting ground in Paris, and was made a doctor at Cerizier's, the king of foils."

"There is one last degree left for you to take," said Valentin; "study the ordinary rules of politeness, and you will be a perfect gentleman."

The young men all came out of the billiard room just then, some disposed to laugh, some silent. The attention of other players was drawn to the matter: they left their cards to watch a quarrel that rejoiced their instincts. Raphael, alone among this hostile crowd, did his best to keep cool, and not to put himself in any way in the wrong; but his adversary having ventured a sarcasm containing an insult couched in unusually keen language, he replied gravely:—

"We cannot box men's ears, sir, in these days, but I am at a loss for any word by which to stigmatize such cowardly behavior as yours."

"That's enough, that's enough. You can come to an explanation to-morrow," several young men exclaimed, interposing between the two champions.

Raphael left the room in the character of aggressor, after he had accepted a proposal to meet near the Château de Bordeaux, in a little sloping meadow, not very far from the newly made road, by which the man who came off victorious could reach Lyons. Raphael must now either take to his bed or leave the baths. The visitors had gained their point. At eight o'clock



next morning, his antagonist, followed by two seconds and a surgeon, arrived first on the ground.

"We shall do very nicely here; glorious weather for a duel!" he cried gayly, looking at the blue vault of sky above, at the waters of the lake, and the rocks, without a single melancholy presentiment or doubt of the issue. "If I wing him," he went on, "I shall send him to bed for a month; eh, doctor?"

"At the very least," the surgeon replied; "but let that willow twig alone, or you will weary your wrist, and then you will not fire steadily. You might kill your man then instead of wounding him."

The noise of a carriage was heard approaching.

"Here he is," said the seconds, who soon descried a calèche coming along the road; it was drawn by four horses, and there were two postilions.

"What a queer proceeding!" said Valentin's antagonist; "here he comes posthaste to be shot."

The slightest incident about a duel, as about a stake at cards, makes an impression on the minds of those deeply concerned in the results of the affair; so the young man awaited the arrival of the carriage with a kind of uneasiness. It stopped in the road; old Jonathan laboriously descended from it, in the first place, to assist Raphael to alight; he supported him with his feeble arms, and showed him all the minute attentions that a lover lavishes upon his mistress. Both became lost to sight in the footpath that lay between the highroad and the field where the duel was to take place; they were walking slowly, and did not appear again for some time after. The four onlookers at this strange spectacle felt deeply moved by the sight of Valentin as he leaned on his servant's arm; he was wasted and pale; he limped as if he had the gout, went with his head bowed down, and said not a word. You might have taken them for a couple of old men, one broken with years, the other worn out with thought; the elder bore his age visibly written in his white hair, the younger was of no age.

"I have not slept all night, sir;" so Raphael greeted his antagonist.

The icy tone and terrible glance that went with the words made the real aggressor shudder; he knew that he was in the wrong, and felt in secret ashamed of his behavior. There was something strange in Raphael's bearing, tone, and gesture; the



marquis stopped, and every one else was likewise silent. The uneasy and constrained feeling grew to a height.

"There is yet time," he went on, "to offer me some slight apology; and offer it you must, or you will die, sir! You rely even now on your dexterity, and do not shrink from an encounter in which you believe all the advantage to be upon your side. Very good, sir; I am generous, I am letting you know my superiority beforehand. I possess a terrible power. I have only to wish to do so, and I can neutralize your skill, dim your eyesight, make your hand and pulse unsteady, and even kill you outright. I have no wish to be compelled to exercise my power; the use of it costs me too dear. You would not be the only one to die. So if you refuse to apologize to me, no matter what your experience in murder, your ball will go into the waterfall there, and mine will speed straight to your heart though I do not aim it at you."

Confused voices interrupted Raphael at this point. All the time that he was speaking, the marquis had kept his intolerably keen gaze fixed upon his antagonist; now he drew himself up and showed an impassive face, like that of a dangerous madman.

"Make him hold his tongue," the young man had said to one of his seconds; "that voice of his is tearing the heart out of me."

"Say no more, sir; it is quite useless," cried the seconds and the surgeons, addressing Raphael.

"Gentlemen, I am fulfilling a duty. Has this young gentleman any final arrangements to make?"

"That is enough; that will do."

The marquis remained standing steadily, never for a moment losing sight of his antagonist; and the latter seemed, like a bird before a snake, to be overwhelmed by a well-nigh magical power. He was compelled to endure that homicidal gaze; he met and shunned it incessantly.

"I am thirsty; give me some water ——" he said again to the second.

"Are you nervous?"

"Yes," he answered. "There is a fascination about that man's glowing eyes."

"Will you apologize?"

"It is too late now."

The two antagonists were placed at fifteen paces distant

from each other. Each of them had a brace of pistols at hand, and, according to the programme prescribed for them, each was to fire twice when and how he pleased, and after the signal had been given by the seconds.

"What are you doing, Charles?" exclaimed the young man who acted as a second to Raphael's antagonist; "you are putting in the ball before the powder?"

"I am a dead man," he muttered, by way of answer; "you have put me facing the sun——"

"The sun lies behind you," said Valentin, sternly and solemnly, while he coolly loaded his pistol without heeding the fact that the signal had been given, or that his antagonist was carefully taking aim.

There was something so appalling in this supernatural unconcern, that it affected even the two postilions, brought thither by a cruel curiosity. Raphael was either trying his power or playing with it, for he talked to Jonathan, and looked toward him as he received his adversary's fire. Charles' bullet broke a branch of willow, and ricocheted over the surface of the water! Raphael fired at random, and shot his antagonist through the heart. He did not heed the young man as he dropped; he hurriedly sought the Wild Ass' Skin to see what another man's life had cost him. The talisman was no larger than a small oak leaf.



## WORK WITHOUT HOPE.

By SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

ALL nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair—

The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—

And Winter, slumbering in the open air,

Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!

And I, the while, the sole unbusy thing,

Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.

Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow,

Have traced the founts whence streams of nectar flow.

Bloom, O ye amaranths! bloom for whom ye may,

For me ye bloom not! Glide, rich streams, away!

With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow, I stroll:

And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul?

Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,

And hope without an object cannot live.

## COUSIN PONS.

BY HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

[HONORÉ DE BALZAC, the greatest of French novelists, was born at Tours in 1799, educated at the Collège de Vendôme, and studied law; then retired to a Paris garret to write novels in the most miserable poverty for years, before he won the least public attention. Ten years later he had become famous, though not prosperous. In 1848 he married a Polish lady whom he had long loved, and just as he was beginning to have an easy life he died, August 18, 1850. His novels are very numerous; most of them were grouped by him as a "Comédie Humaine," which was to comprise all sides of life. Some of the best known are "Eugénie Grandet," "César Birotteau," "Père Goriot," "Lost Illusions," "The Woman of Thirty," "The Poor Relations," "The Last Chouan" (his first success), "La Peau de Chagrin," "The Search for the Absolute," and "The Country Doctor."]

## I. THE CONSPIRACY.

THERE was a pause. Pons was too weak to say more. La Cibot took the opportunity and tapped her head significantly. "Do not contradict him," she said to Schmucke; "it would kill him."

Pons gazed into Schmucke's honest face. "And she says that you sent her ——" he continued.

"Yes," Schmucke affirmed heroically. "It had to be. Hush! — let us save your life. It is absurd to work and train your strength if you have a treasure. Get better; we will sell some *préc-à-préc* and end our days quietly in a corner somewhere, with kind Montame Zipod."

"She has perverted you," moaned Pons.

Mme. Cibot had taken up her station behind the bed to make signals unobserved. Pons thought that she had left the room. "She is murdering me," he added.

"What is that? I am murdering you, am I?" cried La Cibot, suddenly appearing, hand on hips and eyes aflame. "I am as faithful as a dog, and this is all I get! God Almighty! ——"

She burst into tears and dropped down into the great chair, a tragical movement which wrought a most disastrous revulsion in Pons.

"Very good," she said, rising to her feet. The woman's malignant eyes looked poison and bullets at the two friends. "Very good. Nothing that I can do is right here, and I am tired of slaving my life out. You shall take a nurse."

Pons and Schmucke exchanged glances in dismay.

"Oh! you may look at each other like actors. I mean it. I shall ask Dr. Poulain to find a nurse for you. And now we will settle accounts. You shall pay me back the money that I have spent on you, and that I would never have asked you for, I that have gone to M. Pillerault to borrow another five hundred francs of him ——"

"It ees his illness!" cried Schmucke—he sprang to Mme. Cibot and put an arm round her waist—"haf batience."

"As for you, you are an angel, I could kiss the ground you tread upon," said she. "But M. Pons never liked me, he always hated me. Besides, he thinks perhaps that I want to be mentioned in his will ——"

"Hush! you vill kill him!" cried Schmucke.

"Good-by, sir," said La Cibot, with a withering look at Pons. "You may keep well for all the harm I wish you. When you can speak to me pleasantly, when you can believe that what I do is done for the best, I will come back again. Till then I shall stay in my own room. You were like my own child to me; did anybody ever see a child revolt against its mother? . . . No, no, M. Schmucke, I do not want to hear more. I will bring you *your* dinner and wait upon *you*, but you must take a nurse. Ask M. Poulain about it."

And out she went, slamming the door after her so violently that the precious, fragile objects in the room trembled. To Pons in his torture, the rattle of china was like the final blow dealt by the executioner to a victim broken on the wheel.

An hour later La Cibot called to Schmucke through the door, telling him that his dinner was waiting for him in the dining room. She would not cross the threshold. Poor Schmucke went out to her with a haggard, tear-stained face.

"Mein boor Bons is vandering," said he; "he says dat you are ein pad voman. It ees his illness," he added hastily, to soften La Cibot and excuse his friend.

"Oh, I have had enough of his illness! Look here, he is neither father, nor husband, nor brother, nor child of mine. He has taken a dislike to me; well and good, that is enough! As for you, you see, I would follow *you* to the end of the world; but when a woman gives her life, her heart, and all her savings, and neglects her husband (for here has Cibot fallen ill), and then hears that she is a bad woman—it is coming it rather too strong, it is."

"Too strong?"

"Too strong, yes. Never mind idle words. Let us come to the facts. As to that, you owe me for three months at a hundred and ninety francs—that is five hundred and seventy francs; then there is the rent that I have paid twice (here are the receipts), six hundred more, including rates and the sou in the franc for the porter—something under twelve hundred francs altogether, and with the two thousand francs besides—without interest, mind you—the total amounts to three thousand one hundred and ninety-two francs. And remember that you will want at least two thousand francs before long for the doctor, and the nurse, and the medicine, and the nurse's board. That was why I borrowed a thousand francs of M. Pillerault," and with that she held up Gaudissart's bank note.

It may readily be conceived that Schmucke listened to this reckoning with amazement, for he knew about as much of business as a cat knows of music.

"Montame Zipod," he expostulated, "Bons haf lost his head. Bardon him, und nurse him as pefore, und pe our providence; I peg it of you on mine knees," and he knelt before La Cibot and kissed the tormentor's hands.

La Cibot raised Schmucke and kissed him on the forehead. "Listen, my lamb," said she; "here is Cibot ill in bed; I have just sent for Dr. Poulain. So I ought to set my affairs in order. And what is more, Cibot saw me crying, and flew into such a passion that he will not have me set foot in here again. It is *he* who wants the money; it is his, you see. We women can do nothing when it comes to that. But if you let him have his money back again—the three thousand two hundred francs—he will be quiet, perhaps. Poor man, it is his all, earned by the sweat of his brow, the savings of twenty-six years of life together. He must have his money to-morrow; there is no getting round him.—You do not know Cibot; when he is angry he would kill a man. Well, I might perhaps get leave of him to look after you both as before. Be easy. I will just let him say anything that comes into his head. I will bear it all for love of you, an angel as you are."

"No, I am ein boor man, dot lof his friend und would gif his life to save him——"

"But the money?" broke in La Cibot. "My good M. Schmucke, let us suppose that you pay me nothing; you will want three thousand francs, and where are they to come from?"



Upon my word, do you know what I should do in your place? I should not think twice, I should just sell seven or eight good-for-nothing pictures, and put up some of those instead that are standing in your closet with their faces to the wall for want of room. One picture or another, what difference does it make?"

"Und vy?"

"He is so cunning. It is his illness, for he is a lamb when he is well. He is capable of getting up and prying about; and if by any chance he went into the salon, he is so weak that he could not go beyond the door; he would see that they were all still there."

"Drue!"

"And when he is quite well, we will tell him about the sale. And if you wish to confess, throw it all upon me, say that you were obliged to pay me. Come! I have a broad back——"

"I cannot dispose of dings dot are not mine," the good German answered simply.

"Very well. I will summons you, you and M. Pons."

"It would kill him——"

"Take your choice! Dear me, sell the pictures and tell him about it afterwards . . . you can show him the summons——"

"Ver' goot. Summons us. Dot shall pe mine egscuse. I shall show him der chudgment."

Mme. Cibot went down to the court, and that very day at seven o'clock she called to Schmucke. Schmucke found himself confronted with M. Tabareau the bailiff, who called upon him to pay. Schmucke made answer, trembling from head to foot, and was forthwith summoned, together with Pons, to appear in the county court to hear judgment against him. The sight of the bailiff and a bit of stamped paper covered with scrawls produced such an effect upon Schmucke, that he held out no longer.

"Sell die bictures," he said with the tears in his eyes.

Next morning, at six o'clock, Élie Magus and Rémonencq took down the paintings of their choice. Two receipts for two thousand five hundred francs were made out in correct form:—

"I, the undersigned, representing M. Pons, acknowledge the receipt of two thousand five hundred francs from M. Élie

Magus for the four pictures sold to him, the said sum being appropriated to the use of M. Pons. The first picture, attributed to Dürer, is a portrait of a woman; the second, likewise a portrait, is of the Italian School; the third, a Dutch landscape by Breughel; and the fourth, a 'Holy Family,' by an unknown master of the Florentine School."

Rémonencq's receipt was worded in precisely the same way; a Greuze, a Claude Lorraine, a Rubens, and a Van Dyck being disguised as pictures of the French and Flemish schools.

"Der monny makes me beleef dot the chimcracks haf som value," said Schmucke, when the five thousand francs were paid over.

"They are worth something," said Rémonencq. "I would willingly give a hundred thousand francs for the lot."

Rémonencq, asked to do a trifling service, hung eight pictures of the proper size in the same frames, taking them from among the less valuable pictures in Schmucke's bedroom.

No sooner was Élie Magus in possession of the four great pictures than he went, taking La Cibot with him, under pretense of settling accounts. But he pleaded poverty, he found fault with the pictures, they needed rebacking, he offered La Cibot thirty thousand francs by way of commission, and finally dazzled her with the sheets of paper on which the Bank of France engraves the words "One thousand francs," in capital letters. Magus thereupon condemned Rémonencq to pay the like sum to La Cibot, by lending him the money on the security of his four pictures, which he took with him as a guarantee. So glorious were they, that Magus could not bring himself to part with them, and next day he bought them of Rémonencq for six thousand francs over and above the original price, and an invoice was duly made out for the four. Mme. Cibot, the richer by sixty-eight thousand francs, once more swore her two accomplices to absolute secrecy. Then she asked the Jew's advice. She wanted to invest the money in such a way that no one should know of it.

"Buy shares in the Orléans Railway," said he; "they are thirty francs below par, you will double your capital in three years. They will give you scraps of paper, which you keep safe in a portfolio."

"Stay here, M. Magus. I will go and fetch the man of business who acts for M. Pons' family. He wants to know

how much you will give for the whole bag of tricks upstairs. I will go for him now."

"If only she were a widow!" said Rémonencq when she was gone. "She would just suit me; she will have plenty of money now——"

"Especially if she puts her money into the Orléans Railway; she will double her capital in two years' time. I have put all my poor little savings into it," added the Jew, "for my daughter's portion. — Come, let us take a turn on the boulevard until this lawyer arrives."

"Cibot is very bad as it is," continued Rémonencq; "if it should please God to take him to Himself, I should have a famous wife to keep a shop; I could set up on a large scale——"

"Good day, M. Fraasier," La Cibot began in an ingratiating tone, as she entered her legal adviser's office. "Why, what is this that your porter has been telling me? are you going to move?"

"Yes, my dear Mme. Cibot. I am taking the first floor above Dr. Poulain, and trying to borrow two or three thousand francs so as to furnish the place properly; it is very nice, upon my word, the landlord has just papered and painted it. I am acting, as I told you, in Président de Marville's interests and yours. . . . I am not a solicitor now; I mean to have my name entered on the roll of barristers, and I must be well lodged. A barrister in Paris cannot have his name on the rolls unless he has decent furniture and books and the like. I am a doctor of law, I have kept my terms, and have powerful interest already. . . . Well, how are we getting on?"

"Perhaps you would accept my savings," said La Cibot. "I have put them in the savings bank. I have not much, only three thousand francs, the fruits of twenty-five years of stinting and scraping. You might give me a bill of exchange, as Rémonencq says; for I am ignorant myself, I only know what they tell me."

"No. It is against the rules of the guild for a barrister (*avocat*) to put his name to a bill. I will give you a receipt, bearing interest at five per cent per annum, on the understanding that if I make an income of twelve hundred francs for you out of old Pons' estate you will cancel it."

La Cibot, caught in the trap, uttered not a word.

"Silence gives consent," Fraasier continued. "Let me have it to-morrow morning."

"Oh! I am quite willing to pay fees in advance," said La Cibot; "it is one way of making sure of my money."

Fraasier nodded. "How are we getting on?" he repeated. "I saw Poulain yesterday; you are hurrying your invalid along, it seems. . . . One more scene such as yesterday's, and gallstones will form. Be gentle with him, my dear Mme. Cibot, do not lay up remorse for yourself. Life is not too long."

"Just let me alone with your remorse! Are you going to talk about the guillotine again? M. Pons is a contrary old thing. You don't know him? It is he that bothers me. There is not a more crossgrained man alive; his relations are in the right of it, he is sly, revengeful, and contrary. . . . M. Magus has come, as I told you, and is waiting to see you."

"Right! I will be there as soon as you. Your income depends upon the price the collection will fetch. If it brings in eight hundred thousand francs, you shall have fifteen hundred francs a year. It is a fortune."

"Very well. I will tell them to value the things on their consciences."

An hour later, Pons was fast asleep. The doctor had ordered a soothing draught, which Schmucke administered, all unconscious that La Cibot had doubled the dose. Fraasier, Rémonencq, and Magus, three gallows birds, were examining the seventeen hundred different objects which formed the old musician's collection, one by one.

Schmucke had gone to bed. The three kites, drawn by the scent of a corpse, were masters of the field.

"Make no noise," said La Cibot whenever Magus went into ecstasies or explained the value of some work of art to Rémonencq. The dying man slept on in the neighboring room, while greed in four different forms appraised the treasures that he must leave behind, and waited impatiently for him to die—a sight to wring the heart.

Three hours went by before they had finished the salon.

"On an average," said the grimy old Jew, "everything here is worth a thousand francs."

"Seventeen hundred thousand francs!" exclaimed Fraasier, in bewilderment.

"Not to me," Magus answered promptly, and his eyes grew dull. "I would not give more than a hundred thousand francs myself for the collection. You cannot tell how long you may keep a thing on hand. . . . There are masterpieces that wait ten years for a buyer, and meanwhile the purchase money is doubled by compound interest. Still, I should pay cash."

"There is stained glass in the other room, as well as enamels and miniatures and gold and silver snuffboxes," put in Rémonencq.

"Can they be seen?" inquired Fraasier.

"I'll see if he is sound asleep," replied La Cibot. She made a sign, and the three birds of prey came in.

"There are masterpieces yonder!" said Magus, indicating the salon, every bristle of his white beard twitching as he spoke. "But the riches are here! And what riches! Kings have nothing more glorious in royal treasures."

Rémonencq's eyes lighted up till they glowed like carbuncles at the sight of the gold snuffboxes. Fraasier, cool and calm as a serpent, or some snake creature with the power of rising erect, stood with his viper's head stretched out, in such an attitude as a painter would choose for Mephistopheles. The three covetous beings, thirsting for gold as devils thirst for the dew of heaven, looked simultaneously, as it chanced, at the owner of all this wealth. Some nightmare troubled Pons; he stirred, and suddenly, under the influence of those diabolical glances, he opened his eyes with a shrill cry.

"Thieves! . . . There they are! . . . Help! Murder! Help!"

The nightmare was evidently still upon him, for he sat up in bed, staring before him with blank, wide-open eyes, and had not power to move.

Élie Magus and Rémonencq made for the door, but a word glued them to the spot.

"*Magus* here! . . . I am betrayed!"

Instinctively the sick man had known that his beloved pictures were in danger, a thought that touched him at least as closely as any dread for himself, and he awoke. Fraasier meanwhile did not stir.

"Mme. Cibot! who is that gentleman?" cried Pons, shivering at the sight.

"Goodness me! how could I put him out of the door?"



she inquired, with a wink and gesture for Fraasier's benefit. "This gentleman came just a minute ago, from your family."

Fraasier could not conceal his admiration for La Cibot.

"Yes, sir," he said, "I have come on behalf of Mme. la Présidente de Marville, her husband, and her daughter, to express their regret. They learned quite by accident that you are ill, and they would like to nurse you themselves. They want you to go to Marville and get well there. Mme. la Vicomtesse Popinot, the little Cécile that you love so much, will be your nurse. She took your part with her mother. She convinced Mme. de Marville that she had made a mistake."

"So my next of kin have sent you to me, have they?" Pons exclaimed indignantly, "and sent the best judge and expert in all Paris with you to show you the way? Oh! a nice commission!" he cried, bursting into wild laughter. "You have come to value my pictures and curiosities, my snuffboxes and miniatures! . . . Make your valuation. You have a man there who understands everything, and more—he can buy everything, for he is a millionaire ten times over. . . . My dear relatives will not have long to wait," he added with bitter irony, "they have choked the last breath out of me. . . . Ah! Mme. Cibot, you said you were a mother to me, and you bring dealers into the house, and my competitor and the Camusots, while I am asleep! . . . Get out, all of you! —"

The unhappy man was beside himself with anger and fear; he rose from the bed and stood upright, a gaunt, wasted figure.

"Take my arm, sir," said La Cibot, rushing to the rescue, lest Pons should fall. "Pray calm yourself, the gentlemen are gone."

"I want to see the salon . . ." said the death-stricken man. La Cibot made a sign to the three ravens to take flight. Then she caught up Pons as if he had been a feather, and put him in bed again, in spite of his cries. When she saw that he was quite helpless and exhausted, she went to shut the door on the staircase. The three who had done Pons to death were still on the landing; La Cibot told them to wait. She heard Fraasier say to Magus:—

"Let me have it in writing, and sign it, both of you. Undertake to pay nine hundred thousand francs in cash for M. Pons' collection, and we will see about putting you in the way of making a handsome profit."

With that he said something to La Cibot in a voice so low

that the others could not catch it, and went down after the two dealers to the porter's room.

"Have they gone, Mme. Cibot?" asked the unhappy Pons, when she came back again.

"Gone? . . . who?" asked she.

"Those men."

"What men? There, now! you have seen men," said she.

"You have just had a raving fit; if it hadn't been for me you would have gone out of the window, and now you are still talking of men in the room. . . . Is it always to be like this?"

"What! was there not a gentleman here just now, saying that my relatives had sent him?"

"Will you still stand me out?" said she. "Upon my word, do you know where you ought to be sent?—To the asylum at Charenton. You see men——"

"Élie Magus, Rémonencq, and——"

"Oh! as for Rémonencq, you may have seen *him*, for he came up to tell me that my poor Cibot is so bad that I must clear out of this and come down. My Cibot comes first, you see. When my husband is ill, I can think of nobody else. Try to keep quiet and sleep for a couple of hours; I have sent for Dr. Poulain, and I will come up with him. . . . Take a drink and be good——"

"Then was there no one in the room just now, when I waked?"

"No one," said she. "You must have seen M. Rémonencq in one of your looking-glasses."

"You are right, Mme. Cibot," said Pons, meek as a lamb.

"Well, now you are sensible again. . . . Good-by, my cherub; keep quiet, I shall be back again in a minute."

When Pons heard the outer door close upon her, he summoned up all his remaining strength to rise.

"They are cheating me," he muttered to himself, "they are robbing me! Schmucke is a child that would let them tie him up in a sack."

The terrible scene had seemed so real, it could not be a dream, he thought; a desire to throw light upon the puzzle excited him; he managed to reach the door, opened it after many efforts, and stood on the threshold of his salon. There they were—his dear pictures, his statues, his Florentine bronzes, his porcelain; the sight of them revived him. The old collector walked in his dressing gown along the narrow spaces between

the credence tables and the sideboards that lined the wall ; his feet bare, his head on fire. His first glance of ownership told him that everything was there ; he turned to go back to bed again, when he noticed that a Greuze portrait looked out of the frame that had held Sebastian del Piombo's "Templar." Suspicion flashed across his brain, making his dark thoughts apparent to him, as a flash of lightning marks the outlines of the cloud bars on a stormy sky. He looked round for the eight capital pictures of the collection ; each one of them was replaced by another. A dark film suddenly overspread his eyes ; his strength failed him ; he fell fainting upon the polished floor.

So heavy was the swoon that for two hours he lay as he fell, till Schmucke awoke and went to see his friend, and found him lying unconscious in the salon. With endless pains Schmucke raised the half-dead body and laid it on the bed ; but when he came to question the death-stricken man, and saw the look in the dull eyes and heard the vague, inarticulate words, the good German, so far from losing his head, rose to the very heroism of friendship. Man and child as he was, with the pressure of despair came the inspiration of a mother's tenderness, a woman's love. He warmed towels (he found towels !), he wrapped them about Pons' hands, he laid them over the pit of the stomach ; he took the cold, moist forehead in his hands, he summoned back life with a might of will worthy of Apollonius of Tyana, laying kisses on his friend's eyelids like some Mary bending over the dead Christ, in a *pictà* carved in bas-relief by some great Italian sculptor. The divine effort, the outpouring of one life into another, the work of mother and of lover, was crowned with success. In half an hour the warmth revived Pons ; he became himself again, the hues of life returned to his eyes, suspended faculties gradually resumed their play under the influence of artificial heat. Schmucke gave him balm water with a little wine in it ; the spirit of life spread through the body ; intelligence lighted up the forehead so short a while ago insensible as a stone ; and Pons knew that he had been brought back to life, by what sacred devotion, what might of friendship !

"But for you, I should die," he said, and as he spoke he felt the good German's tears falling on his face. Schmucke was laughing and crying at once.

Poor Schmucke ! he had waited for those words with a frenzy of hope as costly as the frenzy of despair ; and now his

strength utterly failed him, he collapsed like a rent balloon. It was his turn to fall ; he sank into the easy-chair, clasped his hands, and thanked God in fervent prayer. For him a miracle had just been wrought. He put no belief in the efficacy of the prayer of his deeds ; the miracle had been wrought by God in direct answer to his cry. And yet that miracle was a natural effect, such as medical science often records.

A sick man, surrounded by those who love him, nursed by those who wish earnestly that he should live, will recover (other things being equal), when another patient tended by hirelings will die. Doctors decline to see unconscious magnetism in this phenomenon : for them it is the result of intelligent nursing, of exact obedience to their orders ; but many a mother knows the virtue of such ardent projection of strong, unceasing prayer.

"My good Schmucke ——"

"Say nodings ; I shall hear you mit mein heart . . . rest, rest !" said Schmucke, smiling at him.

"Poor friend, noble creature, child of God living in God ! . . . The one being that has loved me. . . ." The words came out with pauses between them ; there was a new note, a something never heard before, in Pons' voice. All the soul, so soon to take flight, found utterance in the words that filled Schmucke with happiness almost like a lover's rapture.

"Yes, yes. I shall be shtrong as a lion. I shall vork for two !"

"Listen, my good, my faithful, adorable friend. Let me speak, I have not much time left. I am a dead man. I cannot recover from these repeated shocks."

Schmucke was crying like a child.

"Just listen," continued Pons, "and cry afterwards. As a Christian, you must submit. I have been robbed. It is La Cibot's doing. . . . I ought to open your eyes before I go ; you know nothing of life. . . . Somebody has taken away eight of the pictures, and they were worth a great deal of money."

"Vorgif me — I sold dem."

"*You* sold them?"

"Yes, I," said poor Schmucke. "Dey summoned us to der court ——"

"*Summoned?* . . . Who summoned us?"

"Wait," said Schmucke. He went for the bit of stamped paper left by the bailiff, and gave it to Pons. Pons read the



scrawl through with close attention, then he let the paper drop and lay quite silent for a while. A close observer of the work of men's hands, unheedful so far of the workings of the brain, Pons finally counted out the threads of the plot woven about him by La Cibot. The artist's fire, the intellect that won the Roman scholarship—all his youth, came back to him for a little.

"My good Schmucke," he said at last, "you must do as I tell you, and obey like a soldier. Listen! go downstairs into the lodge and tell that abominable woman that I should like to see the person sent to me by my cousin the President; and that unless he comes, I shall leave my collection to the Musée. Say that a will is in question."

Schmucke went on his errand; but at the first word, La Cibot answered by a smile.

"My good M. Schmucke, our dear invalid has had a delirious fit; he thought that there were men in the room. On my word as an honest woman, no one has come from the family."

Schmucke went back with this answer, which he repeated word for word.

"She is cleverer, more astute and cunning and wily, than I thought," said Pons, with a smile. "She lies even in her room. Imagine it! This morning she brought a Jew here, Élie Magus by name, and Rémonencq, and a third whom I do not know, more terrific than the other two put together. She meant to make a valuation while I was asleep; I happened to wake, and saw them all three, estimating the worth of my snuffboxes. The stranger said, indeed, that the Camusots had sent him here; I spoke to him. . . . That shameless woman stood me out that I was dreaming! . . . My good Schmucke, it was not a dream. I heard the man perfectly plainly; he spoke to me. . . . The two dealers took fright and made for the door. . . . I thought that La Cibot would contradict herself—the experiment failed. . . . I will lay another snare, and trap the wretched woman. . . . Poor Schmucke, you think that La Cibot is an angel; and for this month past she has been killing me by inches to gain her covetous ends. I would not believe that a woman who served us faithfully for years could be so wicked. That doubt has been my ruin. . . . How much did the eight pictures fetch?"

"Vife tausend vranes."

"Good heavens! they were worth twenty times as much!"



cried Pons ; “the gems of the collection ! I have not time now to institute proceedings ; and if I did, you would figure in court as the dupe of those rascals. . . . A lawsuit would be the death of you. You do not know what justice means — a court of justice is a sink of iniquity. . . . At the sight of such horrors, a soul like yours would give way. And besides, you will have enough. The pictures cost me forty thousand francs. I have had them for thirty-six years. . . . Oh, we have been robbed with surprising dexterity. I am on the brink of the grave, I care for nothing now but thee — for thee, the best soul under the sun. . . .

“I will not have you plundered ; all that I have is yours. So you must trust nobody, Schmucke, you that have never suspected any one in your life. I know God watches over you, but He may forget for one moment, and you will be seized like a vessel among pirates. . . . La Cibot is a monster ! She is killing me ; and you think her an angel ! You shall see what she is. Go and ask her to give you the name of a notary, and I will show you her with her hand in the bag.”

Schmucke listened as if Pons proclaimed an apocalypse. Could so depraved a creature as La Cibot exist ? If Pons was right, it seemed to imply that there was no God in the world. He went down again to Mme. Cibot.

“Mein boor vriend Bons feel so ill,” he said, “dat he vish to make his vill. Go und pring ein nodary.”

## II. THE STOLEN WILL.

At midnight poor Schmucke sat in his easy-chair, watching with a breaking heart that shrinking of the features that comes with death ; Pons looked so worn out with the day’s exertions, that death seemed very near.

Presently Pons spoke. “I have just enough strength, I think, to last till to-morrow night,” he said philosophically. “To-morrow night the death agony will begin ; poor Schmucke ! As soon as the notary and your two friends are gone, go for our good Abbé Duplanty, the curate of Saint-François. Good man, he does not know that I am ill, and I wish to take the Holy Sacrament to-morrow at noon.”

There was a long pause.

“God so willed it that life has not been as I dreamed,” Pons resumed. “I should so have loved wife and children

and home. . . . To be loved by a very few in some corner — that was my whole ambition! Life is hard for every one; I have seen people who had all that I wanted so much and could not have, and yet they were not happy. . . . Then at the end of my life, God put untold comfort in my way, when He gave me such a friend. . . . And one thing I have not to reproach myself with — that I have not known your worth nor appreciated you, my good Schmucke. . . . I have loved you with my whole heart, with all the strength of love that is in me. . . . Do not cry, Schmucke; I shall say no more if you cry, and it is so sweet to me to talk of ourselves to you. . . . If I had listened to you, I should not be dying. I should have left the world and broken off my habits, and then I should not have been wounded to death. And now, I want to think of no one but you at the last — ”

“You are missdaken — ”

“Do not contradict me — listen, dear friend. . . . You are as guileless and simple as a six-year-old child that has never left its mother; one honors you for it — it seems to me that God Himself must watch over such as you. But men are so wicked, that I ought to warn you beforehand . . . and then you will lose your generous trust, your saintlike belief in others, the bloom of a purity of soul that only belongs to genius or to hearts like yours. . . . In a little while you will see Mme. Cibot, who left the door ajar and watched us closely while M. Trognon was here — in a little while you will see her come for the will, as she believes it to be. . . . I expect the worthless creature will do her business this morning when she thinks you are asleep. Now, mind what I say, and carry out my instructions to the letter. . . . Are you listening?” asked the dying man.

But Schmucke was overcome with grief, his heart was throbbing painfully, his head fell back on the chair, he seemed to have lost consciousness.

“Yes,” he answered, “I can hear, but it is as if you were doo huntert baces afay from me. . . . It seem to me dat I am going town into der grafe mit you,” said Schmucke, crushed with pain.

He went over to the bed, took one of Pons’ hands in both his own, and within himself put up a fervent prayer.

“What is that that you are mumbling in German?”

“I asked of Gott dat He would take us poth togedders to

Himself!" Schmucke answered simply when he had finished his prayer.

Pons bent over — it was a great effort, for he was suffering intolerable pain; but he managed to reach Schmucke, and kissed him on the forehead, pouring out his soul, as it were, in benediction upon a nature that recalled the lamb that lies at the foot of the Throne of God.

"See here, listen, my good Schmucke, you must do as dying people tell you ——"

"I am lisdening."

"The little door in the recess in your bedroom opens into that closet."

"Yes, but it is blocked up mit bictures."

"Clear them away at once, without making too much noise."

"Yes."

"Clear a passage on both sides, so that you can pass from your room into mine. — Now, leave the door ajar. — When La Cibot comes to take your place (and she is capable of coming an hour earlier than usual), you can go away to bed as if nothing had happened, and look very tired. Try to look sleepy. As soon as she settles down into the armchair, go into the closet, draw aside the muslin curtains over the glass door, and watch her. . . . Do you understand?"

"I oondershtand; you belief dat die pad voman is going to purn der vill."

"I do not know what she will do; but I am sure of this — that you will not take her for an angel afterwards. — And now play for me; improvise and make me happy. It will divert your thoughts; your gloomy ideas will vanish, and for me the dark hours will be filled with your dreams. . . ."

Schmucke sat down to the piano. Here he was in his element; and in a few moments, musical inspiration, quickened by the pain with which he was quivering and the consequent irritation that followed, came upon the kindly German, and, after his wont, he was caught up and borne above the world. On one sublime theme after another he executed variations, putting into them sometimes Chopin's sorrow, Chopin's Rafael-like perfection; sometimes the stormy Dante's grandeur of Liszt — the two musicians who most nearly approach Paganini's temperament. When execution reaches this supreme degree, the executant stands beside the poet, as it were; he is to the composer as the actor is to the writer of plays, a

divinely inspired interpreter of things divine. But that night, when Schmucke gave Pons an earnest of diviner symphonies, of that heavenly music for which Saint Cecilia let fall her instruments, he was at once Beethoven and Paganini, creator and interpreter. It was an outpouring of music inexhaustible as the nightingale's song — varied and full of delicate undergrowth as the forest flooded with her trills; sublime as the sky overhead. Schmucke played as he had never played before, and the soul of the old musician listening to him rose to ecstasy such as Rafael once painted in a picture which you may see at Bologna.

A terrific ringing of the doorbell put an end to these visions. The first-floor lodgers sent up the servant with a message. Would Schmucke please to stop the racket overhead. Madame, Monsieur, and Mademoiselle Chapoulot had been wakened, and could not sleep for the noise; they called his attention to the fact that the day was quite long enough for rehearsals of theatrical music, and added that people ought not to "strum" all night in a house in the Marais. — It was then three o'clock in the morning. At half-past three, La Cibot appeared, just as Pons had predicted. He might have actually heard the conference between Fraasier and the portress: "Did I not guess exactly how it would be?" his eyes seemed to say as he glanced at Schmucke, and, turning a little, he seemed to be fast asleep.

Schmucke's guileless simplicity was an article of belief with La Cibot (and be it noted that this faith in simplicity is the great source and secret of the success of all infantile strategy); La Cibot, therefore, could not suspect Schmucke of deceit when he came to say to her, with a face half of distress, half of glad relief: —

"I haf had a derrible night! a derrible dime of it! I vas opliged to blay to keep him kviet, and the virst-floor lodgers vas komm up to tell *me* to be kviet! . . . It was frightful, for der life of mein friend vas at shtake. I am so tired mit der blaying all night, dat dis morning I am all knocked up."

"My poor Cibot is very bad, too; one more day like yesterday, and he will have no strength left. . . . One can't help it; it is God's will."

"You haf a heart so honest, a soul so peautiful, dot gif der Zipod die, ve shall lif togedder," said the cunning Schmucke.

The craft of simple, straightforward folk is formidable



indeed ; they are exactly like children, setting their unsuspected snares with the perfect craft of the savage.

"Oh, well, go and sleep, sonny!" returned La Cibot. "Your eyes look tired, they are as big as my fist. But there! if anything could comfort me for losing Cibot, it would be the thought of ending my days with a good man like you. Be easy. I will give Mme. Chapoulot a dressing down. . . . To think of a retired haberdasher's wife giving herself such airs!"

Schmucke went to his room and took up his post in the closet.

La Cibot had left the door ajar on the landing; Fraasier came in and closed it noiselessly as soon as he heard Schmucke shut his bedroom door. He had brought with him a lighted taper and a bit of very fine wire to open the seal of the will. La Cibot, meanwhile, looking under the pillow, found the handkerchief with the key of the bureau knotted to one corner; and this so much the more easily because Pons purposely left the end hanging out over the bolster, and lay with his face to the wall.

La Cibot went straight to the bureau, opened it cautiously so as to make as little noise as possible, found the spring of the secret drawer, and hurried into the salon with the will in her hand. Her flight roused Pons' curiosity to the highest pitch; and as for Schmucke, he trembled as if he were the guilty person.

"Go back," said Fraasier, when she handed over the will. "He may wake, and he must find you there."

Fraasier opened the seal with a dexterity which proved that his was no 'prentice hand, and read the following curious document, headed "My Will," with ever-deepening astonishment:—

"On this fifteenth day of April, eighteen hundred and forty-five, I, being in my sound mind (as this my Will, drawn up in concert with M. Trognon, will testify), and feeling that I must shortly die of the malady from which I have suffered since the beginning of February last, am anxious to dispose of my property, and have herein recorded my last wishes:—

"I have always been impressed by the untoward circumstances that injure great pictures, and not unfrequently bring about total destruction. I have felt sorry for the beautiful



paintings condemned to travel from land to land, never finding some fixed abode whither admirers of great masterpieces may travel to see them. And I have always thought that the truly deathless work of a great master ought to be national property, put where every one of every nation may see it, even as the Light, God's masterpiece, shines for all His children.

"And as I have spent my life in collecting together and choosing a few pictures, some of the greatest masters' most glorious work, and as these pictures are as the master left them, — genuine examples, neither repainted nor retouched, — it has been a painful thought to me that the paintings which have been the joy of my life may be sold by public auction, and go, some to England, some to Russia, till they are all scattered abroad again as if they had never been gathered together. From this wretched fate I have determined to save both them and the frames in which they are set, all of them the work of skilled craftsmen.

"On these grounds, therefore, I give and bequeath the pictures which compose my collection to the King, for the gallery in the Louvre, subject to the charge (if the legacy is accepted) of a life annuity of two thousand four hundred francs to my friend Wilhelm Schmucke.

"If the King, as usufructuary of the Louvre collection, should refuse the legacy with the charge upon it, the said pictures shall form a part of the estate which I leave to my friend Schmucke, on condition that he shall deliver the 'Monkey's Head,' by Goya, to my cousin, President Camusot; a 'Flower Piece,' the tulips, by Abraham Mignon, to M. Trognon, notary (whom I appoint as my executor); and allow Mme. Cibot, who has acted as my housekeeper for ten years, the sum of two hundred francs per annum.

"Finally, my friend Schmucke is to give the 'Descent from the Cross,' Rubens' sketch for his great picture at Antwerp, to adorn a chapel in the parish church, in grateful acknowledgment of M. Duplanty's kindness to me; for to him I owe it that I can die as a Christian and a Catholic." — So ran the will.

"This is ruin!" mused Fraasier, "the ruin of all my hopes. Ha! I begin to believe all that the Présidente told me about this old artist and his cunning."

"Well?" La Cibot came back to say.

"Your gentleman is a monster. He is leaving everything to

the Crown. Now, you cannot plead against the Crown. . . . The will cannot be disputed. . . . We are robbed, ruined, spoiled, and murdered ! ”

“ What has he left to me ? ”

“ Two hundred francs a year. ”

“ A pretty comedown ! . . . Why, he is a finished scoundrel ! ”

“ Go and see, ” said Fraasier, “ and I will put your scoundrel’s will back again in the envelope. ”

While Mme. Cibot’s back was turned, Fraasier nimbly slipped a sheet of blank paper into the envelope ; the will he put in his pocket. He next proceeded to seal the envelope again so cleverly that he showed the seal to Mme. Cibot when she returned, and asked her if she could see the slightest trace of the operation. La Cibot took up the envelope, felt it over, assured herself that it was not empty, and heaved a deep sigh. She had entertained hopes that Fraasier himself would have burned the unlucky document while she was out of the room.

“ Well, my dear M. Fraasier, what is to be done ? ”

“ Oh ! that is your affair ! I am not one of the next of kin, myself ; but if I had the slightest claim to any of *that* ” (indicating the collection), “ I know very well what I should do. ”

“ That is just what I want to know, ” La Cibot answered, with sufficient simplicity.

“ There is a fire in the grate — ” he said. Then he rose to go.

“ After all, no one will know about it but you and me — ” began La Cibot.

“ It can never be proved that a will existed, ” asserted the man of law.

“ And you ? ”

“ I ? . . . If M. Pons dies intestate, you shall have a hundred thousand francs. ”

“ Oh yes, no doubt, ” returned she. “ People promise you heaps of money, and when they come by their own, and there is talk of paying, they swindle you like — ”

“ Like Élie Magus, ” she was going to say, but she stopped herself just in time.

“ I am going, ” said Fraasier ; “ it is not to your interest that I should be found here ; but I shall see you again downstairs. ”

La Cibot shut the door and returned with the sealed packet in her hand. She had quite made up her mind to burn it ; but

as she went towards the bedroom fireplace, she felt the grasp of a hand on each arm, and saw — Schmucke on one hand, and Pons himself on the other, leaning against the partition wall on either side of the door.

La Cibot cried out, and fell face downwards in a fit; real or feigned, no one ever knew the truth. This sight produced such an impression on Pons that a deadly faintness came upon him, and Schmucke left the woman on the floor to help Pons back to bed. The friends trembled in every limb; they had set themselves a hard task, it was done, but it had been too much for their strength. When Pons lay in bed again, and Schmucke had regained strength to some extent, he heard a sound of sobbing. La Cibot, on her knees, bursting into tears, held out supplicating hands to them in very expressive pantomime.

"It was pure curiosity!" she sobbed, when she saw that Pons and Schmucke were paying any attention to her proceedings. "Pure curiosity; a woman's fault, you know. But I did not know how else to get a sight of your will, and I brought it back again —"

"Go!" said Schmucke, standing erect, his tall figure gaining in height by the full height of his indignation. "You are a monster! You dived to kill mein goot Bons! He is right. You are worse than a monster, you are a lost soul!"

La Cibot saw the look of abhorrence in the frank German's face; she rose, proud as Tartufe, gave Schmucke a glance which made him quake, and went out, carrying off under her dress an exquisite little picture of Metz's pointed out by Élie Magus. "A diamond," he had called it. Fraasier downstairs in the porter's lodge was waiting to hear that La Cibot had burned the envelope and the sheet of blank paper inside it. Great was his astonishment when he beheld his fair client's agitation and dismay.

"What has happened?"

"*This* has happened, my dear M. Fraasier. Under pretense of giving me good advice and telling me what to do, you have lost me my annuity and the gentlemen's confidence. . . ."

One of the word tornadoes in which she excelled was in full progress, but Fraasier cut her short.

"This is idle talk. The facts, the facts! and be quick about it."

"Well; it came about in this way," — and she told him of the scene which she had just come through.

"You have lost nothing through me," was Fraasier's comment. "The gentlemen had their doubts, or they would not have set this trap for you. They were lying in wait and spying upon you. . . . You have not told me everything," he added, with a tiger's glance at the woman before him.

"*I* hide anything from you!" cried she — "after all that we have done together!" she added with a shudder.

"My dear madam, *I* have done nothing blameworthy," returned Fraasier. Evidently he meant to deny his nocturnal visit to Pons' rooms.

Every hair on La Cibot's head seemed to scorch her, while a sense of icy cold swept over her from head to foot.

"*What?*" . . . she faltered in bewilderment.

"Here is a criminal charge on the face of it. . . . You may be accused of suppressing the will," Fraasier made answer dryly.

La Cibot started.

"Don't be alarmed; I am your legal adviser. I only wished to show you how easy it is, in one way or another, to do as I once explained to you. Let us see, now; what have you done that this simple German should be hiding in the room?"

"Nothing at all, unless it was that scene the other day when I stood M. Pons out that his eyes dazzled. And ever since, the two gentlemen have been as different as can be. So you have brought all my troubles upon me; I might have lost my influence with M. Pons, but I was sure of the German; just now he was talking of marrying me or of taking me with him — it is all one."

The excuse was so plausible that Fraasier was fain to be satisfied with it. "You need fear nothing," he resumed. "I gave you my word that you shall have your money, and I shall keep my word. The whole matter, so far, was up in the air, but now it is as good as bank notes. . . . You shall have at least twelve hundred francs per annum. . . . But, my good lady, you must act intelligently under my orders."

"Yes, my dear M. Fraasier," said La Cibot, with cringing servility. She was completely subdued.

"Very good. Good-by," and Fraasier went, taking the dangerous document with him. He reached home in great spirits. The will was a terrible weapon.

"Now," thought he, "I have a hold on Mme. la Présidente



de Marville ; she must keep her word with me. If she did not, she would lose the property."

At daybreak, when Rémonencq had taken down his shutters and left his sister in charge of the shop, he came, after his wont of late, to inquire for his good friend Cibot. The portress was contemplating the Metz, privately wondering how a little bit of painted wood could be worth such a lot of money.

"Aha !" said he, looking over her shoulder, "that is the one picture which M. Élie Magus regretted ; with that little bit of a thing, he says, his happiness would be complete."

"What would he give for it ?" asked La Cibot.

"Why, if you will promise to marry me within a year of widowhood, I will undertake to get twenty thousand francs for it from Élie Magus ; and unless you marry me you will never get a thousand francs for the picture."

"Why not ?"

"Because you would be obliged to give a receipt for the money, and then you might have a lawsuit with the heirs at law. If you were my wife, I myself should sell the thing to M. Magus, and in the way of business it is enough to make an entry in the daybook, and I should note that M. Schmucke sold it to me. There, leave the panel with me. . . . If your husband were to die you might have a lot of bother over it, but no one would think it odd that I should have a picture in the shop. . . . You know me quite well. Besides, I will give you a receipt if you like."

The covetous portress felt that she had been caught ; she agreed to a proposal which was to bind her for the rest of her life to the marine-store dealer.

"You are right," said she, as she locked the picture away in a chest ; "bring me the bit of writing."



## A FOOLS'-PARADISE A REAL PARADISE.

By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

You smiled, you spoke, and I believed,  
By every word and smile deceived.  
Another man would hope no more —  
Nor hope I what I hoped before :  
But let not this last wish be vain,  
Deceive — deceive me once again !



MR. CAUDLE HAS LENT FIVE POUNDS TO A  
FRIEND.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

[DOUGLAS WILLIAM JERROLD: An English dramatist, humorist, and journalist, son of an actor; born at London in 1803; died in 1857. He was a midshipman during the operations against Napoleon in Belgium, 1812-1815, after the war became a compositor, and later dramatic critic on the *Sunday Monitor*, and subsequently as a dramatist wrote "Black-eyed Susan" (1829), which is still popular. He was a constant contributor to *Punch*, and edited successively the *Illuminated Magazine*, *Shilling Magazine*, and *Lloyd's Weekly*. A collected edition of his works contains "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," "Chronicles of Clovernook," "Saint Giles and Saint James," "Punch's Complete Letter Writer," "Cakes and Ale."]

YOU ought to be very rich, Mr. Caudle. I wonder who'd lend you five pounds! But so it is: a wife may work and slave. Oh, dear! the many things that might have been done with five pounds! As if people picked up money in the streets! But you always *were* a fool, Mr. Caudle! I've wanted a black satin gown these three years, and that five pounds would have pretty well bought it. But it's no matter how I go,—not at all. Everybody says I don't dress as becomes your wife—and I don't; but what's that to you, Mr. Caudle? Nothing. Oh, no! you can have fine feelings for everybody but those that belong to you. I wish people knew you as I do—that's all. You like to be called liberal and your poor family pays for it.

And the girls want bonnets, and when they're to get 'em I can't tell. Half five pounds would have bought 'em, but now they must go without. Of course, *they* belong to you; and anybody but your own flesh and blood, Mr. Caudle.

The man called for the water rate to-day, but I should like to know how people are to pay taxes who throw away five pounds to every fellow that asks them.

Perhaps you don't know that Jack, this morning, knocked the shuttlecock through his bedroom window. I was going to send for the glazier to mend it; but after you lent that five pounds, I was sure we couldn't afford it. Oh, no; the window must go as it is; and pretty weather for the dear child to sleep with a broken window. He's got a cold already on his lungs, and I shouldn't at all wonder if that broken window settled him; if the dear boy dies, his death will be upon his father's

head, for I'm sure we can't now pay to mend windows. We might, though, and do a good many more things, if people didn't throw away their five pounds.

Next Tuesday the fire insurance is due. I should like to know how it's to be paid. Why, it can't be paid at all. That five pounds would have just done it, and now insurance is out of the question. And there never were so many fires as there are now. I shall never close my eyes all night; but what's that to you, so people can call you liberal, Mr. Caudle? Your wife and children may all be burnt alive in their beds, as all of us to a certainty shall be, for the insurance must drop. After we've insured for so many years! But how, I should like to know, are people to insure who make ducks and drakes of their five pounds?

I did think we might go to Margate this summer. There's poor Caroline, I'm sure she wants the sea. But no, dear creature, she must stop at home; she'll go into a consumption, there's no doubt of that; yes, sweet little angel. I've made up my mind to lose her now. The child might have been saved; but people can't save their children and throw away five pounds too.

I wonder where little Cherub is? While you were lending that five pounds, the dog ran out of the shop. You know I never let it go into the street, for fear it should be bit by some mad dog and come home and bite the children. It wouldn't at all astonish me if the animal was to come back with the hydrophobia and give it to all the family. However, what's your family to you, so you can play the liberal creature with five pounds?

Do you hear that shutter, how it's banging to and fro? Yes, I know what it wants as well as you: it wants a new fastening. I was going to send for the blacksmith to-day. But now it's out of the question: now it must bang of nights, since you have thrown away five pounds.

Well, things have come to a pretty pass! This is the first night I ever made my supper of roast beef without pickles. But who is to afford pickles when folks are always lending five pounds?

Do you hear the mice running about the room? I hear them. If they were only to drag you out of bed, it would be no matter. *Set a trap for 'em?* But how are people to afford the cheese, when every day they lose five pounds?

Hark! I'm sure there's a noise downstairs. It wouldn't surprise me if there were thieves in the house. Well, it may be the cat; but thieves are pretty sure to come some night. There's a wretched fastening to the back door; but these are not times to afford bolts and bars, when fools won't take care of their five pounds.

Mary Anne ought to have gone to the dentist's to-morrow. She wants three teeth pulled out. Now it can't be done. Three teeth, that quite disfigure the child's mouth. But there they must stop, and spoil the sweetest face that was ever made. Otherwise she'd have been wife for a lord. Now, when she grows up, who'll have her? Nobody. We shall die, and leave her alone and unprotected in the world. But what do you care for that? Nothing; so you can squander away five pounds.

And now, Mr. Caudle, see what misery you've brought on your wretched family! I can't have a satin gown—the girls can't have new bonnets—the water rate must stand over—Jack must get his death through a broken window—our fire insurance can't be paid, so we shall all be victims to the devouring element—we can't go to Margate, and Caroline will go to an early grave—the dog will come home and bite us all mad—that shutter will go banging forever—the mice never let us have a wink of sleep—the thieves be always breaking in the house—and our dear Mary Anne be forever left an unprotected maid—and all, all, Mr. Caudle, because *you will go on lending five pounds!*



## MRS. CAUDLE'S UMBRELLA LECTURE.

By DOUGLAS JERROLD.

*Mr. Caudle has lent an acquaintance the family umbrella.—Mrs. Caudle lectures thereon.*

“THAT’S the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do? Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I’m very certain there was nothing about *him* that could spoil. Take cold, indeed! He doesn’t look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he’d have better taken cold than take our only umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle?

I say, do you hear the rain? And, as I'm alive, if it isn't Saint Swithin's day! Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense, you don't impose upon me. You can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh, you *do* hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle. Don't insult me. *He* return the umbrella! Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever *did* return an umbrella! There—do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs, and for six weeks—always six weeks. And no umbrella!

“I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. They shan't go through such weather, I'm determined. No: they shall stop at home and never learn anything—the blessed creatures!—sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing—who, indeed, but their father? People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

“But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh yes; I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow,—you knew that; and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate me to go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir; if it comes down in buckets-full, I'll go all the more. No; and I won't have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours. A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteenpence at least—sixteenpence!—two-and-eightpence, for there is back again! Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em! I can't pay for 'em; and I'm sure you can't, if you go on as you do; throwing away your property, and begging your children—buying umbrellas!

“Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow, I will; and what's more I'll walk every step of the way,—and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman—it's you that's a foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold—it always does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all, I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall—and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I shouldn't



wonder if I caught my death; yes: and that's what you lent your umbrella for. Of course.

"Nice clothes, I shall get too, trapesing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoilt, quite. Needn't I wear 'em, then? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I shall wear 'em. No, sir, I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows, it isn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once—better, I should say. But when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady. Oh, that rain—if it isn't enough to break in the windows.

"Ugh, I do look forward with dread for to-morrow. How I am to go to mother's, I'm sure I can't tell. But if I die, I'll do it. No, sir, I won't borrow an umbrella. No; and you shan't buy one. Now, Mr. Caudle, only listen to this: if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it in the street. I'll have my own umbrella, or none at all.

"Ha! and it was only last week I had a nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd have known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one for me. Paying for new nozzles, for other people to laugh at you. Oh, it's all very well for you, you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor patient wife and your own dear children. You think of nothing but lending umbrellas.

"Men, indeed!—call themselves lords of the creation!—pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella.

"I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But that's what you want—then you may go to your club, and do as you like—and then nicely my poor dear children will be used—but then, sir, then you'll be happy. Oh, don't tell me! I know you will. Else you'd never have lent the umbrella!

"You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and of course you can't go. No, indeed, you don't go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care—it won't be so much as spoiling your clothes—better lose it: people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas.

"And I should like to know how I am to go to mother's without the umbrella? Oh, don't tell me that I said I *would* go—that's nothing to do with it: nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her, and the little money we were to have, we shan't have at all—because we've no umbrella.

"The children, too! Dear things! They'll be sopping



wet : for they shan't stop at home : they shan't lose their learning ; it's all their father will leave 'em, I'm sure. But they *shall* go to school. Don't tell me I said they shouldn't : you are so aggravating, Caudle ; you'd spoil the temper of an angel. They *shall* go to school : mark that. And if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault : *I* didn't lend the umbrella."

"*Here,*" said Caudle in his MS., "*I fell asleep ; and dreamt that the sky was turned into green calico, with whalebone ribs ; that, in fact, the whole world revolved under a tremendous umbrella.*"



## DANTES' DUNGEON AND ESCAPE.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS, PÈRE.

(From "The Count of Monte Cristo.")

[ALEXANDRE DUMAS, PÈRE, French novelist and dramatist, was born July 24, 1803 ; his grandmother was a Haytian negress. His youth was roving and dissipated ; the few years after he became of age were spent in Paris experimenting in literary forms ; at twenty-six he took the public by storm with his play "Henry III. and his Court." He was probably the most prolific great writer that ever lived, his works singly and in collaboration amounting to over two thousand volumes ; he had some ninety collaborators, few of whom ever did successful independent work. A catalogue of his productions would fill many pages of this work. The most popular of his novels are : "The Three Musketeers" series (including "Twenty Years After" and "The Viscount de Bragelonne"), and "The Count of Monte Cristo." He died December 5, 1870.]

### THE CEMETERY OF THE CHATEAU D'IF.

ON the bed, at full length, and faintly lighted by the pale ray that penetrated the window, was visible a sack of coarse cloth, under the large folds of which was stretched a long and stiffened form ; it was Faria's last winding sheet—a winding sheet which, as the turnkey said, cost so little. All then was completed. A material separation had taken place between Dantes and his old friend—he could no longer see those eyes which had remained open as if to look even beyond death ; he could no longer clasp that hand of industry which had lifted for him the veil that had concealed hidden and obscure things. Faria, the usual and the good companion, with whom he was accustomed to live so intimately, no longer breathed. He seated himself on the edge of that terrible bed, and fell into a melancholy and gloomy reverie.

Alone! he was alone again! again relapsed into silence! he found himself once again in the presence of nothingness!

Alone! no longer to see — no longer to hear the voice of the only human being who attached him to life! Was it not better, like Faria, to seek the presence of his Maker and learn the enigma of life at the risk of passing through the mournful gate of intense suffering?

The idea of suicide, driven away by his friend, and forgotten in his presence whilst living, arose like a phantom before him in the presence of his dead body.

"If I could die," he said, "I should go where he goes, and should assuredly find him again. But how to die? It is very easy," he continued, with a smile of bitterness; "I will remain here, rush on the first person that opens the door, will strangle him, and then they will guillotine me."

But as it happens that in excessive griefs, as in great tempests, the abyss is found between the tops of the loftiest waves, Dantes recoiled from the idea of this infamous death, and passed suddenly from despair to an ardent desire for life and liberty.

"Die! oh, no," he exclaimed, "not die now, after having lived and suffered so long and so much! Die! yes, had I died years since, but now it would be indeed to give way to my bitter destiny. No, I desire to live, I desire to struggle to the very last. I wish to reconquer the happiness of which I have been deprived. Before I die I must not forget that I have my executioners to punish, and, perhaps, too, who knows, some friends to reward. Yet they will forget me here, and I shall die in my dungeon like Faria."

As he said this, he remained motionless, his eyes fixed like a man struck with a sudden idea, but whom this idea fills with amazement. Suddenly he rose, lifted his hand to his brow as if his brain were giddy, paced twice or thrice round his chamber, and then paused abruptly at the bed.

"Ah! ah!" he muttered, "who inspires me with this thought? Is that thou, gracious God? Since none but the dead pass freely from this dungeon, let me assume the place of the dead!"

Without giving himself time to reconsider his decision, and indeed that he might not allow his thoughts to be distracted from his desperate resolution, he bent over the appalling sack, opened it with the knife which Faria had made, drew the corpse

from the sack, and transported it along the gallery to his own chamber, laid it on his couch, passed round its head the rag he wore at night round his own, covered it with his counterpane, once again kissed the ice-cold brow, and tried vainly to close the resisting eyes, which glared horribly; turned the head towards the wall, so that the jailer might, when he brought his evening meal, believe that he was asleep, as was his frequent custom; returned along the gallery, threw the bed against the wall, returned to the other cell, took from the hiding place the needle and thread, flung off his rags, that they might feel naked flesh only beneath the coarse sackcloth; and getting inside the sack, placed himself in the posture in which the dead body had been laid, and sewed up the mouth of the sack inside.

The beating of his heart might have been heard, if by any mischance the jailers had entered at that moment.

Dantes might have waited until the evening visit was over, but he was afraid the governor might change his resolution, and order the dead body to be removed earlier.

In that case his last hope would have been destroyed.

Now his project was settled under any circumstances, and he hoped thus to carry it into effect.

If, during the time he was being conveyed, the gravediggers should discover that they were conveying a live instead of a dead body, Dantes did not intend to give them time to recognize him, but, with a sudden cut of the knife, he meant to open the sack from top to bottom, and, profiting by their alarm, escape; if they tried to catch him, he would use his knife.

If they conducted him to the cemetery and laid him in the grave, he would allow himself to be covered with earth, and then, as it was night, the gravediggers could scarcely have turned their backs ere he would have worked his way through the soft soil and escaped, hoping that the weight would not be too heavy for him to support.

If he was deceived in this, and the earth proved too heavy, he would be stifled, and then, so much the better, all would be over. Dantes had not eaten since the previous evening, but he had not thought of hunger or thirst, nor did he now think of it. His position was too precarious to allow even time to reflect on any thought but one.

The first risk that Dantes ran was that the jailer, when he brought him his supper at seven o'clock, might perceive the substitution he had effected; fortunately, twenty times, at

least, from misanthropy or fatigue, Dantes had received his jailer in bed, and then the man placed his bread and soup on the table, and went away without saying a word.

This time the jailer might not be silent as usual, but speak to Dantes, and seeing that he received no reply, go to the bed, and thus discover all.

When seven o'clock came, Dantes' agony really commenced. His hand placed on his heart was unable to repress its throbings, whilst, with the other, he wiped the perspiration from his temples. From time to time shudderings ran through his whole frame, and collapsed his heart as if it were frozen. Then he thought he was going to die. Yet the hours passed on without any stir in the Chateau, and Dantes felt he had escaped his first danger; it was a good augury. At length about the hour the governor had appointed, footsteps were heard on the stairs. Edmond felt that the moment had arrived, and summoning up all his courage, held his breath, happy if at the same time he could have repressed in like manner the hasty pulsation of his arteries.

They stood at the door — there were two steps, and Dantes guessed it was the two gravediggers who came to seek him — this idea was soon converted into certainty, when he heard the noise they made in putting down the hand bier.

The door opened, and a dim light reaching Dantes' eyes through the coarse sack that covered him, he saw two shadows approach his bed, a third remaining at the door with a torch in his hand. Each of these two men, approaching the ends of the bed, took the sack by its extremities.

"He's heavy, though, for an old and thin man," said one, as he raised the head.

"They say every year adds half a pound to the weight of the bones," said another, lifting the feet.

"Have you tied the knot?" inquired the first speaker.

"What would be the use of carrying so much more weight?" was the reply: "I can do that when we get there."

"Yes, you're right," replied the companion.

"What's the knot for?" thought Dantes.

They deposited the supposed corpse on the bier. Edmond stiffened himself in order to play his part of a dead man, and then the party, lighted by the man with the torch, who went first, ascended the stairs.

Suddenly he felt the fresh and sharp night air, and Dantes



recognized the *Mistral*. It was a sudden sensation, at the same time replete with delight and agony.

The bearers advanced twenty paces, then stopped, putting their bier down on the ground.

One of them went away, and Dantes heard his shoes on the pavement.

"Where am I, then?" he asked himself.

"Really, he is by no means a light load," said the other bearer, sitting down on the edge of the handbarrow.

Dantes' first impulse was to escape, but fortunately he did not attempt it.

"Light me, you, sir," said the other bearer, "or I shall not find what I am looking for."

The man with the torch complied, although not asked in the most polite terms.

"What can he be looking for?" thought Edmond. "The spade, perhaps."

An exclamation of satisfaction indicated that the gravedigger had found the object of his search.

"Here it is at last," he said, "not without some trouble, though."

"Yes," was the answer, "but it has lost nothing by waiting."

As he said this the man came towards Edmond, who heard a heavy and sounding substance laid down beside him, and at the same moment a cord was fastened round his feet with sudden and painful violence.

"Well, have you tied the knot?" inquired the gravedigger, who was looking on.

"Yes, and pretty tight too, I can tell you," was the answer.

"Move on, then."

And the bier was lifted once more, and they proceeded.

They advanced fifty paces farther, and then stopped to open a door, then went forward again. The noise of the waves dashing against the rocks, on which the Chateau is built, reached Dantes' ear distinctly as they progressed.

"Bad weather!" observed one of the bearers; "not a pleasant night for a dip in the sea."

"Why, yes, the abbé runs a chance of being wet," said the other; and then there was a burst of brutal laughter.

Dantes did not comprehend the jest, but his hair stood erect on his head.



"Well, here we are at last," said one of them. "A little farther — a little farther," said the other. "You know very well that the last was stopped on his way, dashed on the rocks, and the governor told us next day that we were careless fellows."

They ascended five or six more steps, and then Dantes felt that they took him one by the head and the other by the heels, and swung him to and fro.

"One!" said the gravediggers. "Two! Three, and away!"

And at the same instant Dantes felt himself flung into the air like a wounded bird falling, falling with a rapidity that made his blood curdle. Although drawn downwards by the same heavy weight which hastened his rapid descent, it seemed to him as if the time were a century. At last, with a terrific dash, he entered the ice-cold water, and as he did so, he uttered a shrill cry, stifled in a moment by his immersion beneath the waves.

Dantes had been flung into the sea, into whose depths he was dragged by a thirty-six pound shot tied to his feet.

The sea is the Cemetery of the Chateau d'If.

### THE ISLE OF TIBOULEN.

Dantes, although giddy, and almost suffocated, had yet sufficient presence of mind to hold his breath; and as his right hand (prepared as he was for every chance) held his knife open, he rapidly ripped up the sack, extricated his arm, and then his body; but in spite of all his efforts to free himself from the bullet, he felt it dragging him down still lower; he then bent his body, and by a desperate effort severed the cord that bound his legs, at the moment he was suffocating. With a vigorous spring he rose to the surface of the sea, whilst the bullet bore to its depths the sack that had so nearly become his shroud.

Dantes merely paused to breathe, and then dived again in order to avoid being seen.

When he rose a second time he was fifty paces from where he had first sunk. He saw overhead a black and tempestuous sky, over which the wind was driving the fleeting vapors that occasionally suffered a twinkling star to appear; before him was the vast expanse of waters, somber and terrible, whose

waves foamed and roared as if before the approach of a storm. Behind him, blacker than the sea, blacker than the sky, rose like a phantom the giant of granite, whose protecting crags seemed like arms extended to seize their prey ; and on the highest rock was a torch that lighted two figures. He fancied these two forms were looking at the sea ; doubtless these strange gravediggers had heard his cry. Dantes dived again, and remained a long time beneath the water. This maneuver was already familiar to him, and usually attracted a crowd of spectators in the bay before the lighthouse at Marseilles when he swam there, and who, with one accord, pronounced him the best swimmer in the port.

When he reappeared the light had disappeared.

It was necessary to strike out to sea. Ratonneau and Pomegue are the nearest isles of all those that surround the Chateau d'If. But Ratonneau and Pomegue are inhabited, together with the Islet of Daume ; Tiboulen or Lemaire were the most secure. The isles of Tiboulen and Lemaire are a league from the Chateau d'If. Dantes, nevertheless, determined to make for them ; but how could he find his way in the darkness of the night ?

At this moment he saw before him, like a brilliant star, the lighthouse of Planier. By leaving this light on the right, he kept the Isle of Tiboulen a little on the left ; by turning to the left, therefore, he would find it. But, as we have said, it was at least a league from the Chateau d'If to this island.

Often in prison Faria had said to him when he saw him idle and inactive : —

“Dantes, you must not give way to this listlessness ; you will be drowned if you seek to escape ; and your strength has not been properly exercised and prepared for exertion.”

These words rang in Dantes' ears even beneath the waves ; he hastened to cleave his way through them to see if he had not lost his strength ; he found with pleasure that his captivity had taken away nothing of his power, and that he was still master of that element on whose bosom he had so often sported as a boy.

Fear, that relentless pursuer, clogged Dantes' efforts ; he listened if any noise was audible ; each time that he rose over the waves his looks scanned the horizon, and strove to penetrate the darkness : every wave seemed a boat in his pursuit, and he redoubled exertions that increased his distance from the

Chateau, but the repetition of which weakened his strength. He swam on still, and already the terrible Chateau had disappeared in the darkness. He could not see it, but he *felt* its presence. An hour passed, during which Dantes, excited by the feeling of freedom, continued to cleave the waves.

"Let us see," said he, "I have swum above an hour ; but as the wind is against me, that has retarded my speed ; however, if I am not mistaken, I must be close to the Isle of Tiboulén. But what if I were mistaken ?"

A shudder passed over him. He sought to tread water in order to rest himself, but the sea was too violent, and he felt that he could not make use of this means of repose.

"Well," said he, "I will swim on until I am worn out or the cramp seizes me, and then I shall sink ;" and he struck out with the energy of despair.

Suddenly the sky seemed to him to become still darker and more dense, and compact clouds lowered towards him ; at the same time he felt a violent pain in his knee ; his imagination told him a ball had struck him, and that in a moment he would hear the report ; but he heard nothing. Dantes put out his hand and felt resistance ; he then extended his leg and felt the land, and in an instant guessed the nature of the object he had taken for a cloud.

Before him rose a mass of strangely formed rocks that resembled nothing so much as a vast fire petrified at the moment of its most fervent combustion. It was the Isle of Tiboulén. Dantes rose, advanced a few steps, and with a fervent prayer of gratitude stretched himself on the granite, which seemed to him softer than down. Then, in spite of the wind and rain, he fell into the deep, sweet sleep of those worn out by fatigue.

At the expiration of an hour Edmond was awakened by the roar of the thunder. The tempest was unchained and let loose in all its fury ; from time to time a flash of lightning stretched across the heavens like a fiery serpent, lighting up the clouds that rolled on like the waves of an immense chaos.

Dantes had not been deceived : he had reached the first of the two isles, which was in reality Tiboulén. He knew that it was barren, without shelter ; but when the sea became more calm, he resolved to plunge into its waves again, and swim to Lemaire, equally arid, but larger, and consequently better adapted for concealment.

An overhanging rock offered him a temporary shelter ; and scarcely had he availed himself of it when the tempest burst forth in all its fury. Edmond felt the rock beneath which he lay trembling ; the waves, dashing themselves against the granite rock, wetted him with their spray. In safety as he was, he felt himself become giddy in the midst of this war of the elements, and the dazzling brightness of the lightning. It seemed to him that the island trembled to its base, and that it would, like a vessel at anchor, break her moorings, and bear him off into the center of the storm.

He then recollected that he had not eaten or drunk for four and twenty hours. He extended his hands and drank greedily of the rain water that had lodged in a hollow of the rock.

As he rose, a flash of lightning, that seemed as if the whole of the heavens were opened, illuminated the darkness. By its light, between the Isle of Lemaire and Cape Croiselle, a quarter of a league distant, Dantes saw, like a specter, a fishing boat driven rapidly on by the force of the winds and waves. A second after he saw it again approaching nearer. Dantes cried at the top of his voice to warn them of their danger, but they saw it themselves. Another flash showed him four men clinging to the shattered mast and the rigging, while a fifth clung to the broken rudder.

The men he beheld saw him, doubtless, for their cries were carried to his ears by the wind. Above the splintered mast a sail rent to tatters was waving ; suddenly the ropes that still held it gave away, and it disappeared in the darkness of the night, like a vast sea bird. At the same moment a violent crash was heard, and cries of distress. Perched on the summit of the rock, Dantes saw by the lightning the vessel in pieces : and amongst the fragments were visible the agonized features of the unhappy sailors. Then all became dark again.

Dantes ran down the rocks at the risk of being himself dashed to pieces ; he listened, he strove to examine, but he heard and saw nothing — all human cries had ceased ; and the tempest alone continued to rage.

By degrees the wind abated ; vast gray clouds rolled towards the west ; and the blue firmament appeared studded with bright stars. Soon a red streak became visible in the horizon ; the waves whitened, a light played over them, and gilded their foaming crests with gold. It was day.



Dantes stood silent and motionless before this vast spectacle; for since his captivity he had forgotten it.

He turned towards the fortress, and looked both at the sea and the land.

The gloomy building rose from the bosom of the ocean with that imposing majesty of inanimate objects, that seems at once to watch and to command.

It was about five o'clock; the sea continued to grow calmer.

"In two or three hours," thought Dantes, "the turnkey will enter my chamber, find the body of my poor friend, recognize it, seek for me in vain, and give the alarm. Then the passage will be discovered, the men who cast me into the sea, and who must have heard the cry I uttered, will be questioned. The boats filled with armed soldiers will pursue the wretched fugitive. The cannon will warn every one to refuse shelter to a man wandering about naked and famished. The police of Marseilles will be on the alert by land, whilst the governor pursues me by sea. I am cold, I am hungry, I have lost even the knife that saved me. O my God! I have suffered enough, surely. Have pity on me, and do for me what I am unable to do for myself."

As Dantes (his eyes turned in the direction of the Chateau d'If) uttered this prayer, he saw appear at the extremity of the Isle of Pemegue, like a bird skimming over the sea, a small bark, that the eye of a sailor alone could recognize as a Genoese tartane. She was coming out of Marseilles harbor, and was standing out to sea rapidly, her sharp prow cleaving through the waves.

"Oh!" cried Edmond, "to think that in half an hour I could join her, did I not fear being questioned, detected, and conveyed back to Marseilles. What can I do? What story can I invent? Under pretext of trading along the coast, these men, who are in reality smugglers, will prefer selling me to doing a good action. I must wait. But I cannot, I am starving. In a few hours my strength will be utterly exhausted: besides, perhaps, I have not been missed at the fortress. I can pass as one of the sailors wrecked last night. This story will pass current, for there is no one left to contradict me."

As he spoke, Dantes looked towards the spot where the fishing vessel had been wrecked, and started. The red cap of one of the sailors hung to a point of the rock; and some beams that



had formed a part of the vessel's keel floated at the foot of the crags.

In an instant Dantes' plan was formed. He swam to the cap, placed it on his head, seized one of the beams, and struck out so as to cross the line the vessel was taking.

"I am saved," murmured he.

And this conviction restored his strength.

He soon perceived the vessel, which, having the wind right ahead, was tacking between the Chateau d'If and the tower of Planier. For an instant he feared lest the bark, instead of keeping inshore, should stand out to sea; but he soon saw by her maneuvers that she wished to pass, like most vessels bound for Italy, between the islands of Jaros and Calaseraigne. However, the vessel and the swimmer insensibly neared one another; and in one of its tacks the bark approached within a quarter of a mile of him. He rose on the waves, making signs of distress, but no one on board perceived him; and the vessel stood on another tack. Dantes would have cried out, but he reflected that the wind would drown his voice.

It was then he rejoiced at his precaution in taking the beam, for without it he would have been unable, perhaps, to reach the vessel — certainly to return to shore, should he be unsuccessful in attracting attention.

Dantes, although almost sure as to what course the bark would take, had yet watched it anxiously until it tacked and stood towards him. Then he advanced; but, before they had met, the vessel again changed her direction. By a violent effort, he rose half out of the water, waving his cap, and uttering a loud shout peculiar to sailors.

This time he was both seen and heard, and the tartane steered instantly towards him. At the same time, he saw they were about to lower the boat. An instant after, the boat, rowed by two men, advanced rapidly towards him. Dantes abandoned the beam, which he thought now useless, and swam vigorously to meet them. But he had reckoned too much upon his strength, and then he felt how serviceable the beam had been to him. His arms grew stiff, his legs had lost their flexibility, and he was almost breathless.

He uttered a second cry. The two sailors redoubled their efforts, and one of them cried in Italian, "Courage!"

The word reached his ear as a wave, which he no longer had the strength to surmount, passed over his head. He rose again

to the surface, supporting himself by one of those desperate efforts a drowning man makes, uttered a third cry, and felt himself sink again, as if the fatal bullet were again tied to his feet.

The water passed over his head and the sky seemed livid. A violent effort again brought him to the surface. He felt as if something seized him by the hair; but he saw and heard nothing. He had fainted.

When he opened his eyes, Dantes found himself on the deck of the tartane. His first care was to see what direction they were pursuing. They were rapidly leaving the Chateau d'If behind. Dantes was so exhausted that the exclamation of joy he uttered was taken for a sigh.

As we have said, he was lying on the deck; a sailor was rubbing his limbs with a woollen cloth; another, whom he recognized as the one who had cried out "Courage!" held a gourd full of rum to his mouth; whilst the third, an old sailor, at once the pilot and captain, looked on with that egotistical pity men feel for a misfortune that they have escaped yesterday and which may overtake them to-morrow.

A few drops of the rum restored suspended animation, whilst the friction of his limbs restored their elasticity.

"Who are you?" said the pilot, in bad French.

"I am," replied Dantes, in bad Italian, "a Maltese sailor. We were coming from Syracuse laden with grain. The storm of last night overtook us at Cape Morigon, and we were wrecked on these rocks."

"Where do you come from?"

"From these rocks, that I had the good luck to cling to whilst our captain and the rest of the crew were all lost. I saw your ship, and fearful of being left to perish on the desolate island, I swam off on a fragment of the vessel in order to try and gain your bark. You have saved my life, and I thank you," continued Dantes. "I was lost when one of your sailors caught hold of my hair."

"It was I," said a sailor, of a frank and manly appearance; "and it was time, for you were sinking."

"Yes," returned Dantes, holding out his hand, "I thank you again."

"I almost hesitated though," replied the sailor; "you looked more like a brigand than an honest man, with your beard six inches and your hair a foot long."

Dantes recollected that his hair and beard had not been cut all the time he was at the Chateau d'If.

"Yes," said he, "I made a vow to our Lady of the Grotto not to cut my hair or beard for ten years if I were saved in a moment of danger; but to-day the vow expires."

"Now, what are we to do with you?" said the captain.

"Alas! anything you please. My captain is dead; I have barely escaped; but I am a good sailor. Leave me at the first port you make; I shall be sure to find employment."

"Do you know the Mediterranean?"

"I have sailed over it since my childhood."

"You know the best harbors?"

"There are few ports that I could not enter or leave with my eyes blinded."

"I say, captain," said the sailor who had cried "Courage!" to Dantes, "if what he says is true, what hinders his staying with us?"

"If he says true," said the captain, doubtingly. "But in his present condition he will promise anything, and take his chance of keeping it afterwards."

"I will do more than I promise," said Dantes.

"We shall see," returned the other, smiling.

"Where are you going to?" asked Dantes.

"To Leghorn."

"Then why, instead of tacking so frequently, do you not sail nearer to the wind?"

"Because we should run straight on to the Island of Rion."

"You shall pass it by twenty fathoms."

"Take the helm, and let us see what you know."

The young man took the helm, ascertaining by a slight pressure if the vessel answered the rudder, and seeing that, without being a first-rate sailor, she yet was tolerably obedient.

"To the braces," said he.

The four seamen who composed the crew obeyed, whilst the pilot looked on.

"Haul taut,"

They obeyed.

"Belay."

This order was also executed, and the vessel passed, as Dantes had predicted, twenty fathoms to the right.

"Bravo!" said the captain.

"Bravo!" repeated the sailors.

And they all regarded with astonishment this man, whose eye had recovered an intelligence and his body a vigor they were far from suspecting.

"You see," said Dantes, quitting the helm, "I shall be of some use to you, at least, during the voyage. If you do not want me at Leghorn, you can leave me there, and I will pay you out of the first wages I get for my food and the clothes you lend me."

"Ah," said the captain, "we can agree very well if you are reasonable."

"Give me what you give the others, and all will be arranged," returned Dantes.

"That's not fair," said the seaman who had saved Dantes, "for you know more than we do."

"What is that to you, Jacopo?" returned the captain. "Every one is free to ask what he pleases."

"That's true," replied Jacopo. "I only made a remark."

"Well, you would do much better to lend him a jacket and a pair of trousers, if you have them."

"No," said Jacopo; "but I have a shirt and a pair of trousers."

"That is all I want," interrupted Dantes.

Jacopo dived into the hold, and soon returned with what Edmond wanted.

"Now, then, do you wish for anything else?" said the patron.

"A piece of bread and another glass of the capital rum I tasted, for I have not eaten or drunk for a long time."

He had not tasted food for forty hours.

A piece of bread was brought, and Jacopo offered him the gourd.

"Larboard your helm," cried the captain to the steersman.

Dantes glanced to the same side as he lifted the gourd to his mouth; but his hand stopped.

"Halloa! what's the matter at the Chateau d'If?" said the captain.

A small white cloud, which had attracted Dantes' attention, crowned the summit of the bastion of the Chateau d'If.

At the same moment the faint report of a gun was heard. The sailors looked at one another.

"What is this?" asked the captain.



"A prisoner has escaped from the Chateau d'If, and they are firing the alarm gun," replied Dantes.

The captain glanced at him, but he had lifted the rum to his lips, and was drinking it with so much composure that his suspicions, if he had any, died away.

"At any rate," murmured he, "if it be, so much the better, for I have made a rare acquisition."

Under pretense of being fatigued, Dantes asked to take the helm; the steersman, enchanted to be relieved, looked at the captain, and the latter by a sign indicated that he might abandon it to his new comrade. Dantes could thus keep his eyes on Marseilles.

"What is the day of the month?" asked he of Jacopo, who sat down beside him.

"The 28th of February!"

"In what year?"

"In what year—you ask me in what year?"

"Yes," replied the young man, "I ask you in what year!"

"Have you forgotten, then?"

"I have been so frightened last night," replied Dantes, smiling, "that I have almost lost my memory. I asked you what year is it?"

"The year 1829," returned Jacopo.

It was fourteen years, day for day, since Dantes' arrest.

He was nineteen when he entered the Chateau d'If; he was thirty-three when he escaped.

A sorrowful smile passed over his face; he asked himself what had become of Mercedes, who must believe him dead.

Then his eyes lighted up with hatred as he thought of the three men who had caused him so long and wretched a captivity.

He renewed against Danglars, Fernand, and Villefort the oath of implacable vengeance he had made in his dungeon.

This oath was no longer a vain menace, for the fastest sailer in the Mediterranean would have been unable to overtake the little tartane, that with every stitch of canvas set was flying before the wind to Leghorn.

## A MUSICAL ADVENTURE.

By GEORGE SAND.

(From "Consuelo.")

[AMANTINE LUCILE AURORE DUPIN, BARONESS DUDEVANT, better known by her pseudonym George Sand, French novelist, was born at Paris, July 5, 1804, being descended on her father's side from the famous Marshal Saxe, and, after receiving her education at a convent, married, in 1822, Baron Dudevant, a retired army officer. Their union, although blessed with two children, was not happy, and in 1831 she went to Paris to make her living by literature. Her first writing was done in collaboration with Jules Sandeau, and was signed jointly "Jules Sand." Later, at the suggestion of Sandeau, she signed her works "George Sand," and under this name became famous in literature. In 1848 she settled at the château of Nohant, where she spent the rest of her life in literary activity, and died there, June 8, 1876. Her chief works are: "Consuelo," and its sequel "Countess of Rudolstadt," "Little Fadette," "Mauprat," "Miller of Angibault," "Jacques," "The Devil's Pool," and "The Snow Man."]

It is not a very alarming predicament to find one's self without money when near the end of a journey, but even though our young artists had still been very far from their destination, they would not have felt less gay than they were on finding themselves entirely penniless. One must thus be without resources in an unknown country (Joseph was almost as much a stranger at this distance from Vienna as Consuelo) to know what a marvelous sense of security, what an inventive and enterprising genius, is revealed as if by magic in the artist who has just spent his last farthing. Until then, it is a species of agony, a constant fear of want, a gloomy apprehension of sufferings, embarrassments, and humiliations, which disappear as soon as you have heard the ring of your last piece of money. Then, for romantic spirits, a new world begins—a holy confidence in the charity of others, and numberless charming illusions; but also an aptitude for labor and a feeling of complacency which soon enables them to triumph over the first obstacles. Consuelo, who experienced a feeling of romantic pleasure in this return to the indigence of her earlier days, and who felt happy at having done good by the exercise of self-denial, immediately found an expedient to insure their supper and night's lodging. "This is Sunday," said she to Joseph; "you shall play some dancing tunes in passing through the first village we come to; we shall

find people who want to dance before we have gone through two streets, and we shall be the minstrels. Do you know how to make an oaten pipe? I can soon learn to use it, and if I can draw some sounds from it, it will serve very well as an accompaniment to you."

"Do I know how to make a pipe?" replied Joseph; "you shall see!"

They soon found a fine reed growing at the river's side, and having pierced it carefully, it sounded wonderfully well. A perfect unison was obtained, the rehearsal followed, and then our young people marched off very tranquilly until they reached a small hamlet three miles off, into which they made their entrance to the sound of their instruments, and crying before each door, "Who wishes to dance? Who wishes to dance? Here is the music, the ball is going to begin."

They reached a little square planted with lofty trees, escorted by a troop of children, who followed them, marching, shouting, and clapping their hands. In a short time some joyous couples came to raise the first dust by opening the dance; and before the soil was well trodden, the whole population assembled and made a circle around a rustic ball, got up impromptu, without preparation or delay. After the first waltzes, Joseph put his violin under his arm, and Consuelo, mounting upon her chair, made a speech to the company to prove to them that fasting artists had weak fingers and short breath. Five minutes afterward they had as much as they wished of bread and cheese, beer and cakes. As to the salary, that was soon agreed upon; a collection was to be made, and each was to give what he chose.

After having eaten, they mounted upon a hogshead which had been rolled triumphantly into the middle of the square, and the dance began afresh; but, after the lapse of two hours, they were interrupted by a piece of news which made everybody anxious, and passed from mouth to mouth until it reached the minstrels. The shoemaker of the place, while hurriedly finishing a pair of shoes for an impatient customer, had just stuck his awl into his thumb.

"It is a serious matter, a great misfortune," said an old man, who was leaning against the hogshead which served them as a pedestal. "Gottlieb, the shoemaker, is the organist of our village, and to-morrow is the fête day of our patron saint. Oh, what a grand fête! what a beautiful fête! There

is nothing like it for ten leagues round. Our mass especially is a wonder, and people come a great distance to hear it. Gottlieb is a real chapel master ; he plays the organ, he makes the children sing, he sings himself ; there is nothing he does not do, especially on that day. He is the soul of everything ; without him all is lost. And what will the canon say, the canon of St. Stephen's, who comes himself to officiate at the mass, and who is always so well pleased with our music ? For he is music mad, the good canon, and it is a great honor for us to see him at our altar, he who hardly ever leaves his benefice, and does not put himself out of his way for a trifle."

"Well !" said Consuelo, "there is one means of arranging all this : either my comrade or myself will take charge of the organ, of the direction—in a word, of the mass ; and if the canon is not satisfied, you shall give us nothing for our pains."

"Oho !" said the old man, "you talk very much at your ease, young man ; our mass cannot be played with a violin and a flute. Oh no ! it is a serious matter, and you do not understand our scores."

"We will understand them this very evening," said Joseph, affecting an air of disdainful superiority which imposed upon the audience grouped around him.

"Come," said Consuelo, "conduct us to the church ; let some one blow the organ, and if you are not satisfied with our style of playing, you shall be at liberty to refuse our aid."

"But the score ? Gottlieb's masterpiece of arrangement ?"

"We will go and see Gottlieb, and if he does not declare himself satisfied with us, we renounce our pretensions. Besides, a wound in his finger will not prevent Gottlieb from directing the choir and singing his part."

The elders of the village, who were assembled around them, took counsel together and determined to make the trial. The ball was abandoned ; the canon's mass was quite a different amusement, quite another affair from dancing !

Haydn and Consuelo, after playing the organ alternately and singing together and separately, were pronounced to be very passable musicians for want of better. Some mechanics even dared to hint that their playing was preferable to Gottlieb's, and that the fragments of Scarlatti, of Pergolese, and of Bach, which they produced, were at least as fine as the music of Holzbauer, which Gottlieb always stuck to. The curate, who



hastened to listen to them, went so far as to say that the canon would much prefer these airs to those with which they usually regaled him. The sacristan, who was by no means pleased with this opinion, shook his head sorrowfully ; and not to make his parishioners discontented, the curate consented that the two virtuosi sent by Heaven should come to an understanding if possible with Gottlieb to accompany the mass.

They proceeded in a body to the shoemaker's house ; he was obliged to display his inflamed hand to every one in order that they might see plainly he could not fill his post of organist. The impossibility was only too apparent. Gottlieb had a certain amount of musical capacity, and played the organ passably ; but spoiled by the praises of his fellow-citizens, and the somewhat mocking flatteries of the canon, he displayed an inconceivable amount of conceit in his execution and management. He lost temper when they proposed to replace him by two birds of passage ; he would have preferred that there had been no fête at all, and that the canon had gone without music, rather than share the honors and triumph. Nevertheless he had to yield the point ; he pretended for a long time to search for the different parts, and it was only when the curate threatened to give up the entire choice of the music to the two young artists that he at last found them. Consuelo and Joseph had to prove their acquirements by reading at sight the most difficult passages in that one of the twenty-six masses of Holzbauer which was to be performed next day. This music, although devoid of genius and originality, was at least well written and easy to comprehend, especially for Consuelo, who had surmounted much more difficult trials. The auditors were enraptured, and Gottlieb, who grew more and more out of sorts, declared he had caught fever, and that he was going to bed, delighted that everybody was content.

As soon as the voices and instruments were assembled in the church, our two little chapel masters directed the rehearsal. All went on well. The brewer, the weaver, the schoolmaster, and the baker of the village played the four violins. The children, with their parents, all good-natured, attentive, and phlegmatic artisans and peasants, made up the choir. Joseph had already heard Holzbauer's music at Vienna, where it was in vogue. They set to work, and Consuelo, taking up the air alternately in the different parts, led the choristers so well that they surpassed themselves. There were two solos, which the

son and niece of Gottlieb, his favorite pupils, and the first singers in the parish, were to perform ; but the neophytes did not appear, alleging as a reason that they were already sure of their parts.

Joseph and Consuelo went to sup at the parsonage, where an apartment had been prepared for them. The good curate was delighted from his heart, and it was clear that he set great store by the beauty of his mass, in the hopes of thereby pleasing his reverend superior.

Next day all the village was astir. The bells were chiming, and the roads were covered with the faithful from the surrounding country, flocking in to be present at the solemnity. The canon's carriage approached at a slow and majestic pace. The church was decked out in its richest ornaments, and Consuelo was much amused with the self-importance of every one around her. It almost put her in mind of the vanities and rivalries of the theater, only here matters were conducted with more openness, and there was more to occasion laughter than arouse indignation. Half an hour before the mass commenced, the sacristan came in a dreadful state of consternation to disclose a plot of the jealous and perfidious Gottlieb. Having learned that the rehearsal had been excellent, and that the parish was quite enraptured with the newcomers, he had pretended to be very ill, and forbade his son and niece, the two principal performers, to leave his bedside for a moment ; so that they must want Gottlieb's presence to set things agoing, as well as the solos, which were the most beautiful *morceaux* in the mass. The assistants were so discouraged that the precise and bustling sacristan had great difficulty to get them to meet in the church in order to hold a council of war.

Joseph and Consuelo ran to find them, made them repeat over the more intricate passages, sustained the flagging, and gave confidence and courage to all. As for the solos, they quickly arranged to perform them themselves. Consuelo consulted her memory, and recollected a religious solo by Porpora, suitable to the air and words of the part. She wrote it out on her knee, and rehearsed it hastily with Joseph, so as to enable him to accompany her. She also turned to account a fragment of Sebastian Bach which he knew, and which they arranged as they best could to suit the occasion.

The bell tolled for mass while they were yet rehearsing, and almost drowned their voices with its din. When the canon,

clothed in all his robes of state, appeared at the altar, the choir had already commenced, and was getting through a German fugue in very good style. Consuelo was delighted in listening to these good German peasants with their grave faces, their voices in perfect tune, their accurate time, and their earnestness, well sustained because always kept within proper bounds.

"See!" said she to Joseph, during a pause, "those are the people to perform this music. If they had the fire which the composer was deficient in, all would go wrong; but they have it not, and his forced and mechanical ideas are repeated as if by mechanism. How does it happen that the illustrious Count Hoditz-Roswald is not here to conduct these machines? He would have taken a world of trouble, been of no use whatever, and remained the best-satisfied person in the world."

The male solo was awaited with much anxiety and some uneasiness. Joseph got well through his part, but when it came to Consuelo's turn, her Italian manner first astonished the audience, then shocked them a little, and at last ended by delighting them. The cantatrice sang in her best style, and her magnificent voice transported Joseph to the seventh heaven.

"I cannot imagine," said he, "that you ever sang better than at this poor village mass to-day—at least with more enthusiasm and delight. This sort of audience sympathizes more than that of a theater. In the mean time, let me see if the canon be satisfied. Ah! the good man seems in a state of placid rapture, and from the way in which every one looks to his countenance for approbation and reward, it is easy to perceive that heaven is the last thing thought of by any present, except yourself, Consuelo! Faith and divine love could alone inspire excellence like yours."

When the two virtuosi left the church after mass was over, the people could scarcely be dissuaded from bearing them off in triumph. The curate presented them to the canon, who was profuse in his eulogiums upon them, and requested to hear Porpora's solo again. But Consuelo, who was surprised, and with good reason, that no one had discovered her female voice, and who feared the canon's eye, excused herself on the plea that the rehearsal and the different parts she sang in the choir had fatigued her. The excuse was overruled, and they found themselves obliged to accept the curate's invitation to breakfast with the canon.

The canon was a man about fifty years of age, with a benevolent expression and handsome features, and remarkably well made, although somewhat inclined to corpulence. His manners were distinguished, even noble, and he told every one in confidence that he had royal blood in his veins, being one of the numerous illegitimate descendants of Augustus II., Elector of Saxony and King of Poland.

He was gracious and affable, as a man of the world and a dignified ecclesiastic should be. Joseph observed along with him a layman whom he appeared to treat at once with consideration and familiarity. Joseph thought he had seen this person at Vienna, but he could not recollect his name.

"Well, my children," said the canon, "you refuse me a second hearing of Porpora's composition. Here is one of my friends, a hundred times a better musician and judge than I am, who was equally struck with your execution of the piece. Since you are tired," added he, addressing Joseph, "I shall not torment you further, but have the goodness to inform me what is your name, and where you have studied music."

Joseph perceived that he got the credit of Consuelo's performance, and he saw at a glance that he was not to correct the canon's mistake.

"My name is Joseph," replied he, briefly, "and I studied at the free school of St. Stephen's."

"And I also," replied the stranger; "I studied with the elder Reuter, as you probably with the younger."

"Yes, sir."

"But you have had other lessons? You have studied in Italy?"

"No, sir."

"It was you who played the organ?"

"Sometimes I played it, and sometimes my companion."

"But who sang?"

"We both sang."

"Yes; but I mean Porpora's theme; was it not you?" said the unknown, glancing at Consuelo.

"Bah! it was that child!" said the canon, also looking at Consuelo; "he is too young to be able to sing in that style."

"True, sir; it was not I, but he," she replied quickly, looking at Joseph. She was anxious to get rid of these questions, and turned impatiently toward the door.

"Why do you tell fibs, my child?" said the curate. "[



saw and heard you sing yesterday, and I at once recognized your companion's voice in Bach's solo."

"Come, you are deceived, Mr. Curate," continued the stranger, with a knowing smile, "or else this young man is unusually modest. However it may be, you are both entitled to high praise."

Then drawing the curate aside, he said, "You have an accurate ear, but your eyes are far from being equally so; it speaks well for the purity of your thoughts. But I must not the less inform you that this little Hungarian peasant is a most able Italian *prima donna*."

"A woman in disguise!" cried the curate, endeavoring to repress an exclamation of surprise.

He looked attentively at Consuelo, while she stood ready to reply to the canon's questions, and whether from pleasure or indignation, the good curate reddened from his skullcap to his hands.

"The fact is as I have informed you," replied the unknown. "I cannot imagine who she is, and as to her disguise and precarious situation, I can only ascribe them to madness or to some love affair. But such things concern us not, Mr. Curate."

"A love affair?" exclaimed the excited curate. "A runaway match—an intrigue with this youth? Oh! it is shocking to be so taken in! I who received them in my abode! Fortunately, however, from the precautions which I took, no scandal can occur here. But what an adventure! How the freethinkers of my parish—and I know several, sir—would laugh at my expense if they knew the truth!"

"If your parishioners have not recognized her woman's voice, neither have they, it is probable, detected her features or her form. But what pretty hands, what silken hair, and what little feet, in spite of the clumsy shoes which disfigure them!"

"Do not speak of them," exclaimed the curate, losing all command of himself; "it is an abomination to dress in man's attire. There is a verse in the Holy Scriptures which condemns every man and woman to death who quits the apparel of their sex—you understand me, sir—to death. That indicates what a heinous sin it is. And yet she dared to enter the church and to sing the praises of the Lord sullied with such a crime!"

"Yes, and sang divinely! Tears flowed from my eyes, never did I hear anything like it. Strange mystery! Who

can she be? Those whom I should be inclined to guess are all much older."

"But she is a mere child, quite a young girl," replied the curate, who could not help looking at Consuelo with a heart-felt interest which his severe principles combated. "What a little serpent! See with what a sweet and modest air she replies to the canon! Ah! I am a lost man if any one finds it out. I shall have to fly the country."

"What! have neither you nor any of your parishioners detected a woman's voice? Why, you must be very simple."

"What would you have? We thought there was certainly something strange in it; but Gottlieb said it was an Italian voice, one from the Sistine chapel, and that he had often heard the like! I do not know what he meant by that; I know no music except what is contained in my ritual, and I never suspected. What am I to do, sir? — what am I to do?"

"If nobody suspects, I would have you say nothing about it. Get rid of them as soon as you can. I will take charge of them if you choose."

"Oh, yes! you will do me a great service! Stay! Here is money — how much shall I give them?"

"Oh! that is not my business. Besides, you know we pay artists liberally. Your parish is not rich, and the church is not bound to act like the theater."

"I will act handsomely — I will give them six florins! I will go at once. But what will the canon say? He seems to suspect nothing. Look at him speaking to her in so fatherly a manner! What a pious man he is!"

"Frankly, do you think he would be much scandalized?"

"How should he be otherwise? But I am more afraid of his raillery than of his reproaches. Oh! you do not know how dearly he loves a joke — he is so witty! Oh! how he would ridicule my simplicity!"

"But if he shares your error, as he seems to do, he will not be able to ridicule you. Come, appear to know nothing, and seize a favorable moment to withdraw your musicians."

They left the recess of the window where they had been conversing, and the curate gliding up to Joseph, who appeared to occupy the canon's attention much less than Signor Bertoni, slipped the six florins into his hands. As soon as he received this modest sum, Joseph signed to Consuelo to disengage herself and follow him out; but the canon called Joseph back.

still believing, after his answers in the affirmative, that it was he who had the female voice.

"Tell me then," said he, "why did you choose this piece of Porpora's in preference to Holzbauer's solo?"

"We were not acquainted with it," said Joseph. "I sang the only thing which I remembered perfectly."

The curate hastened to relate Gottlieb's ill-natured trick, whose pedantic jealousy made the canon laugh heartily.

"Well," said the unknown, "your good shoemaker has rendered us an essential service. Instead of a poor solo, we have had a masterpiece by a great composer. You have displayed your taste," said he, addressing Consuelo.

"I do not think," replied Joseph, "that Holzbauer's solo was bad; what we sang of his was not without merit."

"Merit is not genius," said the unknown, sighing; then seemingly anxious to address Consuelo, he added, "What do you think, my little friend? Do you think they are the same?"

"No, sir; I do not," she answered briefly and coldly; for this man's look irritated and annoyed her more and more.

"But nevertheless you found pleasure in singing this mass of Holzbauer's?" resumed the canon. "It is well written, is it not?"

"I neither felt pleasure nor the reverse," said Consuelo, whose increasing impatience rendered her incapable of concealing her real sentiments.

"That is to say that it is neither good nor bad," replied the unknown, laughing. "It is well answered, and I am quite of your opinion."

The canon burst out laughing, the curate seemed very much embarrassed, and Consuelo, following Joseph, disappeared without heeding in the least this musical discussion.

"Well, Mr. Canon," said the unknown, maliciously, "how do you like these young people?"

"They are charming! admirable! Excuse me for saying so after the rebuff which the little one dealt you just now."

"Excuse you? Why, I was lost in admiration of the lad. What precious talents! It is truly wonderful! How powerful and how early developed are these Italian natures!"

"I cannot speak of the talent of one more than the other," replied the canon, with a very natural air, "for I could not distinguish your young friend's voice in the choruses. It is

his companion who is the wonder, and he is of our own country — no offense to your *Italianomania*."

"Oh!" said the unknown, winking at the curate, "then it is the eldest who sang from Porpora?"

"I think so," replied the curate, quite agitated at the falsehood into which he was led.

"I am sure of it," replied the canon; "he told me so himself."

"And the other solo," said the unknown, "was that by one of your parishioners?"

"Probably," replied the curate, attempting to sustain the imposture.

Both looked at the canon to see whether he was their dupe or whether he was mocking them. He did not appear even to dream of such a thing. His tranquillity reassured the curate. They began to talk of something else, but at the end of a quarter of an hour the canon returned to the subject of music, and requested to see Joseph and Consuelo, in order to bring them to his country seat and hear them at his leisure. The terrified curate stammered out some unintelligible objections, while the canon asked him, laughing, if he had popped his little musicians in the stewpan to add to the magnificence of the breakfast, which seemed sufficiently splendid without that. The curate was on the tenter-hooks, when the unknown came to his assistance.

"I shall find them for you," said he to the canon; and he left the room, signing to the good curate to trust his discovering some expedient. But there was no occasion to employ his inventive powers. He learned from the domestic that the young people had set off through the fields, after generously handing over to him one of the florins they had just received.

"How! set out?" exclaimed the canon, with the utmost mortification; "you must run after them. I positively must hear them and see them again."

They pretended to obey, but took care not to follow them. They had, besides, flown like birds, anxious to escape the curiosity which threatened them. The canon evinced great regret, and even some degree of ill temper.

"Heaven be praised! he suspects nothing," said the curate to the unknown.

"Mr. Curate," replied the latter, "do you recollect the story of the bishop who, inadvertently eating meat one Friday, was



informed of it by his vicar general? ‘The wretch!’ exclaimed the bishop, ‘could he not have held his tongue till after dinner!’ We should perhaps have let the canon undeceive himself at his leisure.”

[The children that evening, after vainly endeavoring to find means of making the inmates hear them so as to ask for lodgings, have climbed into the enclosure and are watching the goldfish in the fountain.]

All at once there advanced toward them a tall figure dressed in white and carrying a pitcher. As she approached the fountain, she bore no bad resemblance to one of the *midnight washers* who have formed part of the fanciful superstitions of most countries. The absence of mind or indifference with which she filled her vessel, without testifying either terror or surprise on seeing them, had in truth something strange and solemn in it; but the shriek which she uttered, as she let her pitcher fall to the bottom of the water, soon showed that there was nothing supernatural in her character. The good woman’s sight was simply dim with years, and as soon as she perceived them she fled toward the house, invoking the Virgin Mary and all the saints.

“What is the matter now, Dame Bridget?” exclaimed a man’s voice from the interior: “have you seen an evil spirit?”

“Two devils, or rather two robbers, are there beside the fountain!” replied Dame Bridget, joining her interlocutor, who stood for some moments uncertain and incredulous on the threshold.

“It must be one of your panic terrors, dame! Would robbers, think you, come at this hour?”

“I swear by my salvation, that there are two dark motionless figures there; don’t you see them from this?”

“I do see something,” said the man, affecting to raise his voice; “but I will ring for the gardener and his boys, and will soon bring those rascals to reason; they must have come over the wall, for I closed the doors.”

“Meanwhile, let us close this one also,” said the old lady, “and then we shall sound the alarm bell.”

The door was closed, and the wanderers remained standing outside, not knowing well what to do. To fly were to confirm this bad opinion of them; to remain were to expose them to an attack. While they consulted together, they saw a ray of light stream through the shutters of a window on the first story. The light increased, and a curtain of crimson damask, behind

which shone a lamp, was gently raised, and a hand, to which the light of the full moon imparted a white and plump appearance, was visible on the border of the curtain, the fringes of which it carefully grasped, while a hidden eye probably examined objects outside.

"Sing," said Consuelo to her companion, "that is what we had better do. Follow me—let me lead. But no, take your violin and play me a ritornella—the first key you happen on."

Joseph having obeyed, Consuelo began to sing with a clear full voice; improvising, between music and prose, the following species of recitative in German:—

"We are two poor children of fifteen, no larger and no worse than the nightingales, whose gentle strains we copy."

("Come, Joseph," said she, in a low tone, "something to sustain the recitative.") Then she went on:—

"Worn with fatigue, and woe-begone in the dreary night, we saw this house afar off, which seemed a solitude, and we ventured over the wall. (A chord in *la* minor, Joseph.)

"We have reached the enchanted garden, filled with fruits worthy of the promised land. We die of hunger, we die of thirst; yet if one apple be wanting from the espalier, if one grape be missing from the vine, let us be expelled, undeserving as we should then prove. (A modulation to return to *ut* major, Joseph.)

"But they suspect, they threaten us, and yet we would not flee. We do not seek to hide ourselves, because we have done no harm, unless indeed it be wrong to enter the house of God over walls, though, were it to scale a paradise, all roads are surely good."

Consuelo finished her recitative by one of those pretty hymns in mock Latin, called at Venice *Latino di pati*, and which people sing at eve before the Madonna. Hardly had she finished when the two white hands, at first scarcely visible, applauded with transport, and a voice not altogether strange sounded in her ears:—

"Disciples of the muses, you are welcome! Enter quickly, hospitality invites and awaits you."

The minstrels approached, and in an instant after, a domestic in red and violet livery courteously threw open the door.

"We took you for robbers; a thousand pardons, my dear young friends," he laughingly said; "it is your own fault—why did you not sing sooner? With such a passport you

would never fail of a welcome from my master. But enter, it appears he knows you already."

Thus saying, the civil domestic preceded them a dozen steps up an easy stair covered with a beautiful Turkey carpet. Before Joseph had time to inquire his master's name, he had opened a folding door, which fell back of its own accord without noise, and after having crossed a comfortable antechamber he introduced them to an apartment where the gracious patron of this happy abode, seated before a roast pheasant flanked by two flasks of mellow wine, began his first course, keeping a majestic and anxious eye at the same time on the second. On returning from his morning's excursion, he had caused his valet to arrange his toilet, and had reclined for some time in order to restore his looks. His gray locks curled softly under the sweetly smelling hair powder of orris root, while his white hands rested on his black satin breeches secured by silver buckles. His well-turned leg, of which he was somewhat vain, and over which a violet-colored stocking was tightly stretched, reposed on a velvet cushion, while his corpulent frame, attired in a puce-colored silk dressing gown, was luxuriously buried in a huge tapestried chair, so stuffed and rounded that the elbow never incurred the risk of meeting an angle. Seated beside the hearth, where the fire glowed and sparkled before her master's chair, Dame Bridget, the old housekeeper, prepared the coffee with deep care and anxiety, and a second valet, not less urbane in his manners and appearance than the first, carved the wing of the fowl which the holy man waited for without either impatience or disquietude. Joseph and Consuelo bowed on recognizing in their benevolent host the canon major of the cathedral chapter of St. Stephen, before whom they had sung that very morning.

The canon was perhaps one of the most comfortable men in the world. When he was seven years old, he had (thanks to royal patronage) been pronounced of age, conformably to the laws of the church, which admit the very liberal principle that, though at that early period of life a man may not be exactly a sage, he at least possesses all the wisdom requisite to receive and consume the fruits of a benefice. . . . The little canon came into possession of a rich prebendary, under the title of canon major; and toward the age of fifty, after forty years' service in the chapter, he was recognized as an extra or retired canon, free to reside where he pleased, and required to

perform no duty in return for the immunities, revenues, and privileges of his benefice. It is true, indeed, that the worthy canon had, from the earliest years of his clerical life, rendered considerable service to the chapter. He was declared *absent*, which, according to the laws of the church, includes permission to reside away from the chapter, under pretexts more or less specious, without subjecting the nonresident placeman to the loss of the emoluments attached to the discharge of ministerial duties. The breaking out of plague, for example, in a priest's dwelling, is an admissible plea for *absence*. Delicate health also affords a convenient excuse. But the best founded and best received of the various reasons for the "absence" of a canon from his benefice is that furnished by study. For instance, some important work is undertaken and announced on a case of conscience on the fathers, the sacraments, or, better still, the constitution and foundation of the chapter, the honorary and actual advantages connected with it, its superiority over other chapters, the grounds of a lawsuit with some rival community about an estate or a right of patronage — these and similar subtleties being much more interesting to ecclesiastical bodies than commentaries on creed or doctrine; so that, if it should appear requisite for a distinguished member of the chapter to institute researches, collate deeds, register acts and protests, or enter libels against rich adversaries, the lucrative and agreeable option of resuming a private life, and spending his income, whether in traveling about or at his own fireside, is readily conceded. Thus did our canon.

A wit, a fluent speaker, and an elegant writer, he had long promised, and would probably continue to promise all his life, to write a book on the laws, privileges, and immunities of his chapter. Surrounded by dusty quartos which he had never opened, he had not as yet produced his own, and it was obvious never would do so. His two secretaries, whom he had engaged at the expense of the chapter, had only to perfume his person and prepare his meals. They talked a great deal about this famous book; they expected it, and based upon its powerful arguments a thousand dreams of revenge, glory, and profit. This book, which had no existence, had procured for its author a reputation for learning, perseverance, and eloquence of which he was in no haste to produce proofs; not that he was by any means incapable of justifying the good opinion of his brethren, but merely because life was short, meals were long, the toilet



indispensable, and the *far niente* delicious. And then our canon indulged in two passions, innocent indeed, but insatiable: he loved horticulture, and he doted on music. With so much to do, how could he have found leisure to write a book? Then it is so pleasant for a man to talk of a book that he has not written, and so disagreeable, on the contrary, to speak of one that he has!

The benefice of this saintly personage consisted of a tract of productive soil, attached to the secular priory, where he resided for some eight or nine months of the year, absorbed in the culture of his flowers and his appetite. His mansion was spacious and romantic, and he had made it comfortable, and even luxurious. Abandoning to gradual decay those portions which had in former times been inhabited by the old monks, he preserved with care and adorned with taste those suited to his own tastes and habits. Alterations and improvements had transformed the ancient monastery into a snug château, where the canon lived as became a gentleman. He was a good-natured son of the church; tolerant, liberal on occasion, orthodox with those of his own calling; cheerful, full of anecdote, and accessible to men of the world; affable, cordial, and generous toward artists. His domestics, sharing his good cheer, aided him with all their power. His housekeeper indeed would now and then cross him a little; but then she made such delicious pastry, and was so excellent a hand at preserves, that he bore her ill humor calmly, saying that a man might put up with the faults of others, but that it would not be so easy a matter to do without a nice dessert and good coffee.

Our young artists were accordingly most graciously received.

"Ah!" said he, "you are dear creatures, full of wit and cleverness, and I love you with all my heart. Besides, you possess infinite talent; and there is one of you, I don't know which, who has the sweetest, the most touching, the most thrilling voice I have ever heard. That gift is a prodigy — a treasure; and I was quite melancholy this evening after you left the curate's, fearing that I should perhaps never see you, never hear you again. I assure you I quite lost my appetite on your departure, and I was out of sorts all the rest of the evening. That sweet music and sweeter voice would not leave my mind or my ears. But Providence, and perhaps also your good hearts, my children, have sent you to me; for you must have known that I comprehended and appreciated you."

"We are forced to admit, reverend canon," replied Joseph, "that chance alone brought us here, and that we were far from reckoning on this good fortune."

"The good fortune is mine," said the amiable canon, "for you are going to sing for me. But, no; it would be selfish in me to press you. You are tired—hungry, perhaps. You shall first sup, next have a good night's rest, and then to-morrow for music! And, then, such music! We shall have it all day long! André, you will conduct these young people to the housekeeper's room, and pay them every attention. But, no—let them remain and sup with me. Lay two covers at the foot of the table."

André zealously obeyed, and even evinced the utmost satisfaction; but Dame Bridget displayed quite an opposite feeling. She shook her head, shrugged her shoulders, and deprecatingly muttered between her teeth.

"Pretty people to eat at your table!—strange companions truly for a man of your rank!"

"Hold your peace, Bridget!" replied the canon, calmly; "you are never satisfied with any one, and when you see others enjoying a little pleasure you become quite violent."

"You are at a loss how to pass your time," said she, without heeding his reproaches. "By flattering you and tickling your ears you are as easily led as a child."

"Be silent!" repeated the canon, raising his voice a little, but without losing his good humor. "You are cross as a weasel, and if you go on scolding you will lose your wits and spoil the coffee."

"Great pleasure and great honor, forsooth, to make coffee for such guests!"

"Oh! you must have great people, must you? You love grandeur, it would seem; nothing short of princes, and bishops, and canonesses, with sixteen quarterings in their coats of arms, will serve your turn! To me all that sort of nonsense is not worth a song well sung."

Consuelo was astonished to hear so exalted a personage disputing, with a kind of childish pleasure, with his housekeeper, and during the whole evening she was surprised at the puerile nature of his pursuits. He incessantly uttered silly remarks upon every subject, just to pass the time, and to keep himself in good humor. He kept calling to the servants continually—now seriously discussing with them the

merits of a fish sauce, anon the arrangement of a piece of furniture! He gave contradictory orders, entering into the most trifling details with a gravity worthy of more serious affairs; listening to one, reproving another, holding his ground against the unruly Bridget, yet never without a pleasant word for question or reply. One would have thought that, reduced by his secluded and simple habits of life to the society of his domestics, he tried to keep his wit alive, and to promote his digestion, by a moderate exercise of thought.

The supper was exquisite, and the profusion of the viands unparalleled. Between the removes the cook was summoned, praised for some of his dishes, and gently reprimanded and learnedly instructed with respect to others. The travelers felt as if they had fallen from the clouds, and looked at each other as though all they saw around them were an amusing dream, so incomprehensible did such refinements appear.

"Come, come; it is not so bad," said the good canon, dismissing the culinary artist; "I see I shall make something of you, if you only show a desire to please and attend to your duty."

"One would fancy," thought Consuelo, "that all this was paternal advice or religious exhortation."

At the dessert, after the canon had given the housekeeper her share of praise and admonition, he at length turned from these grave matters and began to talk of music. His young guests then saw him in a more favorable point of view. On this subject he was well informed; his studies were solid, his ideas just, and his taste was refined. He was a good organist, and having seated himself at the harpsichord, after the removal of the cloth, played for them fragments from the old German masters, which he executed with purity and precision of style. Consuelo listened with interest; and having found upon the harpsichord a collection of this ancient music, she began to turn over the leaves, and forgetting the lateness of the hour, she requested the canon to play in his own free and peculiar style several pieces which had arrested her attention. The canon felt extremely flattered by this compliment to his performance. The music with which he was acquainted being long out of fashion, he rarely found an audience to his mind. He therefore took an extraordinary liking to Consuelo in particular; for Joseph, tired out, had fallen asleep in a huge arm-chair, which, deliciously alluring, invited to repose.

"Truly," exclaimed the canon, in a moment of enthusiasm, "you are a most wonderful child, and your precocious genius promises a brilliant career. For the first time in my life I now regret the celibacy which my profession imposes on me."

This compliment made Consuelo blush and tremble lest her sex should have been discovered, but she quickly regained her self-possession when the canon naïvely added : —

"Yes, I regret that I have no children, for Heaven might perhaps have given me a son like you, who would have been the happiness of my life — even if Bridget had been his mother. But tell me, my friend, what do you think of that Sebastian Bach, with whose compositions our professors are so much enraptured nowadays? Do you also think him a wonderful genius? I have a large book of his works which I collected and had bound, because, you know, one is expected to have everything of that kind. They may be beautiful for aught I know; but there is great difficulty in reading them, and I confess to you that the first attempt having repelled me, I have been so lazy as not to renew it; moreover, I have so little time to spare. I can only indulge in music at rare intervals, snatched from more serious avocations. You have seen me much occupied with the management of my household, but you must not conclude from that that I am free and happy. On the contrary, I am enslaved by an enormous, a frightful task, which I have imposed upon myself. I am writing a book on which I have been at work for thirty years, and which another would not have completed in sixty — a book which requires incredible study, midnight watchings, indomitable patience, and profound reflection. I think it is a book that will make some noise in the world."

"But is it nearly finished?" asked Consuelo.

"Why, not exactly," replied the canon, desirous to conceal from himself the fact that he had not commenced it. "But we were observing just now that the music of Bach is terribly difficult, and that, for my own part, I consider it peculiar."

"If you could overcome your repugnance, I think you would perceive that his is a genius which embraces, unites, and animates all the science of the past and the present."

"Well," returned the canon, "if it be so, we three will to-morrow endeavor to decipher something of it. It is now time for you to take some rest and for me to betake myself to



my studies. But to-morrow you will pass the day with me; that is the understanding, is it not?"

"The whole day? that is asking too much, sir—we must hasten to reach Vienna; but for the morning we are at your service."

The canon protested—nay, insisted—and Consuelo pretended to yield, promising herself that she would hurry the adagios of the great Bach a little, and leave the priory about eleven o'clock, or by noon at furthest. When they intimated a wish to retire, an earnest discussion arose on the staircase between Dame Bridget and the principal valet de chambre. The zealous Joseph, desirous of pleasing his master, had prepared for the young musicians two pretty cells situated in the newly restored building occupied by the canon and his suite. Bridget, on the contrary, insisted on sending them to sleep in the desolate and forsaken rooms of the old priory, because that part of the mansion was separated from the new one by good doors and solid bolts. "What!" said she, elevating her shrill voice on the echoing staircase, "do you mean to lodge these vagabonds next door to us? Do you not see from their looks, their manners, and their profession, that they are gypsies, adventurers, wicked little rogues, who will make off before morning with our knives and forks? Who knows but they may even cut our throats?"

"Cut our throats? those children!" returned Joseph, laughing; "you are a fool, Bridget; old and feeble as you are, you would yourself put them to flight, merely by showing your teeth."

"Old and worn out indeed! Keep such language for yourself!" cried the old woman, in a fury. "I tell you they shall not sleep here; I will not have them. Sleep, indeed? I should not close my eyes the whole night!"

"Don't be so silly. I am sure that those children have no more intention than I have to disturb your respectable slumbers. Come, let us have an end of this nonsense. My master ordered me to treat his guests well, and I am not going to shut them up in that old ruin, swarming with rats and open to every breeze. Would you have them sleep in the courtyard?"

"I would have had the gardener make up two good beds of straw for them there; do you imagine that those barefooted urchins are accustomed to beds of down?"

"They shall have them to-night at least, since it is my mas-

ter's desire; I obey no orders but his, Dame Bridget. Let me go about my business; and recollect that it is your duty as well as mine to obey, and not to command."

"Well said, Joseph!" exclaimed the canon, who, from the half-open door of the antechamber, had, much to his amusement, heard the whole dispute. "Go get my slippers, Bridget, and have mercy on our ears. Good night, my little friends. Follow Joseph. Pleasant dreams to you both! Long live music, and hey for to-morrow!"

Long, however, after our travelers had taken possession of their snug bedrooms, they heard the scolding of the house-keeper, shrill as the whistling of the wintry wind, along the corridors. When the movement which announced the ceremony of the canon's retiring to bed had ceased, Dame Bridget stole on tiptoe to the doors of his young guests, and, quickly turning the key in each lock, shut them in. Joseph, buried to the ears in the most luxurious bed he had ever met with in his life, had already fallen asleep, and Consuelo followed his example, after having laughed heartily to herself at Bridget's terrors. She who had trembled almost every night during her journey now made others tremble in their turn! She might have applied to herself the fable of the hare and the frogs, but I cannot positively assert that Consuelo was acquainted with La Fontaine's fables. Their merit was disputed at that epoch by the most noted wits of the universe; Voltaire laughed at them, and the Great Frederick, to ape his philosopher, despised them profoundly.



## BEN BOLT.

By THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

[THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH was born in Philadelphia in 1819, of a Quaker family; took M.D. at the University of Pennsylvania, practiced a short time, then studied law and was admitted to the bar; edited periodicals in New York; lived in Virginia 1852-1857, in New York again 1857-1859, then settled in New Jersey as a physician. He was active in politics, and wrote much controversial literature, several novels, many plays, and some volumes of verse. "Ben Bolt" was written in 1843.]

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,  
 Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown;  
 Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,  
 And trembled with fear at your frown?

In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt,  
In a corner obscure and alone,  
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,  
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,  
Which stood at the foot of the hill,  
Together we've lain in the noonday shade  
And listened to Appleton's mill.  
The mill wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,  
The rafters have tumbled in;  
And a quiet that crawls 'round the walls as you gaze  
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,  
At the edge of the pathless wood,  
And the button-ball tree with its motley limbs  
Which nigh by the doorstep stood?  
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,  
The tree you would seek for in vain,  
And where once the lords of the forest waved  
Are grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,  
With the master so cruel and grim,  
And the shaded nook in the running brook  
Where the children went to swim?  
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,  
The spring of the brook is dry,  
And of all the boys that were schoolmates then,  
There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt;  
They have changed from the old to the new:  
But I feel in the depths of my spirit the truth,  
There never was change in you.  
Twelvemonths forty have passed, Ben Bolt,  
Since first we were friends, yet I hail  
Your presence a blessing, your friendship a truth,  
Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale!

## THE PLACE WHERE MAN SHOULD DIE.

By MICHAEL JULAND BARRY.<sup>1</sup>

How little recks it where men lie,  
When once the moment's past  
In which the dim and glazing eye  
Has looked on earth its last, —  
Whether beneath the sculptured urn  
The confined form shall rest,  
Or in its nakedness return  
Back to its mother's breast!

Death is a common friend or foe,  
As different men may hold,  
And at his summons each must go,  
The timid and the bold;  
But when the spirit, free and warm,  
Deserts it, as it must,  
What matter where the lifeless form  
Dissolves again to dust?

The soldier falls 'mid corpses piled  
Upon the battle plain,  
Where reinless war steeds gallop wild  
Above the mangled slain;  
But though his corse be grim to see,  
Hoof-trampled on the sod,  
What recks it, when the spirit free  
Has soared aloft to God?

The coward's dying eyes may close  
Upon his downy bed,  
And softest hands his limbs compose,  
Or garments o'er them spread;  
But ye who shun the bloody fray,  
When fall the mangled brave,  
Go — strip his coffin lid away  
And see him in his grave!

'Twere sweet indeed to close our eyes  
With those we cherish near,  
And, wafted upwards by their sighs,  
Soar to some calmer sphere:  
But whether on the scaffold high,  
Or in the battle's van,  
The fittest place where man can die  
Is where he dies for man!



## A NIGHT OF CLEOPATRA'S.

BY THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

(Translated for this work by Forrest Morgan.)

[THÉOPHILE GAUTIER: A French writer; born in Tarbes, Hautes-Pyrénées, August 31, 1811; died in Paris, October 23, 1872. He was a traveler in many countries, and wrote several delightful books of travel. He was also a literary and art critic, a prolific dramatist, and the author of many excellent essays. His books include: "Poems" (1830), "Albertus" (1833), "Mademoiselle de Maupin" (1835), "The Loving Dead" (1836), "A Journey in Spain" (1843), "A Night of Cleopatra's" (1845), "Jean and Jeannette" (1846), "Italy" (1852), "Modern Art" and "The Arts in Europe" (1852), "Aria Marcella" (1852), "Constantinople" (1854), "The Tiger Skin" (1854-1855), "Spirite" (1866); and many plays, including "Posthumous Pierrot" (1845), "The Jewess of Constantine" (1846), and "Look but Do Not Touch" (1847).]

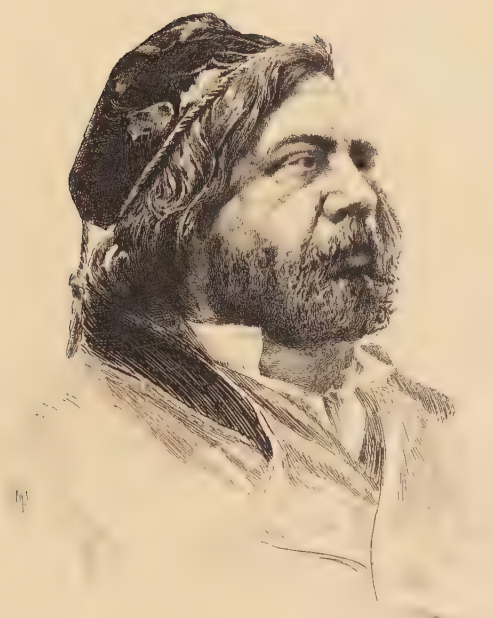
MEÏAMOUN, son of Mandoushopsh, was a youth of a strange character: nothing which affected the generality of mortals made any impression upon him; he seemed of a higher race — one might have said the offspring of some divine adultery. His gaze had the piercing steadiness of a falcon's, and a serene majesty sat upon his brow as on a pedestal of marble; a noble disdain curved his upper lip, and inflated his nostrils like those of a fiery horse; although he had almost a young girl's delicate grace, and although Dionysos the effeminate god had not a rounder and more polished bosom, he concealed beneath his soft guise sinews of steel and a Herculean strength, — a singular gift of certain antique natures, that of uniting the beauty of a woman to the power of a man.

As to his hue, we are forced to confess that he was tawny yellow like an orange, — a color opposed to the white-and-rose idea we have of beauty; which did not prevent his being a most charming youth, greatly sought after by every sort of woman — yellow, red, coppery, soot-brown, golden, and even by more than one white-skinned Greek.

For all this, do not suppose that Meïamoun was a man of sensual indulgences: the ashes of old Priam, the snows of Hippolytus himself, were not more insensible or more chill; the young neophyte in a white robe, preparing for initiation into the mysteries of Isis, led not a chaster life; the young maiden who freezes at the icy shadow of her mother has not a more timorous purity.



Théophile Gautier







The pleasures of Meïamoun, for a youth so shy of approach, were nevertheless of a singular nature : he set forth tranquilly in the morning with his small buckler of hippopotamus hide, his *harpé* or sabre with the curved blade, his triangular bow, and his snakeskin quiver filled with barbed arrows ; then he plunged into the desert, and put to the gallop his steed with the slender legs, the narrow muzzle, and the disheveled mane, until he found a track of the lioness : it was great sport for him to go and take the little lion-cubs from the mother's belly. In all things he loved nothing but the perilous or the impossible ; it gave him fierce pleasure to walk in impracticable paths, to swim in a furious torrent, and he would have chosen to bathe in the Nile precisely at the place of the Cataracts : the abyss called him.

Such was Meïamoun, son of Mandoushopsh.

For some time his humor had become wilder than ever ; he buried himself whole months in the ocean of sands, and reappeared only at rare intervals. His uneasy mother leaned vainly from the height of the terrace and questioned the road with tireless vision. After long waiting, a little cloud of dust came awhirl on the horizon. Soon the cloud opened and let Meïamoun be seen, covered with dust, upon his mare as gaunt as a wolf, her eyes red and bloodshot, nostrils quivering, scars on her flanks—scars which were not the marks of the spurs.

After having hung up in his room some skin of hyena or lion, he set out once more.

And yet no one might have been happier than Meïamoun : he was beloved by Nephté, daughter of the priest Afomouthis, the most beautiful being in the nome of Arsinoïtes. One would need to be Meïamoun not to see that Nephté had charming eyes, set off by corners with an indefinitely voluptuous expression, a mouth which sparkled with a ruddy smile, white and translucent teeth, arms of an exquisite roundness, and feet more perfect than the jasper feet of the statue of Isis : assuredly there was not in all Egypt a smaller hand or longer tresses. The charms of Nephté could have been eclipsed only by those of Cleopatra. But who could dream of loving Cleopatra ? Ixion, who was enamored of Juno, pressed naught in his arms but a cloud, and turns his wheel eternally in Hades.

It was Cleopatra whom Meïamoun loved !

He had at first essayed to subdue this foolish passion, he had wrestled body to body with it ; but one cannot strangle

love as he strangles a lion, and the most vigorous athletes know nothing to do. The arrow remained in the wound, and he carried it everywhere with him; the image of Cleopatra, radiant and splendid beneath her golden-pointed diadem — the only one erect, in her imperial purple, amidst a kneeling people — sent its rays into his waking times and into his dreams; like the imprudent person who has gazed at the sun and views ever an unseizable spot hovering before him, Meïamoun ever saw Cleopatra. Eagles may contemplate the sun without being dazzled, but what adamantine eyeball can fix itself with impunity on a beautiful woman — on a beautiful queen?

His life was to wander about the royal dwellings to breathe the same air with Cleopatra; to kiss upon the sands — a happiness, alas! too rare — the half-obliterated imprint of her foot: he followed the sacred festivals and *panegyrics*, striving to catch one gleam from her eyes, to purloin in its passage one of the thousand aspects of her beauty. Sometimes shame seized on him at this insensate existence; he gave himself up to the chase with redoubled fury, and strove to tame by fatigue the burning of his blood and the transport of his desires.

He had gone to the *panegyris* of Hermonthis, and in the vague hope of once more seeing the queen for an instant when she disembarked at the Summer Palace, had followed her barge in his skiff, without discomforting himself under the fierce stinging of the sun, through a heat enough to make the panting sphinxes melt in lava sweat upon their red-flushed pedestals.

And then — he saw that he had come to the supreme moment, that his life was to be decided then and there, and that he could not die with his secret in his bosom.

It is a strange situation, to love a queen: it is as if one loved a star, yet she, the star, comes every night to sparkle in her place in the heavens; it is a species of mysterious rendezvous; you find her again, you see her, she is not offended by your gaze! O wretchedness! to be poor, unknown, obscure, seated at the very foot of the ladder, and to feel one's heart full of love for something solemn, glittering, and splendid, for a woman whose meanest servant-maid would naught of you! to have your eyes fixed by a doom upon some one who sees you not, who will never see you, to whom you are one wave in the sea rabble just like the others, and who would meet you a thousand times over without recognizing you! not to have, should occasion to speak present itself, any reason to give for so daring

a folly — neither poetic talent, nor great genius, nor superhuman quality — nothing but love; and in exchange for beauty, for nobility, for power, for all the splendors of which one dreams, to bring only passion or youth — such rare things!

These ideas overwhelmed Meïamoun: lying flat in the sand on his stomach, chin in hand, he let himself be carried away and upborne by the flood of an inexhaustible reverie; he sketched out a thousand projects, each more senseless than the last. He knew in his heart that he was aiming at an impossible end, but he had not the courage frankly to renounce it, and treacherous hope came whispering in his ear some lying promise.

"Hathor, mighty goddess," he said in a deep voice, "what have I done to thee to render me so unhappy? Art thou avenging thyself for the disdain I have held toward Nephté, the daughter of thy priest Afomouthis? Wouldst thou not have had me repulse Lamia the hetaira of Athens, or Flora the Roman courtesan? Is it my fault, mine, if my heart is insensible save to the sole beauty of Cleopatra, thy rival? Why hast thou lodged in my heart the poisoned arrow of an impossible love? What sacrifice and what offerings demandest thou? Must I raise to thee a temple of the rosy marble of Syene, with columns crowned by gilded capitals, a ceiling of a single block, and hieroglyphs deeply graven by the ablest craftsmen of Memphis or Thebes? Answer me."

Like all gods and goddesses whom one invokes, Hathor answered naught. Meïamoun formed a desperate resolution.

Cleopatra too on her side called upon the goddess Hathor: she demanded a new pleasure, an unknown sensation; languishingly stretched upon her couch, she thought how very limited is the number of the senses, how swiftly the most exquisite refinements turn to disgust, and how much difficulty a queen really has in occupying her time. Trying poisons on slaves; making men combat with tigers, or gladiators among themselves; drinking dissolved pearls, eating a province, — all that is insipid and common!

Charmian was at her wits' end, and knew not what to do for her mistress.

All at once a whistling sound made itself heard, an arrow buried itself quivering in the cedar wainscoting of the wall.

Cleopatra was near swooning with affright. Charmian leaned out of the window, and saw nothing but a fleck of foam on the river. A scrawl of papyrus encircled the shaft of



the arrow; it contained these words, written in alphabetic characters:—"I love you!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Cleopatra did not sleep until morning, at the hour when dreams on the wing reënter the ivory gate. The illusion of slumber caused her to see all sorts of lovers plunging in to swim and scaling walls to reach her; and—memory of her waking time—her dreams were riddled with arrows laden with declarations of love. Her little heels, agitated by nervous starts, beat on the bosom of Charmian, lying across the bed to serve as her cushion. . . .

[At the bath] Cleopatra came up, her hand on Charmian's shoulder: she had made at least thirty steps all alone! great effort, enormous fatigue! A light rosy tinge, spreading itself over the transparent skin of her cheeks, freshened up their passion-born pallor; through her temples, pale golden like amber, was seen a network of blue veins; her glossy forehead, low, as the antique forehead was, but of perfect roundness and form, was united by a faultless line to a nose severe and straight like a cameo, broken by rosy nostrils and palpitating at the least emotion like the nostrils of an amorous tigress; the mouth, small, round, closely approaching the nose, had a lip disdainfully curved; but an unbridled voluptuousness, an incredible ardency of life, glowed in the brilliant carmine and the humid luster of the under lip. Her eyes had narrow lids, and eyebrows slight and almost unpronounced. We cannot essay to give any conception of it all: there was a fire, a languor, a glistening limpidness to turn the head of Anubis' dog himself; every glance of her eyes was a poem superior to those of Homer or Minnervus; an imperial chin, full of power and domination, completed worthily this charming profile.

She held herself erect on the first step of the basin, in an attitude full of grace and pride; slightly arched to the rear, her foot suspended, like a goddess about to quit her pedestal, and whose gaze is still on the heavens. Two superb folds fell from the peaks of her bosom and swept in a single stream to the ground. Cleomenes, had he been her contemporary and could he have seen her, would have broken his Venus in vexation.

Before entering the water, for a new caprice she told Charmian to change her headdress, a silver netting: she preferred a crown of lotus flowers with reeds, like a marine divinity,

Charmian obeyed—the liberated tresses flowed in black cascades over her shoulders, and hung in clusters like ripened grapes along her beautiful cheeks.

Then the linen tunic, only confined by a golden clasp, was unfastened, glided down along her marble body, and alighted in a white cloud at her feet, like the swan at the feet of Leda.

And Meïamoun, where was he?

Oh, the cruelty of fate—so many insensible objects enjoying favors that would ravish a lover with delight! The wind which sports with perfumed locks, or visits lovely lips with kisses it cannot appreciate; the water to which love-desire is wholly indifferent, and which envelops with a single caress a body adorably beautiful; the mirror which reflects so many charming images; the buskin or *tatbeb* which clasps a divine little foot—oh! what lost happinesses!

Cleopatra dipped in the water her vermilion heel, and descended some steps; the rippling wave made her a girdle and bracelets of silver, and rolled in pearls upon her bosom and her shoulders like a broken necklace; her magnificent tresses, upborne by the water, extended behind her like a royal mantle: she was queen even in the bath. She swam to and fro, dived and brought up in her hands from the bottom handfuls of gold-dust with which she laughingly pelted some one of her maids; at other times she hung on the balustrade of the basin, hiding and revealing her treasures, now letting be seen her glossy and lustrous back, now displaying her whole person like the Venus Anadyomene, and varying incessantly the aspects of her beauty.

All at once she sent forth a cry more shrill than Diana surprised by Actæon: she had seen through the foliage gleam a burning eye, yellow and phosphoric like the eye of a crocodile or a lion.

It was Meïamoun, who, crouched on the earth behind a bunch of foliage, palpitating more intensely than a fawn in the wheat, intoxicated himself with the perilous happiness of beholding the queen in her bath. Although he was courageous to rashness, Cleopatra's cry pierced through his heart more icily than a sword blade; a deathly perspiration covered his body; the arteries sang in his temples with a strident sound, the iron grasp of apprehension closed on his throat and was strangling him.

The eunuchs ran up with lances in hand; Cleopatra pointed out the group of trees, where they found Meïamoun cowering

in a heap. Defense was impossible; he did not attempt it, and let himself be taken. They made ready to kill him, with the stupid and cruel impassibility characteristic of eunuchs; but Cleopatra, who had had time to wrap herself in her *calasiris*, gave them a sign with her hand to stop and bring the prisoner to her.

Meïamoun could only fall on his knees, holding out suppliant hands to her as to an altar of the gods.

"Are you some assassin hired by Rome? and what come you to perpetrate in these sacred places, whence men are banned?" said Cleopatra, with an imperious gesture of questioning.

"May my soul be found light in the balance of Amenti, and may Tmeï, daughter of the Sun and goddess of Truth, inflict punishment on me, if ever I have had against you, O Queen, one evil design!" responded Meïamoun, still on his knees.

Sincerity and loyalty shone upon his face in characters so transparent that Cleopatra relinquished that thought at once, and fixed on the young Egyptian a gaze less severe and less angered, — she found him beautiful.

"Then what motive urged you into a place where you could only meet with death?"

"I love you," said Meïamoun in a voice low but distinct; for his courage had returned, as in all situations at extremity, and when nothing could become worse.

"Ah!" said Cleopatra, bending toward him and grasping him by the arm with a sudden abrupt movement. "So it was you who shot the arrow with the papyrus scroll: by Oms, the dog of Hades, you are a most foolhardy wretch! I recognize you now; for a long time I have seen you wandering like a plaintive shadow about the places where I dwell. You were at the procession of Isis, at the panegyris of Hermonthis; you followed the royal barge. Ah! You must have a queen! You have no mediocre ambitions; doubtless you expect to be requited in kind. Assuredly I shall love you. Why not?"

"Queen," answered Meïamoun, with an air of grave melancholy, "do not mock me. I am a madman, that is true; I have merited death, that is also true: be merciful, put me to death."

"No, I have the whim of clemency to-day: I grant you life."

"What would you have me do with life? I love you."

"Well! you shall be gratified, you shall die," answered Cleopatra. "You have dreamed a strange, an extravagant dream; your desires have passed in imagination an insuperable threshold,—you thought you were Caesar or Mark Antony. You loved the queen! In certain hours of delirium, you have been able to believe that through a train of circumstances which come to pass but once in a thousand years, Cleopatra would one day love you. Well! what you believed impossible is going to be accomplished; I am going to make a reality of your dream: it suits me for once to fulfill a crazy hope. I want to inundate you with splendors, sunbeams, and lightnings; I want your fortune to be something dazzling. You were at the bottom of her wheel; I am going to place you at the top, abruptly, suddenly, without transition. I find you in nothingness; I make you the equal of a god, and I plunge you back again into nothingness—that is all; but do not go to calling me cruel, to imploring my pity—do not begin to weaken when the hour arrives. I am kind; I lend myself to your fantasy. I should have the right to have you killed on the spot; but you tell me that you love me, and I will have you killed to-morrow: your life against one night. I am generous; I buy it of you when I could take it. But what are you doing at my feet? Rise and give me your hand to return to the palace."

Our world is puny enough beside the antique world, our festivals are beggarly alongside the appalling sumptuosities of Roman patricians and Asiatic princes; their ordinary meals would pass to-day for frantic orgies, and a whole modern town could live for a week on the dessert of Lucullus supping with some intimate friends. We have difficulty in conceiving, with our starveling habits, those enormous existences, realizing all that imagination can invent of the reckless, the curious, and the most monstrously beyond the limit of the possible. Our palaces are stables where Caligula would not have been willing to put his horse; the richest of constitutional kings are not followed by the retinue of a petty satrap or a Roman proconsul. The radiant suns which shone upon the earth are for evermore extinguished in the nothingness of uniformity. There loom no more above the black ant-hill of men those colossi with Titanic forms, who would cross the world in three strides like the steeds of Homer; no more a tower of Lylacq, no more a giant Babel scaling the heavens with its infinite spirals! No



more measureless temples built from sections of a mountain, no royal terraces that each age and each people could raise but one step of, and whence the ruler, reclining dreamily, could view the face of the world like a spread-out map; no unruly cities made up of an inextricable huddle of cyclopean edifices, with their profound circumvallations, their circuses roaring day and night, their reservoirs filled with the waters of the ocean and peopled with sea monsters and whales, their colossal balustrades, their terraces piled tier on tier, their towers with pinnacles bathed in clouds, their giant palaces, their aqueducts, their city vomitory gates, their gloomy necropolises. Alas! nothing is left but plaster hives on a chessboard of pavements.

One is astonished that men should not have revolted against these confiscations of all wealth and all vital forces to the profit of a scanty few of the privileged, and that in such exorbitant fantasies they should not have encountered obstacles on their bloody path. It was because these prodigious existences were the realization by sunlight of the dream which each man framed at night—the personifications of the common thought, which the peoples saw live, symbolized under one of those meteoric names that blaze out inextinguishably through the night of the ages. To-day, deprived of this dazzling spectacle of all-powerful will, this lofty contemplation of a human spirit whose least desire is translated into unheard-of actions, into enormities of granite and brass, the world is hopelessly and desperately bored: man is no longer represented in his imperial fancy.

It is ours to describe a supreme orgy, a banquet to pale the glories of Belshazzar's, a night of Cleopatra's. How, in the French language, so chaste, so icily prudish, can we render that frenzied outburst, that huge and mighty debauch which does not fear to mingle the twin purples of blood and wine, and the furious upheavings of insatiable desire, flinging itself at the impossible with all the ardor of senses that the long fast of Christianity has not yet tamed?

The promised night should well have been splendid: it was necessary for all the possible joys of a human existence to be concentrated into a few hours; it was necessary to make the life of Meïamoun a potent elixir which he could drink at a single draught. Cleopatra wished to dazzle her voluntary victim, to immerse him in a vortex of dizzying delights, intoxicate him, madden him with the wine of the orgy, so that death, though accepted, should arrive unseen and unaware.



Let us transport our readers into the banquet hall.

Our actual architecture offers few points of comparison with those immense constructions whose ruins resemble rather the crumbling down of mountains than the relics of buildings. It needs all the exaggeration of antique life to animate and refill those prodigious palaces, whose halls were so vast that they could have no other ceiling than the sky—a magnificent vaulting, and one well worthy of such an architecture.

The banquet hall had enormous and Babylonian proportions; the eye could not penetrate its immeasurable depths. Monstrous columns, short, squat, solid enough to sustain the pole, heavily spread out their bulging shafts on plinths mottled with hieroglyphics, and sustained on their corpulent capitals gigantic arcades of granite rising by steps like inverted staircases. Between each two pillars a colossal sphinx of basalt, crowned with the *pshent*, stretched out her head with oblique eye and horned chin, and cast on the hall a fixed and mysterious regard. On the second tier, receding from the first, the capitals of the columns, more slender of figure, were replaced by four heads of women leaning back, with plaited lappets and the convolutions of Egyptian headgear; in place of the sphinxes, bull-headed idols, impassive spectators of nocturnal deliriums and the frenzies of orgy, were seated on stone thrones, like patient hosts who wait for the feast to begin.

A third tier of a different order, with bronze elephants spouting perfume water from their trunks, crowned the edifice; above, the heavens yawned like a blue abyss, and the curious stars leaned over the brink.

Prodigious porphyry stairways, polished so that they reflected bodies like mirrors, ascended and descended on every side, and bound together these mighty masses of architecture.

We are tracing here only a hasty outline to make intelligible the arrangement of this formidable construction, with proportions beyond all human measure. It would need the pencil of Martin, the great painter of vanished immensities, and we have only a meager pen-stroke in lieu of the profound apocalyptic depth of his somber style;—less fortunate than the painter and the musician, we can only present objects one after the other. We have spoken as yet of the banquet hall alone, leaving out the revelers; and even that we have barely indicated. Cleopatra and Meïamoun await us; it is they who advance.

Meïamoun was clothed in a linen tunic studded with stars, and a mantle of royal purple, with fillets about his hair like an Oriental monarch. Cleopatra wore a sea-green robe, open at the sides and confined by golden bees; around her bare arms danced two rows of huge pearls; on her head gleamed the diadem with points of gold. Despite the smile on her lips, a shade of preoccupation lightly clouded her fair forehead, and her brow at times contracted with a feverish movement. But what subject could be vexing the mind of the great queen! As to Meïamoun, he had the ardent smile and luminous tinge of those in an ecstasy or a vision; glowing rays, darting from his temples and his forehead, made around him a golden halo like one of the twelve great gods of Olympus.

A deep grave joy illumined his every feature: he had embraced his chimera of the restless pinions without her taking wing; he had touched the goal of his life. Let him live to the age of Nestor and of Priam, let him see his veined temples covered with locks as hoary as those of the high-priest of Ammon, he could experience nothing new, he could apprehend nothing more. He had attained so far beyond his maddest hopes, that the world had nothing more to give him.

Cleopatra had him sit beside her on a throne flanked by golden griffins, and clapped her little hands together. Instantly lines of fire, scintillating bands, outlined all the projections of the architecture; the eyes of the sphinxes darted phosphoric lightnings, a breath of fire came forth from the muzzles of the idols; the elephants, in place of perfumed water, spouted a ruddy column; bronze arms shot up from the walls with torches in their grasp; in the sculptured hearts of the lotuses there blossomed flashing plumes.

Great bluish flames pulsated in brazen tripods, giant candelabra shook their disheveled light in a burning vapor; everything sparkled and gleamed. Prismatic rainbows crossed and burst in the air; the facets of the cups, the angles of the marbles and the jaspers, the gravings of the vases — everything caught a sparkle, a gleam, or a flash. Brilliancy streamed forth in torrents and fell step by step like a cascade over a porphyry stairway — one might have called it the glow of a conflagration reflected in a river; had the Queen of Sheba mounted thither, she would have gathered up the skirts of her robe believing that she walked in water, as on the crystal pavement of Solomon. Through this glittering mist, the monstrous figures of the

colossi, the animals, the hieroglyphs seemed to become animated and live with a factitious life; the black granite rams chuckled ironically and butted with their golden horns; the idols snorted loudly through their panting nostrils.

The orgy was at its highest pitch; dishes of phenicopters' tongues and scarus-fish livers, eels fattened on human flesh and cooked in brine, peacocks' brains, boars stuffed with live birds, and all the marvels of ancient feasts multiplied ten and a hundred-fold, were heaped on the three stories of the gigantic triclinium. The wines of Crete, of Massicus, and of Falernus bubbled in golden *crateri* wreathed with roses, filled by Asiatic pages whose beautiful floating tresses served to wipe the feasters' hands upon. Musicians playing the sistrum, the tympanum, the sambuc, and the harp with one-and-twenty strings, filled the upper galleries, and cast their harmonious clangor into the tempest of sound that overhung the feast: the thunder could not have had a voice loud enough to make itself heard.

Meïamoun, his head lying on Cleopatra's shoulder, felt his reason deserting him; the banquet-hall whirled around him like an immense architectural nightmare; he saw through its dazzling glare perspectives and colonnades without end; new zones of porticoes upreared themselves above the true, and buried themselves in the sky at heights to which no Babels have ever attained. Had he not felt in his hand the soft cold hand of Cleopatra, he would have believed himself transported into the world of enchantments by a wizard of Thessaly or a Magian of Persia.

Toward the end of the repast, hunchbacked dwarfs and mummers executed grotesque dances and combats; then young girls, Egyptian and Greek, representing the dark and the light Hours, danced after the Ionian fashion a voluptuous dance with inimitable perfection.

Cleopatra herself rose from her throne, cast aside her royal mantle, replaced her starry diadem with a wreath of flowers, attached golden castanets to her alabaster hands, and set herself to dance before Meïamoun, lost in rapture. Her beautiful arms, rounded like the handles of a marble vase, shook out clusters of tinkling notes above her head, and her castanets chattered with a volubility ever increasing. Poised on the pink tips of her little feet, she rapidly advanced and pressed a light kiss on Meïamoun's forehead: then she recommenced her act and hovered around him, — now bending backward, head re-

versed, eyes half closed, arms swooning and listless, hair uncurled and flowing like a Bacchante of Mount Manalus possessed by a god ; now nimble, all alive, laughing, fluttering about, tireless, and more capricious in her volutions than a bee in quest of booty. The love of the heart, the desire of the senses, the ardency of passion, youth inexhaustible and ever fresh, the promise of bliss near at hand — she expressed it all.

The modest stars no longer looked on, — their chaste golden eyes could not endure such a spectacle ; the sky itself was blotted out, and a dome of vapor covered the hall.

Cleopatra once more seated herself close to Meïamoun. The night wore on, the last of the dark hours was taking its flight : a bluish glimmer entered with embarrassed footsteps into the tumult of ruddy lights, like a moon-ray falling into a furnace ; the upper arcades took on a soft azure — day was breaking.

Meïamoun took the vessel of horn held out to him by an Ethiopian slave of sinister aspect, and containing a poison so violent that it would have cracked any other vessel. Flinging his life to his mistress in one last look, he put to his lips the deadly cup where the venomous liquor bubbled and hissed.

Cleopatra turned pale, and laid her hand on Meïamoun's arm to restrain him. His courage touched her. She was about to say, "Live still to love me ; I desire it" — when the sound of a clarion made itself heard. Four heralds-at-arms entered on horseback into the banquet hall ; they were officers of Mark Antony, and preceded their master by only a few steps. She silently released the arm of Meïamoun. A ray of sunlight began to play over Cleopatra's brow, as if to replace her absent diadem.

"You see plainly the moment has come ; it is daybreak, it is the hour when the beautiful dreams fly away," said Meïamoun. Then he drained the fatal cup at one draught, and fell as though struck by a thunderbolt. Cleopatra drooped her head, and into the cup a burning tear, the only one she had shed in her life, fell to join the molten pearl.

"By Hercules ! my fair queen, I have made haste for nothing, I see I have come too late," said Mark Antony, entering the banquet hall : "the supper is over. But what means that corpse turned up on the pavement ?"

"Oh, nothing," said Cleopatra smiling, "it is a poison I was experimenting on, to use if Augustus should take me prisoner. Will it please you, my dear lord, to seat yourself beside me and watch those Greek buffoons dance ?"



## THE GOLDEN DREAM.

By CHARLES NODIER.

(Translated for this work by Forrest Morgan.)

[CHARLES NODIER, romancer, scientist, and bibliophile, was born at Besançon, France, in 1780 ; son of a lawyer who was later mayor and president of a Jacobin Club in the Terror. Early a lover of books and natural science, he became librarian in Besançon, and wrote on entomology ; went to Paris, wrote tales, and studied philology ; a satiric ode on Napoleon's consular despotism making it safest to quit Paris, he wandered about his native district and the Vosges for some years, writing gloomy sentimental tales and meditations, prose "Childe Harolds." In 1811 he edited the polyglot *Illyrian Telegraph* at Laibach. Returning to Paris, he engaged in literature and journalism ; became a Royalist ; in 1823 was made librarian of the Arsenal Library, and in 1833 member of the Academy. His living work is his stories: "Smarra" (1821), "The King of Bohemia and his Seven Castles" (1830), "The Fairy of the Crumbs" (1832), "The Golden Dream," and other "Fantastic Tales," "Inez of the Sierras" (1837), "Legend of Sister Beatrix" (1838), "Franciscus Columba" (posthumous), and his narrative-bibliographic "Mélanges from a Little Library" (1829 and later). He wrote also some lyrics (collected 1827) ; "Souvenirs of Youth" and "Souvenirs of the Revolution" ; a work on the origin of language (the onomatopoeic theory) ; and fathered a "Universal Dictionary of the French Language." He died in 1844.]

## I. THE KARDOUON.

THE Kardouon, as every one knows, is the prettiest, the wildest, the most polished of lizards. The Kardouon is dressed in gold like a great lord ; but he is timid and modest, and he lives alone and retired — that is what causes him to pass for a sage. The Kardouon has never done harm to any one, and there is no one who does not love the Kardouon. The young girls are all proud when he gazes at them as they pass, with eyes of love and joy, erecting his blue neck sparkling with rubies between the chinks of an old wall, or making himself glint, under the rays of the sun, with innumerable reflections from the wonderful tissue with which he is clothed.

They say among themselves : "It is not thou, it is I whom the Kardouon gazes at to-day ; it is I whom he finds the handsomest, and who will be his sweetheart."

The Kardouon has no thoughts on that subject. The Kardouon searches here and there for nice roots to feast his comrades, and to sport with them on a shining stone, in the full heat of noon.



One day the Kardouon found in the desert a treasure composed entirely of flowered pieces of coin, so pretty and so polished that one would have believed they had just been groaning and leaping under the mint-press. A fleeing monarch had disburthened himself of them in order to get on faster.

"Bounteous Heaven!" said the Kardouon, "here, unless I deceive myself, is some precious article of food which comes to me just in time for winter! At worst these must be slices of that fresh sugary carrot which always revives my spirits when solitude wearies me; only I never saw any of it so appetizing."

And the Kardouon glided toward the treasure—not directly, because that is not his fashion, but tracing out prudent circuits; now with head raised, nostrils in the air, body all in one line, tail straight and vertical like a stake; now at a stand-still, undecided, inclining each of his eyes in turn toward the ground to make use of a Kardouon's fine ear, and each of his ears to lift up his gaze; examining to the right, to the left, listening all about, seeing everything, reassuring himself more and more, darting forward like a brave Kardouon, drawing back on himself palpitating with terror, like a poor Kardouon who feels himself pursued far from his hole, and then wholly happy and wholly proud, arching his back, bending his shoulders to catch every play of light, rolling the folds of his rich caparison, bristling up the gilded scales of his coat of mail, turning emerald, undulating, receding, flinging to the winds the dust under his feet, and lashing it with his tail. Beyond dispute, he was the handsomest of Kardouons.

When he had reached the treasure, he shot two piercing glances at it, stiffened himself like a rod, raised himself on his two forefeet, and fell on the first piece of gold which offered itself to his teeth.

He broke one of them.

The Kardouon scuttled ten feet backward, returned more deliberately, bit more modestly.

"They are execrably dry," he said. "Oh! but the Kardouons who thus heap up slices of carrot for their posterity are much in fault for not keeping them in a moist place, where they may preserve their nourishing quality!—It must be admitted," he added to himself, "that the Kardouon race is but little advanced. As for me, who dined the other day, and who am not, thanks to Heaven, pressed for a vile repast like a common Kardouon, I am going to transport this provision

under that great tree in the desert, among the grasses moistened by the dew of heaven and the coolness of springs ; I will sleep beside it on a soft fine sand which the earliest dawn begins to warm ; and when a clumsy bee, who rises all dizzy from the flower where she has slept, awakens me with her humming as she whirls about like a mad thing, I will commence the finest breakfast for a prince that ever a Kardouon made."

The Kardouon of whom I speak was a Kardouon of execution. What he had said, he did ; that is a great deal. From evening on, all the treasure, transported piece by piece, was freshened vainly on a fine carpet of long silken mosses which bent under its weight. Overhead, an immense tree extended its branches luxuriant with verdure and flowers, as if to invite the passers-by to taste an agreeable slumber beneath its shade.

And the Kardouon, fatigued, slept peacefully, dreaming of fresh roots.

This is the history of the Kardouon.

## II. XAILOUN.

The following day there chanced on the same spot the poor woodcutter Xailoun, who was greatly attracted by the melodious gurgle of the running waters and the cheerful and refreshing rustle of the foliage. This place of repose immediately charmed the natural indolence of Xailoun, who was still far from the forest, and who, after his wont, did not worry himself extremely about arriving there.

As there are few persons who have known Xailoun in his lifetime, I will explain to you that he was one of those misbegotten children of nature whom she seems to have produced merely that they may exist. He was pretty badly made in his person, and very defective in his mind ; yet after all a good, simple creature, incapable of doing evil, incapable of thinking it, and even incapable of comprehending it : by reason of which his family had seen in him from infancy nothing but a subject of melancholy and embarrassment. The humiliating rebuffs to which Xailoun was unceasingly exposed had inspired him early with a taste for a solitary life, and it was on that account that he had been given the trade of a woodcutter, in default of any other, from which the weakness of his intelligence interdicted him ; for he was called nothing in the village but "the fool Xailoun." Indeed, the children followed him in

the streets with malicious laughter, and cried : " Room, room for honest Xailoun, for Xailoun, the best-natured woodcutter that ever handled an ax ; for see, he is going to have a talk about science with his cousin the Kardouon, in the glades of the forest. Oh ! worthy Xailoun ! "

And his brothers drew back as he passed, blushing with a haughty shame.

But Xailoun did not act as if he saw them, and he laughed at the children.

Xailoun had accustomed himself to think that the poverty of his garb entered greatly into the causes of this disdain and these daily jeers, for no man is inclined to judge disadvantageously of his mental qualities ; he had concluded that the Kardouon, who is beautiful among all the inhabitants of the earth when he shows off in the sun, was the most favored of the creatures of God ; and he secretly promised himself, if he should one day penetrate to the intimate friendship of the Kardouon, to dress in some cast-off garment from his holiday wardrobe, to parade about the country in it, and to fascinate the eyes of the good people with all those splendors.

" Besides," he added, when he had reflected as much as his Xailoun-judgment permitted, " the Kardouon is my cousin, they say ; I perceive it from the sympathy which draws me toward this honorable person. Since my brothers have repulsed me with scorn, I have no other near relative whatever but the Kardouon ; and I wish to live with him, if he will receive me, even if I am good for nothing except to make him up every evening a litter of dry leaves for his sleep, to tuck up the bed properly when he is asleep, and to warm his room with a bright and cheerful fire when the season becomes severe. The Kardouon may grow old and die before me," pursued Xailoun ; " for he was already nimble and handsome when I was still very small, and when my mother showed him to me, saying, ' Come, see the Kardouon there ! ' — I know, thank God, the services one can do for an invalid, and the little dainties • one can give him enjoyment with. It is too bad he should be rather haughty."

In truth, the Kardouon responded ill to the ordinary advances of Xailoun. At his approach he disappeared in the sand like a flash, and only stopped behind a hillock or a stone, to turn on him sidewise two glittering eyes which would have made carbuncles envious.

Xaïloun then regarded him with a respectful air, saying to him with clasped hands : —

“Alas ! my cousin, why do you shun me — me who am your friend and your helpmate ? I ask only to follow you and serve you in preference to my brothers, for whom I would die, but who seem to me less graceful and less amiable than you. Do not shun like them your faithful Xaïloun, if you should happen to need a good servant.”

But the Kardouon always went on, and Xaïloun reëntered his mother’s house, weeping because his cousin the Kardouon would not speak to him.

This day his mother had driven him out, striking him angrily and pushing him by the shoulders.

“Get along, you wretch !” she said to him ; “go and rejoin your cousin, the Kardouon, unworthy that you are to have other kinsmen.” Xaïloun had obeyed as usual, and he sought out his cousin the Kardouon.

“Oh ! oh !” he said, as he arrived under the tree with the great branches, “here is really quite another thing : my cousin the Kardouon, who is asleep under the shade, at the junction of all the springs ; though that ought not to be, with his habits ! — A good opportunity, if ever there was one, to talk business with him when he wakes up. — But what the mischief is he guarding there, and what does he intend to do with all those funny little pieces of yellow lead, unless maybe he is getting ready to freshen up his clothes ? Perhaps it is for his wedding. On the faith of Xaïloun, there are sharpers in the Kardouon bazaar too ; for that metal is very coarse to look at, and there is not one piece of my cousin’s old jacket that is not worth a thousand times as much. Nevertheless, I will wait for him to tell me his plans, if he is in a more talkative mood than usual ; for I shall sleep comfortably in this place, and as I am a light sleeper, I shall wake up as soon as he does.”

At the moment Xaïloun was about to lie down, he was suddenly struck with an idea.

“It is a chilly night,” he said ; “and my cousin the Kardouon is not used, like me, to lying at the edge of the springs and in the shelter of the forest. The evening air is not healthy.”

Xaïloun took off his coat and spread it softly over the Kardouon, taking all necessary precautions not to awaken him. The Kardouon did not awake at all.



When he had done this, Xailoun slept profoundly, dreaming of the Kardouon's friendship.

This is the history of Xailoun.

### III. THE FAKIR ABHOC.

The following day there chanced on the same spot the fakir Abhoc, who pretended to be on a pilgrimage, but who was in fact hunting for some good fakir-windfall.

As he came near the spring to rest, he spied the treasure, unfolded it with his gaze, and promptly computed its value on his fingers.

"An unhopcd-for grace," he cried, "which the most powerful and most compassionate God has accorded my brotherhood at last, after so many years of trial; and which, to render its conquest easier to me, he has deigned to place under the foolish guard of an innocent wall-lizard and a poor imbecile boy!"

I should have told you that the fakir Abhoc knew Xailoun and the Kardouon perfectly by sight.

"Heaven be praised in all things!" he added, seating himself a few steps farther off. "Good-by to the fakir's robe, the long fasts, and the harsh mortifications of the body. I am going to change my country and my way of life, and to buy, in the first kingdom where I am well suited, some good province which will bring me in a great revenue. Once established in my palace, I will thenceforth devote myself only to enjoying life in the midst of my pretty slaves, among flowers and perfumes, and to soothing my spirit by the sounds of their musical instruments while absorbing exquisite wines from the largest of my golden cups. I am growing old, and good wine gladdens the heart of the aged. — Only it seems to me the treasure will be heavy to carry, and in that case it would not sit well on a great territorial lord like myself, who has a multitude of servants and a countless militia, to abase himself to the office of porter, even should I not be seen. In order that the prince of a people may win the respect of his subjects, he must be accustomed to respect himself. One would believe, too, that this elodhopper had been sent here to no other end than to serve me; and as he is stronger than an ox, he can easily transport all my gold as far as the next village, where I will make him a present of my cast-off garb and some small change such as the peasants use."



After this inward harangue, the noble fakir Abhoc, quite certain that the treasure had nothing to dread either from the Kardouon, or from the pitiful Xaïloun who was as far as the Kardouon from knowing its value, let himself be allured without resistance by the sweets of slumber, and slept proudly, dreaming of his province, of his harem peopled with the rarest beauties of the Orient, and of his Shiraz wine bubbling from golden cups.

This is the history of the Fakir Abhoc.

#### IV. DOCTOR ABHAC.

The following day there chanced on the same spot Doctor Abhac, who was a man highly versed in all the laws, and who had lost his way while meditating over an involved text, of which the jurists had already given one hundred and thirty-two different interpretations. He was on the point of grasping the one hundred and thirty-third when the sight of the treasure made him forget it clean, by transporting his thoughts to the ticklish ground of discovery, ownership, and the Treasury. It was so utterly annihilated from his memory that he would not have found it again in a hundred years. It was a great loss.

"It is obvious," said Doctor Abhac, "that it is the Kardouon who has found the treasure; and he will not plead — I answer for it — his right of discovery to reclaim his legal share in the division. The said Kardouon is therefore ousted from the case. As to the Treasury and the ownership, I hold that the spot is waste, common, the property of each and of all, so that the state and the individual have nothing there to take cognizance of; which is a lucky chance under the actual conditions — this confluence of wandering streams, marking, if I am not deceived, a disputable boundary between two warlike peoples, and long bloody wars being likely to arise from the possible conflict of two jurisdictions. I should therefore perform an innocent, legitimate, even provident act, in carrying the treasure outside, if I could load myself with it for a journey. — As for these two adventurers, one of whom seems to me a clown of a woodcutter and the other a scoundrelly fakir, fellows of no name, vagrants and without weight, they have probably lain down here only to proceed to-morrow to a friendly sharing, because they do not know either texts or commentaries, and that they are esteemed of equal force. — But they cannot extricate themselves from it

without a lawsuit, I will stake my reputation. Only, as sleep is overpowering me, because of the great mental conflict this affair has caused me, I shall take formal possession by putting some of these pieces in my turban, that there may appear ostensibly and peremptorily in court, if the case is there called up, the priority of my right; he who possesses the thing by the desire of having, tradition of having had, and first occupation, being presumed owner, as it is written."

And Doctor Abhac fortified his turban with so many pieces of conviction that he passed a large part of the day in dragging it, poor man, as far as the spot where died in the rays of the horizontal sun the shade of the protecting boughs. Still he kept returning there many times over, always cramming his turban with new evidences; so that in the end he bravely decided to fill up its concavity with them, reserving the right to sleep bare-headed in the evening dew.

"I am not embarrassed about waking," said he, propping his freshly shaven occiput on the bloated turban which served him as a pillow. "These persons will dispute from the break of day, and they will be only too glad to have an authority on law at hand to accommodate them, which assures me my portion and fee."

After which Doctor Abhac slept magisterially, dreaming of procedure and gold.

This is the history of Doctor Abhac.

## V. THE KING OF THE SANDS.

The following day, toward evening, there chanced on the same spot a famous bandit of whom history does not preserve the name, but who was in all that country the terror of the caravans, on which he imposed enormous tributes; and who was called for that reason **THE KING OF THE SANDS**, if the memoirs of that remote epoch are to be trusted. He had never before entered so far into the desert, because that route was little frequented by travelers; and the aspect of that spring and those shades rejoiced his heart — ordinarily but little sensible to the beauties of nature — in such fashion that he resolved to stop there a moment.

"Truly that was not a bad inspiration of mine," he murmured between his teeth on perceiving the treasure. "The **Kardouon** watches here, following the immemorial usage of

lizards and dragons, on guard over this heap of gold it has nothing to do with ; and these three arrant sponges have come in a body to share it among themselves. If I load myself up with all this booty while they are asleep, I shall not fail to wake the Kardouon, who will wake these others, for he is always on the alert ; and I shall have to deal with the lizard, the wood-cutter, and the fakir and the lawyer—two species who are after prey and capable of defending it. Prudence warns me it is better to make believe sleep beside them, so long as the shadows have not yet fallen, since it seems they propose to pass the night here ; and afterwards I will profit by the darkness to kill them one by one with a good stroke of the *canjar*. This place is so unfrequented that I am not afraid of any hindrance to-morrow in carrying off this wealth ; indeed, I don't propose to leave without having made a breakfast of the Kardouon, whose flesh is very delicate, so I have heard my father say."

He in turn slept, dreaming of assassinations, pillages, and Kardouons broiled over the coals.

This is the history of the KING OF THE SANDS, who was a robber, and called so to distinguish him from others.

## VI. THE SAGE LOCKMAN.

The following day there chanced on the same spot the sage Lockman, the philosopher and poet ; Lockman, the lover of human beings, the preceptor of peoples, and the counselor of kings ; Lockman, who often sought the remotest solitudes to meditate on nature and on God.

And Lockman walked with a lagging step, because he was enfeebled by his great age ; for he had attained, that very day, the three hundredth anniversary of his birth.

Lockman halted at the spectacle which the neighborhood of the tree in the desert presented him there, and reflected a moment.

"The picture which your divine goodness has displayed to my vision," he exclaimed at last, "comprises, O sublime Creator of all things ! unspeakable admonitions ; and my soul is overwhelmed, in contemplating it, with admiration for the lessons which flow from your works, and with compassion for the insensate beings who do not recognize your hand.

"Here is a treasure, as men express it, which has perhaps many times cost its owner his peace of mind and of soul.

"Here is the Kardouon, who has found these pieces of gold, and who, enlightened only by the feeble instinct with which you have provided his species, has taken them for slices of roots dried up by the sun.

"Here is the poor Xaïloun, whose eyes have been dazzled by the brilliancy of the Kardouon's vesture, because his intelligence could not pierce, by mounting up to you, the shadows which envelop him like the swaddling-clothes of a cradled infant, and adore in this magnificent apparel the all-powerful hand which thus adorns at its will the humblest of its creatures.

"Here is the fakir Abhoc, who trusted in the natural timidity of the Kardouon and the imbecility of Xaïloun to remain sole possessor of so much wealth, and render himself opulent all his declining age.

"Here is Doctor Abhae, who has counted on the dispute which must be excited on awaking by the division of these treacherous vanities of fortune, to become an intermediary between the claimants and exact a double portion for his fee.

"Here is the **KING OF THE SANDS**, who came last, revolving fatal ideas and projects of death, in the wonted manner of those deplorable men whom your sovereign grace abandons to the passions of the earth; and who promised himself, perhaps, to butcher the first comers during the night, so far as I can judge by the desperate violence with which his hand has grasped his *canjar*.

"And all five are asleep forever under the poisonous shade of the Upas, the baleful seeds of which a breath of your anger has blown from the depths of the forests of Java."

When he had said what I have just related, Lockman fell upon his face and worshiped God.

And when Lockman had arisen, he passed his hand through his beard and continued.

"The respect which is due to the dead," he went on, "forbids us to leave their remains a prey to the beasts of the desert. The living judge the living, but the dead belong to God."

And he detached the pruning-knife from Xaïloun's belt to dig three graves.

In the first grave he placed the fakir Abhoc.

In the second grave he placed Doctor Abhae.

In the third grave he buried the **KING OF THE SANDS**.

"As for thee, Xaïloun," continued Lockman, "I will carry thee far from the deadly influence of the tree-poison, so that

thy friends, if any there remain to thee on the earth since the death of the Kardouon, may come to weep thee without danger in the spot where thou reposest; and I will do thus, my friend, because thou hast spread thy cloak over the sleeping Kardouon to preserve him from the cold."

Then Lockman carried Xailoun far from thence, and dug him a grave in a little blossomy ravine, which the springs of the desert bathed often but never overflowed, under trees whose foliage floating in the wind effused around it only coolness and fragrance.

And when he had finished this, Lockman a second time passed his hand through his beard; and after some reflection, Lockman went to seek the Kardouon, who was dead beneath the poisonous tree of Java.

After which Lockman dug a fifth grave for the Kardouon above Xailoun's, on a lee side better exposed to the warmth of the sun, whose dawning rays awaken the gayety of the lizards.

"God preserve me," said Lockman, "from separating in death those who loved one another!"

And when he had spoken thus, Lockman a third time passed his hand through his beard; and after having reflected, Lockman returned to the foot of the Upas tree.

After which he dug there a very deep grave, and in it interred the treasure.

"This precaution," he said, smiling within his heart, "may save the life of a man or that of a Kardouon."

After which Lockman resumed his path with great fatigue, in order to lie down near the grave of Xailoun; and he felt himself sinking before he arrived there, on account of his great age.

And when Lockman had reached the grave of Xailoun, he sank all at once, let himself fall on the earth, lifted his soul toward God, and died.

This is the history of the sage Lockman.

## VII. THE SPIRIT OF GOD.

The following day there chanced to be in the air one of those Spirits of God whom you have never seen except in your dreams, who hovered, again soared aloft, seemed at times to lose himself in the eternal azure, descended once more, and balanced



himself at heights that thought cannot measure, on great blue wings, like a giant butterfly.

As he came closer and closer, one might see displayed the locks of his blonde hair like gold from the furnace; and he let himself move at the will of the zephyrs which rocked him, throwing out his ivory arms and his head abandoned to all the little uses of the sky.

Then he alighted, springing with his feet upon the frail boughs without weighing down a leaf, without bending a flower; and then he flew, caressing it with the fluttering of his wings, around the new-made grave of Xailoun.

"What!" he cried, "so Xailoun is dead, Xailoun whom heaven awaits on account of his innocence and his simplicity?"

And from his large blue wings, which caressed the grave of Xailoun, he let fall on the midst of the earth which covered it a little feather which suddenly took root there, sprouted, and developed into the most beautiful plume that ever was seen to crown the coffin of a king; this he did the better to find the place again.

Then he perceived the poet, who was asleep in death as in a joyous dream, and all whose features were smiling with peace and happiness.

"My Lockman too," said the Spirit, "wished to grow young again to resemble us, though he had passed but a small number of seasons among men, who have not had time, alas! to profit by his lessons. Come nevertheless, my brother, come with me, awake from death to follow me; come to the eternal day, come to God!"

At the same instant he applied a kiss of resurrection to the forehead of Lockman, lifted him lightly from his bed of moss, and plunged with him into the sky, so deep that the eagle's eye would fatigue itself in searching for them before being fully opened to their departure.

This is the history of the Angel.

#### VIII. THE END OF THE GOLDEN DREAM.

That which I have just related to you passed infinite ages ago, and since that time the name of the sage Lockman has never departed from the memories of men.

And since that time the Upas ever spreads its boughs, whose shade brings death, between the springs that flew forever.

This is the history of the World.

## BELLES DEMOISELLES PLANTATION.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE.

[GEORGE WASHINGTON CABLE (1844- ), American novelist and writer on social topics, was born in New Orleans, of Virginia and New England ancestry. After service in the Confederate army he began to write while engaged as an accountant. His stories of the Creoles of Louisiana (as those of French or Spanish ancestry are called) soon won recognition. Among his books are "Old Creole Days" (1879), "The Grandissimes" (1880), "Dr. Sevier" (1833), "Bonaventure" (1888) and "Strange True Stories of Louisiana" (1889). In 1885 he removed to New England, and has written several other novels, but none of them has gained the popularity of his earlier work. In addition he published several books on social questions, particularly in the South, and a book on gardening. He was early elected a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. From "Old Creole Days," copyright 1879, \$1, 83 by Charles Scribner's Sons. By arrangement with the publishers.]

THE original grantee was Count —, assume the name to be De Charleu; the old Creoles never forgive a public mention. He was the French king's commissary. One day, called to France to explain the lucky accident of the commissariat having burned down with his account-books inside, he left his wife, a Choctaw Comtesse, behind.

Arrived at court, his excuses were accepted, and that tract granted him where afterwards stood Belles Demoiselles Plantation. A man cannot remember every thing! In a fit of forgetfulness he married a French gentlewoman, rich and beautiful, and "brought her out." However, "All's well that ends well;" a famine had been in the colony, and the Choctaw Comtesse had starved, leaving nought but a half-caste orphan family lurking on the edge of the settlement, bearing our French gentlewoman's own new name, and being mentioned in Monsieur's will.

And the new Comtesse—she tarried but a twelve-month, left Monsieur a lovely son, and departed, led out of this vain world by the swamp-fever.

From this son sprang the proud Creole family of De Charleu. It rose straight up, up, up, generation after generation, tall, branchless, slender, palm-like; and finally, in the time of which I am to tell, flowered with all the rare beauty of a century-plant, in Artemise, Innocente, Felicité, the twins Marie and Martha,

Leontine and little Septima: the seven beautiful daughters for whom their home had been fitly named Belles Demoiselles.

The Count's grant had once been a long Pointe, round which the Mississippi used to whirl, and seethe, and foam, that it was horrid to behold. Big whirlpools would open and wheel about in the savage eddies under the low bank, and close up again, and others open, and spin, and disappear. Great circles of muddy surface would boil up from hundreds of feet below, and gloss over, and seem to float away,—sink, come back again under water, and with only a soft hiss surge up again, and again drift off, and vanish. Every few minutes the loamy bank would tip down a great load of earth upon its besieger, and fall back a foot, —sometimes a yard,—and the writhing river would press after, until at last the Pointe was quite swallowed up, and the great river glided by in a majestic curve, and asked no more; the bank stood fast, the “caving” became a forgotten misfortune, and the diminished grant was a long, sweeping, willowy bend, rustling with miles of sugar-cane.

Coming up the Mississippi in the sailing craft of those early days, about the time one first could descry the white spires of the old St. Louis Cathedral, you would be pretty sure to spy, just over to your right under the levee, Belles Demoiselles Mansion, with its broad veranda and red painted cypress roof, peering over the embankment, like a bird in the nest, half hid by the avenue of willows which one of the departed De Charleus,—he that married a Marot,—had planted on the levee's crown.

The house stood unusually near the river, facing eastward, and standing four-square, with an immense veranda about its sides, and a flight of steps in front spreading broadly downward, as we open arms to a child. From the veranda nine miles of river were seen; and in their compass, near at hand, the shady garden full of rare and beautiful flowers; farther away broad fields of cane and rice, and the distant quarters of the slaves, and on the horizon everywhere a dark belt of cypress forest.

The master was old Colonel De Charleu,—Jean Albert Henri Joseph De Charleu-Marot, and “Colonel” by the grace of the first American governor. Monsieur,—he would not speak to any one who called him “Colonel,”—was a hoary-headed patriarch. His step was firm, his form erect, his intellect strong and clear, his countenance classic, serene, dignified, commanding, his manners courtly, his voice musical,—fascinating. He had had his vices,—all his life; but had borne them, as his race do, with a serenity of conscience and a cleanness of mouth that

left no outward blemish on the surface of the gentleman. He had gambled in Royal Street, drunk hard in Orleans Street, run his adversary through in the duelling-ground at Slaughter-house Point, and danced and quarrelled at the St. Philippe-street-theatre quadroon balls. Even now, with all his courtesy and bounty, and a hospitality which seemed to be entertaining angels, he was bitter-proud and penurious, and deep down in his hard-finished heart loved nothing but himself, his name, and his motherless children. But these!—their ravishing beauty was all but excuse enough for the unbounded idolatry of their father. Against these seven goddesses he never rebelled. Had they even required him to defraud old De Carlos—I can hardly say.

Old De Carlos was his extremely distant relative on the Choctaw side. With his single exception, the narrow thread-like line of descent from the Indian wife, diminished to a mere strand by injudicious alliances, and deaths in the gutters of Old New Orleans, was extinct. The name, by Spanish contact, had become De Carlos; but this one surviving bearer of it was known to all, and known only, as Injin Charlie.

One thing I never knew a Creole to do. He will not utterly go back on the ties of blood, no matter what sort of knots those ties may be. For one reason, he is never ashamed of his or his father's sins; and for another,—he will tell you—he is “all heart!”

So the different heirs of the De Charleu estate had always strictly regarded the rights and interests of the De Carloses, especially their ownership of a block of dilapidated buildings in a part of the city, which had once been very poor property, but was beginning to be valuable. This block had much more than maintained the last De Carlos through a long and lazy lifetime, and, as his household consisted only of himself, and an aged and crippled negress, the inference was irresistible that he “had money.” Old Charlie, though by *alias* an “injin,” was plainly a dark white man, about as old as Colonel De Charleu, sunk in the bliss of deep ignorance, shrewd, deaf, and, by repute at least, unmerciful.

The Colonel and he always conversed in English. This rare accomplishment, which the former had learned from his Scotch wife,—the latter from upriver traders,—they found an admirable medium of communication, answering, better than French could, a similar purpose to that of the stick which we fasten to the bit of one horse and breast-gear of another, whereby each keeps his distance. Once in a while, too, by way of jest, English



found its way among the ladies of Belles Demoiselles, always signifying that their sire was about to have business with old Charlie.

Now a long-standing wish to buy out Charlie troubled the Colonel. He had no desire to oust him unfairly; he was proud of being always fair; yet he did long to engross the whole estate under one title. Out of his luxurious idleness he had conceived this desire, and thought little of so slight an obstacle as being already somewhat in debt to old Charlie for money borrowed, and for which Belles Demoiselles was, of course, good, ten times over. Lots, buildings, rents, all, might as well be his, he thought, to give, keep, or destroy. "Had he but the old man's heritage. Ah! he might bring that into existence which his *belles demoiselles* had been begging for, 'since many years;' a home,—and such a home,—in the gay city. Here he should tear down this row of cottages, and make his garden wall; there that long rope-walk should give place to vine-covered arbors; the bakery yonder should make way for a costly conservatory; that wine warehouse should come down, and the mansion go up. It should be the finest in the State. Men should never pass it, but they should say—'the palace of the De Charleus; a family of grand descent, a people of elegance and bounty, a line as old as France, a fine old man, and seven daughters as beautiful as happy; whoever dare attempt to marry there must leave his own name behind him!'

"The house should be of stones fitly set, brought down in ships from the land of 'les Yankees,' and it should have an airy belvedere, with a gilded image tip-toeing and shining on its peak, and from it you should see, far across the gleaming folds of the river, the red roof of Belles Demoiselles, the country-seat. At the big stone gate there should be a porter's lodge, and it should be a privilege even to see the ground."

Truly they were a family fine enough, and fancy-free enough to have fine wishes, yet happy enough where they were, to have had no wish but to live there always.

To those, who, by whatever fortune, wandered into the garden of Belles Demoiselles some summer afternoon as the sky was reddening towards evening, it was lovely to see the family gathered out upon the tiled pavement at the foot of the broad front steps, gayly chatting and jesting, with that ripple of laughter that comes so pleasingly from a bevy of girls. The father would be found seated in their midst, the centre of attention and compliment, witness, arbiter, umpire, critic, by his



beautiful children's unanimous appointment, but the single vassal, too, of seven absolute sovereigns.

Now they would draw their chairs near together in eager discussion of some new step in the dance, or the adjustment of some rich adornment. Now they would start about him with excited comments to see the eldest fix a bunch of violets in his button-hole. Now the twins would move down a walk after some unusual flower, and be greeted on their return with the high pitched notes of delighted feminine surprise.

As evening came on they would draw more quietly about their paternal centre. Often their chairs were forsaken, and they grouped themselves on the lower steps, one above another, and surrendered themselves to the tender influences of the approaching night. At such an hour the passer on the river, already attracted by the dark figures of the broad-roofed mansion, and its woody garden standing against the glowing sunset, would hear the voices of the hidden group rise from the spot in the soft harmonies of an evening song; swelling clearer and clearer as the thrill of music warmed them into feeling, and presently joined by the deeper tones of the father's voice; then, as the daylight passed away, all would be still, and he would know that the beautiful home had gathered its nestlings under its wings.

And yet, for mere vagary, it pleased them not to be pleased.

"Arti!" called one sister to another in the broad hall, one morning,—mock amazement in her distended eyes,—“something is goin’ to took place!”

“Comm-e-n-t?”—long-drawn perplexity.

“Papa is goin’ to town!”

The news passed up stairs.

“Inno!”—one to another meeting in a doorway,—“something is goin’ to took place!”

“*Qu’est-ce-que c’est!*”—vain attempt at gruffness.

“Papa is goin’ to town!”

The unusual tidings were true. It was afternoon of the same day that the Colonel tossed his horse's bridle to his groom, and stepped up to old Charlie, who was sitting on his bench under a China-tree, his head, as was his fashion, bound in a Madras handkerchief. The “old man” was plainly under the effect of spirits and smiled a deferential salutation without trusting himself to his feet.

“Eh, well, Charlie!”—the Colonel raised his voice to suit his kinsman's deafness,—“how is those times with my friend Charlie?”

"Eh?" said Charlie, distractedly.

"Is that goin' well with my friend Charlie?"

"In de house,—call her,"—making a pretence of rising.

"*Non, non!* I don't want,"—the speaker paused to breathe—  
—"ow is collection?"

"Oh!" said Charlie, "every day he make me more poorer!"

"What do you hask for it?" asked the planter indifferently, designating the house by a wave of his whip.

"Ask for w'at?" said Injin Charlie.

"De house! What you ask for it?"

"I don't believe," said Charlie.

"What you would *take* for it!" cried the planter.

"Wait for w'at?"

"What you would *take* for the whole block?"

"I don't want to sell him!"

"I'll give you *ten thousand dollah* for it."

"Ten t'ousand dollah for dis house? Oh, no, dat is no price. He is blame good old house,—dat old house." (Old Charlie and the Colonel never swore in presence of each other.) "Forty years dat old house didn't had to be paint! I easy can get fifty t'ousand dollah for dat old house."

"Fifty thousand picayunes; yes," said the Colonel.

"She's a good house. Can make plenty money," pursued the deaf man.

"That's what make you so rich, eh, Charlie?"

"*Non*, I don't make nothing. Too blame clever, me, dat's de troub'. She's a good house,—make money fast like a steam-boat,—make a barrel full in a week! Me, I lose money all de days. Too blame clever."

"Charlie!"

"Eh?"

"Tell me what you'll take."

"Make? I don't make *nothing*. Too blame clever."

"What will you *take*?"

"Oh! I got enough already,—half drunk now."

"What will you take for the 'ouse?"

"You want to buy her?"

"I don't know,"—(shrug),—"maybe,—if you sell it cheap."

"She's a bully old house."

There was a long silence. By and by old Charlie commenced—

"Old Injin Charlie is a low-down dog."

"*C'est vrai, oui!*" retorted the Colonel in an undertone.

"He's got Injin blood in him."

The Colonel nodded assent.

"But he's got some blame good blood, too, ain't it?"

The Colonel nodded impatiently.

"*Bien!* Old Charlie's Injin blood says, 'sell de house, Charlie, you blame old fool!' *Mais*, old Charlie's good blood says, 'Charlie! if you sell dat old house, Charlie, you low-down old dog, Charlie, what de Compte De Charleu make for you grace-gran'muzzer, de dev' can eat you, Charlie, I don't care.'"

"But you'll sell it anyhow, won't you, old man?"

"No!" And the *no* rumbled off in muttered oaths like thunder out on the Gulf. The incensed old Colonel wheeled and started off.

"Curl!" (Colonel) said Charlie, standing up unsteadily.

The planter turned with an inquiring frown.

"I'll trade with you!" said Charlie.

The Colonel was tempted. "'Ow'l you trade?" he asked.

"My house for yours!"

The old Colonel turned pale with anger. He walked very quickly back, and came close up to his kinsman.

"Charlie!" he said.

"Injin Charlie,"—with a tipsy nod.

But by this time self-control was returning. "Sell Belles Demoiselles to you?" he said in a high key, and then laughed "Ho, ho, ho!" and rode away.

A cloud, but not a dark one, overshadowed the spirits of Belles Demoiselles' plantation. The old master, whose beaming presence had always made him a shining Saturn, spinning and sparkling within the bright circle of his daughters, fell into musing fits, started out of frowning reveries, walked often by himself, and heard business from his overseer fretfully.

No wonder. The daughters knew his closeness in trade, and attributed to it his failure to negotiate for the Old Charlie buildings,—so to call them. They began to depreciate Belles Demoiselles. If a north wind blew, it was too cold to ride. If a shower had fallen, it was too muddy to drive. In the morning the garden was wet. In the evening the grasshopper was a burden. *Ennui* was turned into capital; every headache was interpreted a premonition of ague; and when the native exuberance of a flock of ladies without a want or a care burst out in laughter in the father's face, they spread their French eyes, rolled up their little hands, and with rigid wrists and mock

vehemence vowed and vowed again that they only laughed at their misery, and should pine to death unless they could move to the sweet city. "Oh! the theatre! Oh! Orleans Street! Oh! the masquerade! the Place d'Armes! the ball!" and they would call upon Heaven with French irreverence, and fall into each other's arms, and whirl down the hall singing a waltz, end with a grand collision and fall, and, their eyes streaming merriment, lay the blame on the slippery floor, that would some day be the death of the whole seven.

Three times more the fond father, thus goaded, managed, by accident,—business accident,—to see old Charlie and increase his offer; but in vain. He finally went to him formally.

"Eh?" said the deaf and distant relative. "For what you want him, eh? Why you don't stay where you halways be 'appy? Dis is a blame old rat-hole,—good for old Injin Charlie, da's all. Why you don't stay where you be halways 'appy? Why you don't buy somewheres else?"

"That's none of your business," snapped the planter. Truth was, his reasons were unsatisfactory even to himself.

A sullen silence followed. Then Charlie spoke:

"Well, now, look here; I sell you old Charlie's house."

"*Bien!* and the whole block," said the Colonel.

"Hold on," said Charlie. "I sell you de 'ouse and de block. Den I go and git drunk, and go to sleep, de dev' comes along and says, 'Charlie! old Charlie, you blame low-down old dog, wake up! What you doin' here? Where's de 'ouse what Monsieur le Compte give you grace-gran-muzzer? Don't you see dat fine gentyman, De Charleu, done gone and tore him down and make him over new, you blame old fool, Charlie, you low-down old Injin dog!'"

"I'll give you forty thousand dollars," said the Colonel.

"For de 'ouse?"

"For all."

The deaf man shook his head.

"Forty-five!" said the Colonel.

"What a lie? For what you tell me 'What a lie?' I don't tell you no lie."

"*Non, non!* I give you *forty-five!*" shouted the Colonel. Charlie shook his head again.

"Fifty!"

He shook it again.

The figures rose and rose to—

"Seventy-five!"



The answer was an invitation to go away and let the owner alone, as he was, in certain specified respects, the vilest of living creatures, and no company for a fine gentyman.

The "fine gentyman" longed to blaspheme,—but before old Charlie!—in the name of pride, how could he? He mounted and started away.

"Tell you what I'll make wid you," said Charlie.

The other, guessing aright, turned back without dismounting, smiling.

"How much Belles Demoiselles hoes me now?" asked the deaf one.

"One hundred and eighty thousand dollars," said the Colonel, firmly.

"Yass," said Charlie. "I don't want Belles Demoiselles."

The old Colonel's quiet laugh intimated it made no difference either way.

"But me," continued Charlie, "me,—I'm got le Compte De Charleu's blood in me, any'ow,—a litt' bit, any'ow, ain't it?"

The Colonel nodded that it was.

"*Bien!* If I go out of dis place and don't go to Belles Demoiselles, de peoples will say,—dey will say, 'Old Charlie he been all doze time tell a blame *lie!* He ain't no kin to his old grace-gran-muzzer, not a blame bit! He don't got nary drop of De Charleu blood to save his blame low-down old Injin soul!' No, sare! What I want wid money, den? No, sare! My place for yours!"

He turned to go into the house, just too soon to see the Colonel make an ugly whisk at him with his riding-whip. Then the Colonel, too, moved off.

Two or three times over, as he ambled homeward, laughter broke through his annoyance, as he recalled old Charlie's family pride and the presumption of his offer. Yet each time he could but think better of—not the offer to swap, but the preposterous ancestral loyalty. It was so much better than he could have expected from his "low-down" relative, and not unlike his own whim withal—the proposition which went with it was forgiven.

This last defeat bore so harshly on the master of Belles Demoiselles that the daughters, reading chagrin in his face, began to repent. They loved their father as daughters can, and when they saw their pretended dejection harassing him seriously they restrained their complaints, displayed more than ordinary tenderness, and heroically and ostentatiously concluded there was no place like Belles Demoiselles. But the new mood touched him

more than the old, and only refined his discontent. Here was a man, rich without the care of riches, free from any real trouble, happiness as native to his house as perfume to his garden, deliberately, as it were with premeditated malice, taking joy by the shoulder and bidding her be gone to town, whither he might easily have followed, only that the very same ancestral nonsense that kept Injin Charlie from selling the old place for twice its value prevented him from choosing any other spot for a city home.

But by and by the charm of nature and the merry hearts around him prevailed; the fit of exalted sulks passed off, and after a while the year flared up at Christmas, flickered, and went out.

New Year came and passed; the beautiful garden of Belles Demoiselles put on its spring attire; the seven fair sisters moved from rose to rose; the cloud of discontent had warmed into invisible vapor in the rich sunlight of family affection, and on the common memory the only scar of last year's wound was old Charlie's sheer impertinence in crossing the caprice of the De Charleus. The cup of gladness seemed to fill with the filling of the river.

How high that river was! Its tremendous current rolled and tumbled and spun along, hustling the long funeral flotillas of drift,—and how near shore it came! Men were out day and night, watching the levee. On windy nights even the old Colonel took part, and grew light-hearted with occupation and excitement, as every minute the river threw a white arm over the levee's top, as though it would vault over. But all held fast, and, as the summer drifted in, the water sunk down into its banks and looked quite incapable of harm.

On a summer afternoon of uncommon mildness, old Colonel Jean Albert Henri Joseph De Charleu-Marot, being in a mood for revery, slipped the custody of his feminine rulers and sought the crown of the levee, where it was his wont to promenade. Presently he sat upon a stone bench,—a favorite seat. Before him lay his broad-spread fields; near by, his lordly mansion; and being still,—perhaps by female contact,—somewhat sentimental, he fell to musing on his past. It was hardly worthy to be proud of. All its morning was reddened with mad frolic, and far toward the meridian it was marred with elegant rioting. Pride had kept him well-nigh useless, and despised the honors won by valor; gaming had dimmed prosperity; death had taken his heavenly wife; voluptuous ease had mortgaged his lands;

and yet his house still stood, his sweet-smelling fields were still fruitful, his name was fame enough; and yonder and yonder, among the trees and flowers, like angels walking in Eden, were the seven goddesses of his only worship.

Just then a slight sound behind him brought him to his feet. He cast his eyes anxiously to the outer edge of the little strip of bank between the levee's base and the river. There was nothing visible. He paused, with his ear toward the water, his face full of frightened expectation. Ha! There came a single plashing sound, like some great beast slipping into the river, and little waves in a wide semi-circle came out from under the bank and spread over the water!

"My God!"

He plunged down the levee and bounded through the low weeds to the edge of the bank. It was sheer, and the water about four feet below. He did not stand quite on the edge, but fell upon his knees a couple of yards away, wringing his hands, moaning and weeping, and staring through his watery eyes at a fine, long crevice just discernible under the matted grass, and curving outward on either hand toward the river.

"My God!" he sobbed aloud; "my God!" and even while he called, his God answered: the tough Bermuda grass stretched and snapped, the crevice slowly became a gape, and softly, gradually, with no sound but the closing of the water at last, a ton or more of earth settled into the boiling eddy and disappeared.

At the same instant a pulse of the breeze brought from the garden behind, the joyous, thoughtless laughter of the fair mistresses of Belles Demoiselles.

The old Colonel sprang up and clambered over the levee. Then forcing himself to a more composed movement, he hastened into the house and ordered his horse.

"Tell my children to make merry while I am gone," he left word. "I shall be back to-night," and the horse's hoofs clattered down a by-road leading to the city.

"Charlie," said the planter, riding up to a window, from which the old man's nightcap was thrust out, "what you say, Charlie,—my house for yours, eh, Charlie—what you say?"

"Ello!" said Charlie; "from where you come from dis time of to-night?"

"I come from the Exchange in St. Louis Street." (A small fraction of the truth.)

"What you want?" said matter-of-fact Charlie.

"I come to trade."

The low-down relative drew the worsted off his ears. "Oh! yass," he said with an uncertain air.

"Well, old man Charlie, what you say: my house for yours,—like you said,—eh, Charlie?"

"I dunno," said Charlie; "it's nearly mine now. Why you don't stay dare youse'f?"

"*Because I don't want!*" said the Colonel savagely. "Is dat reason enough for you? You better take me in de notion, old man, I tell you,—yes!"

Charlie never winced; but how his answer delighted the Colonel! Quoth Charlie:

"I don't care—I take him!—*mais*, possession, give right off."

"Not the whole plantation, Charlie; only"—

"I don't care," said Charlie; "we easy can fix dat. *Mais*, what for you don't want to keep him? I don't want him. You better keep him."

"Don't you try to make no fool of me, old man," cried the planter.

"Oh, no!" said the other. "Oh, no! but you make a fool of yourself, ain't it?"

The dumfounded Colonel stared; Charlie went on:

"Yass!" Belles Demoiselles is more wort' dan tree block like this one. I pass by dare since two weeks. Oh, pritty Belles Demoiselles! De cane was wave in de wind, de garden smell like a bouquet, de white-cap was jump up and down on de river; seven *belles demoiselles* was ridin' on horses. 'Pritty, pritty, pritty!' says old Charlie. Ah! *Monsieur le père*, 'ow 'appy, 'appy, 'appy!

"Yass!" he continued—the Colonel still staring—"le Compte De Charleu have two familie. One was low-down Choctaw, one was high up noblesse. He gave the low-down Choctaw dis old rat-hole; he give Belles Demoiselles to you gran-fizzer; and now you don't be *satisfait*. What I'll do wid Belles Demoiselles? She'll break me in two years, yass. And what you'll do wid old Charlie's house, eh? You'll tear her down and make youse'f a blame old fool. I rather wouldn't trade!"

The planter caught a big breathful of anger, but Charlie went straight on:

"I rather wouldn't, *mais* I will do it for you;—just the same, like Monsieur le Compte would say, 'Charlie, you old fool, I want to shange houses wid you.'"



So long as the Colonel suspected irony he was angry, but as Charlie seemed, after all, to be certainly in earnest, he began to feel conscience-stricken. He was by no means a tender man, but his lately-discovered misfortune had unhinged him, and this strange, undeserved, disinterested family fealty on the part of Charlie touched his heart. And should he still try to lead him into the pitfall he had dug? He hesitated;—no, he would show him the place by broad daylight, and if he chose to overlook the “caving bank,” it would be his own fault;—a trade’s a trade.

“Come,” said the planter, “come at my house to-night; to-morrow we look at the place before breakfast, and finish the trade.”

“For what?” said Charlie.

“Oh, because I got to come in town in the morning.”

“I don’t want,” said Charlie. “How I’m goin’ to come dere?”

“I git you a horse at the liberty stable.”

“Well—anyhow—I don’t care—I’ll go.” And they went.

When they had ridden a long time, and were on the road darkened by hedges of Cherokee rose, the Colonel called behind him to the “low-down” scion:

“Keep the road, old man.”

“Eh?”

“Keep the road.”

“Oh, yes; all right; I keep my word; we don’t goin’ to play no tricks, eh?”

But the old Colonel seemed not to hear. His ungenerous design was beginning to be hateful to him. Not only old Charlie’s unprovoked goodness was prevailing; the eulogy on Belles Demoiselles had stirred the depths of an intense love for his beautiful home. True, if he held to it, the caving of the bank, at its present fearful speed, would let the house into the river within three months; but were it not better to lose it so, than sell his birthright? Again,—coming back to the first thought,—to betray his own blood! It was only Injin Charlie; but had not the De Charleu blood just spoken out in him? Unconsciously he groaned.

After a time they struck a path approaching the plantation in the rear, and a little after, passing from behind a clump of live-oaks, they came in sight of the villa. It looked so like a gem, shining through its dark grove, so like a great glow-worm in the dense foliage, so significant of luxury and gayety, that the poor master, from an overflowing heart, groaned again.



"What?" asked Charlie.

The Colonel only drew his rein, and, dismounting mechanically, contemplated the sight before him. The high, arched doors and windows were thrown wide to the summer air; from every opening the bright light of numerous candelabra darted out upon the sparkling foliage of magnolia and bay, and here and there in the spacious verandas a colored lantern swayed in the gentle breeze. A sound of revel fell on the ear, the music of harps; and across one window, brighter than the rest, flitted, once or twice, the shadows of dancers. But, oh! the shadows flitting across the heart of the fair mansion's master!

"Old Charlie," said he, gazing fondly at his house, "you and me is both old, eh?"

"Yass," said the stolid Charlie.

"And we has both been bad enough in our time, eh, Charlie?"

Charlie, surprised at the tender tone, repeated "Yass."

"And you and me is mighty close?"

"Blame close, yass."

"But you never know me to cheat, old man!"

"No,"—impassively.

"And do you think I would cheat you now?"

"I dunno," said Charlie. "I don't believe."

"Well, old man, old man,"—his voice began to quiver,—  
"I sha'n't cheat you now. My God!—old man, I tell you—you better not make the trade!"

"Because for what?" asked Charlie in plain anger; but both looked quickly toward the house! The Colonel tossed his hands wildly in the air, rushed forward a step or two, and giving one fearful scream of agony and fright, fell forward on his face in the path. Old Charlie stood transfixed with horror. Belles Demoiselles, the realm of maiden beauty, the home of merriment, the house of dancing, all in the tremor and glow of pleasure, suddenly sunk, with one short, wild wail of terror—sunk, sunk, down, down, down, into the merciless, unfathomable flood of the Mississippi.

Twelve long months were midnight to the mind of the childless father; when they were only half gone, he took his bed; and every day, and every night, old Charlie, the "low-down," the "fool," watched him tenderly, tended him lovingly, for the sake of his name, his misfortunes, and his broken heart. No woman's step crossed the floor of the sick-chamber, whose western dormer-windows overpeered the dingy architecture of old Charlie's

block; Charlie and a skilled physician, the one all interest, the other all gentleness, hope, and patience—these only entered by the door; but by the window came in a sweet-scented evergreen vine, transplanted from the caving bank of Belles Demoiselles. It caught the rays of sunset in its flowery net and let them softly in upon the sick man's bed; gathered the glancing beams of the moon at midnight, and often wakened the sleeper to look, with his mindless eyes, upon their pretty silver fragments strewn upon the floor.

By and by there seemed—there was—a twinkling dawn of returning reason. Slowly, peacefully, with an increase unseen from day to day, the light of reason came into the eyes, and speech became coherent; but withal there came a failing of the wrecked body, and the doctor said that monsieur was both better and worse.

One evening, as Charlie sat by the vine-clad window with his fireless pipe in his hand, the old Colonel's eyes fell full upon his own, and rested there.

"Charl—," he said with an effort, and his delighted nurse hastened to the bedside and bowed his best ear. There was an unsuccessful effort or two, and then he whispered, smiling with sweet sadness,—

"We didn't trade."

The truth, in this case, was a secondary matter to Charlie; the main point was to give a pleasing answer. So he nodded his head decidedly, as who should say—"Oh yes, we did, it was a bonafide swap!" but when he saw the smile vanish, he tried the other expedient and shook his head with still more vigor, to signify that they had not so much as approached a bargain; and the smile returned.

Charlie wanted to see the vine recognized. He stepped backward to the window with a broad smile, shook the foliage, nodded and looked smart.

"I know," said the Colonel, with beaming eyes, "—many weeks."

The next day—

"Charl—"

The best ear went down.

"Send for a priest."

The priest came, and was alone with him a whole afternoon. When he left, the patient was very haggard and exhausted, but smiled and would not suffer the crucifix to be removed from his breast.

One more morning came. Just before dawn Charlie, lying on a pallet in the room, thought he was called, and came to the bedside.

"Old man," whispered the failing invalid, "is it caving yet?"

Charlie nodded.

"It won't pay you out."

"Oh, dat makes not'ing," said Charlie. Two big tears rolled down his brown face. "Dat makes not'in'."

The Colonel whispered once more:

"*Mes belles demoiselles!* in paradise;—in the garden—I shall be with them at sunrise;" and so it was.



## POEMS OF ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

[ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN, born in 1861 at Morpeth, Ontario, lived less than forty years; but his beloved memory is kept alive in some of the most charming nature poems that have been written by a native of Canada. Poor health, resulting from serious illness in boyhood, did not prevent excellent scholarship in school and college. Later, the poet held a position in the Canadian Civil Service. His poems, appearing first in magazines, were published in several volumes,—*Among the Millet, and Other Poems; Lyrics of Earth;* and *Alecyone*. In 1900, the year following his death, a complete edition was published. These poems are used by permission of The Ryerson Press, Toronto.]

### HEAT.

FROM plains that reel to southward, dim,  
 The road runs by me white and bare;  
 Up the steep hill it seems to swim  
 Beyond, and melt into the glare.  
 Upward half-way, or it may be  
 Nearer the summit, slowly steals  
 A hay-cart, moving dustily  
 With idly clacking wheels.

By his cart's side the wagoner  
 Is slouching slowly at his ease,  
 Half-hidden in the windless blur  
 Of white dust puffing to his knees.  
 This wagon on the height above,  
 From sky to sky on either hand,  
 Is the sole thing that seems to move  
 In all the heat-held land.

Beyond me in the fields the sun  
 Soaks in the grass and hath his will;  
**I** count the marguerites one by one;  
 Even the buttercups are still.  
**O**n the brook yonder not a breath  
 Disturbs the spider or the midge.  
**T**he water-bugs draw close beneath  
 The cool gloom of the bridge.

Where the far elm-tree shadows flood  
 Dark patches in the burning grass,  
**T**he cows, each with her peaceful cud,  
 Lie waiting for the heat to pass.  
**F**rom somewhere on the slope near by  
 Into the pale depth of the noon  
**A** wandering thrush slides leisurely  
 His thin revolving tune.

In intervals of dreams I hear  
 The cricket from the drouhty ground;  
**T**he grasshoppers spin into mine ear  
 A small innumerable sound.  
**I** lift mine eyes sometimes to gaze:  
 The burning sky-line blinds my sight:  
**T**he woods far off are blue with haze:  
 The hills are drenched in light.

And yet to me not this or that  
 Is always sharp or always sweet;  
**I**n the sloped shadow of my hat  
 I lean at rest, and drain the heat;  
**N**ay more, I think some blessed power  
 Hath brought me wandering idly here:  
**I**n the full furnace of this hour  
 My thoughts grow keen and clear.

#### THE LOONS.

**O**NCE ye were happy, once by many a shore,  
 Wherever Glooscap's gentle feet might stray,  
 Lulled by his presence like a dream, ye lay  
 Floating at rest; but that was long of yore.  
**H**e was too good for earthly men; he bore  
 Their bitter deeds for many a patient day,  
 And then at last he took his unseen way.  
**H**e was your friend, and ye might rest no more;



And now, though many hundred altering years  
Have passed, among the desolate northern meres  
Still must ye search and wander querulously,  
Crying for Glooscap, still bemoan the light  
With weird entreaties, and in agony  
With awful laughter pierce the lonely night.

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## RESPONSIBILITY AS A NATION.

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

(From Inaugural Address Delivered at Washington, March 4, 1905.)

[THEODORE ROOSEVELT (1858-1919), President of the United States, was born in New York City, was graduated at Harvard, served in the New York Assembly, lived on a ranch in North Dakota, was U. S. Civil Service Commissioner, 1889-95; President New York Police Board, 1895-97; Asst. Sec. of Navy, 1897-98; organized (with Leonard Wood) First U. S. Volunteer Cavalry, with which he served in Cuba during the Spanish-American War. He served as governor of New York, January 1, 1899, to December 31, 1900, became Vice-President of the United States, March 4, 1901, succeeded to the Presidency on the death of William McKinley, September 14, 1901, and was elected in 1904 for the full term 1905-09. After retiring from the Presidency, he traveled extensively in Africa and South America, hunting and exploring. From his youth he was a prolific writer, producing several historical and biographical works of great merit, besides several volumes on political, social and scientific subjects. Several of his earlier volumes are mentioned in another place (v. XVII, 281). Few men of modern times have been more versatile, or have exerted wider influence upon their contemporaries.]

No people on earth have more cause to be thankful than ours, and this is said reverently, in no spirit of boastfulness in our own strength, but with gratitude to the Giver of Good, who has blessed us with the conditions which have enabled us to achieve so large a measure of well-being and of happiness. To us as a people it has been granted to lay the foundations of our national life in a new continent. We are the heirs of the ages, and yet we have had to pay few of the penalties which in old countries are exacted by the dead hand of a bygone civilization. We have not been obliged to fight for our existence against any alien race; and yet our life has called for the vigor and effort without which the manlier and hardier virtues wither away. Under such conditions it would be our own fault if we failed; and the success which we have had in the past, the success which we confidently believe the future will bring, should cause in us no feeling of vainglory, but rather a deep and abiding realiza-

tion of all which life has offered us; a full acknowledgment of the responsibility which is ours; and a fixed determination to show that under a free government a mighty people can thrive best, alike as regards the things of the body and of the soul.

Much has been given to us, and much will rightfully be expected from us. We have duties to others and duties to ourselves; and we can shirk neither. We have become a great nation, forced by the fact of its greatness into relations with the other nations of the earth; and we must behave as beseems a people with such responsibilities. Toward all other nations, large and small, our attitude must be one of cordial and sincere friendship. We must show not only in our words but in our deeds that we are earnestly desirous of securing their good will by acting toward them in a spirit of just and generous recognition of all their rights. But justice and generosity in a nation, as in an individual, count most when shown not by the weak but by the strong. While ever careful to refrain from wronging others, we must be no less insistent that we are not wronged ourselves. We wish peace; but we wish the peace of justice, the peace of righteousness. We wish it because we think it is right and not because we are afraid. No weak nation that acts manfully and justly should ever have cause to fear us, and no strong power should ever be able to single us out as a subject for insolent aggression.

If we fail, the cause of free self-government throughout the world will rock to its foundations; and therefore our responsibility is heavy, to ourselves, to the world as it is to-day, and to the generations yet unborn.

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## THE RAVEN.

By EDGAR A. POE.

[EDGAR ALLAN POE: An American poet and author; born at Boston, Mass., 1809. Orphaned in his third year, he was adopted by John Allan, a wealthy merchant of Richmond, Va., by whom he was sent to school at Stoke-Newington, near London. He spent a year at the University of Virginia (1826); enlisted as a private in the United States army under an assumed name, becoming sergeant major (1829); and was admitted to West Point (1830), receiving his dismissal the next year. Thrown upon his own resources, he began writing for the papers. Subsequently he became editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, in Richmond; was on the staff of *The Gentleman's Magazine* and *Graham's Magazine*, in Philadelphia, and the *Broadway Journal*, in New York. He

died in a Baltimore hospital, October 7, 1849. "The Raven" and "The Bells" are his most popular poems. His fame as a prose writer rests on his tales of terror and mystery.]

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore —  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.  
"Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door —  
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,  
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow; — vainly I had sought to borrow  
From my books surcease of sorrow — sorrow for the lost Lenore —  
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore —  
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain  
Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;  
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating  
"Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door —  
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;  
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,  
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;  
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,  
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,  
That I scarce was sure I heard you" — here I opened wide the  
door; —  
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fear-  
ing,  
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;  
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,  
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore?"  
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"  
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,  
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.  
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;  
Let me see, then, what thereat is and this mystery explore —  
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore; —  
"Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,  
 In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.  
 Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he,  
 But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door —  
 Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door —  
     Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,  
 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,  
 "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no  
     craven,  
 Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the Nightly  
     shore.  
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"  
     Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,  
 Though its answer little meaning — little relevancy bore;  
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being  
 Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door —  
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,  
     With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only  
 That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.  
 Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered —  
 Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown  
     before —  
 On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before,"  
     Then the bird said "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,  
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store  
 Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster  
 Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore —  
 Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore  
     Of 'Never, — nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,  
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and  
     door;  
 Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking  
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore —  
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore  
     Meant in croaking "Nevermore."



This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing  
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;  
 This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining  
 On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,  
 But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er  
     *She shall press, ah, nevermore!*

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen  
     censer

Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.  
 "Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee — by these angels he  
     hath sent thee

Respite — respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!  
 Quaff, oh quaff this kind Nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"  
     Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or devil!  
 Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,  
 Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted —  
 On this Home by horror haunted — tell me truly, I implore —  
 Is there — *is there* balm in Gilead? — tell me — tell me, I implore!"  
     Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil — prophet still, if bird or devil!  
 By that Heaven that bends above us — by that God we both adore —  
 Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,  
 It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore —  
 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."  
     Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, up-  
     starting —

"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!  
 Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!  
 Leave my loneliness unbroken! — quit the bust above my door!  
 Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my  
     door!"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting  
 On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;  
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,  
 And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;  
 And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor  
     Shall be lifted — nevermore!



## THE BELLS.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

[EDGAR ALLAN POE: An American poet and author; born at Boston, Mass., 1809. Orphaned in his third year, he was adopted by John Allan, a wealthy merchant of Richmond, Va., by whom he was sent to school at Stoke-Newington, near London. He spent a year at the University of Virginia (1826); enlisted as a private in the United States army under an assumed name, becoming sergeant major (1829); and was admitted to West Point (1830), receiving his dismissal the next year. Thrown upon his own resources, he began writing for the papers. Subsequently he became editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, in Richmond; was on the staff of *The Gentleman's Magazine* and *Graham's Magazine*, in Philadelphia, and the *Broadway Journal* in New York. He died in a Baltimore hospital, October 7, 1849. "The Raven" and "The Bells" are his most popular poems. His fame as a prose writer rests on his tales of terror and mystery.]

## I.

HEAR the sledges with the bells, —  
Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!  
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
In the icy air of night!  
While the stars that oversprinkle  
All the heavens, seem to twinkle  
With a crystalline delight;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells  
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells, —  
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

## II.

Hear the mellow wedding bells, —  
Golden bells!

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!  
Through the balmy air of night  
How they ring out their delight!  
From the molten golden notes,  
And all in tune,  
What a liquid ditty floats  
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats  
On the moon!  
Oh, from out the sounding cells,  
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!  
How it swells!  
How it dwells!

On the Future! How it tells  
 Of the rapture that impels  
 To the swinging and the ringing  
 Of the bells, bells, bells,  
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
       Bells, bells, bells, —  
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

## III.

Hear the loud alarum bells, —  
       Brazen bells!  
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!  
       In the startled ear of night  
       How they scream out their affright!  
       Too much horrified to speak,  
       They can only shriek, shriek, shriek,  
       Out of tune,  
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,  
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire.  
       Leaping higher, higher, higher,  
       With a desperate desire,  
       And a resolute endeavor  
       Now — now to sit, or never,  
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.  
       Oh, the bells, bells, bells!  
       What a tale their terror tells  
       Of Despair!  
       How they clang, and clash, and roar!  
       What a horror they outpour  
 On the bosom of the palpitating air!  
       Yet the ear it fully knows,  
       By the twanging,  
       And the clanging,  
       How the danger ebbs and flows;  
       Yet the ear distinctly tells,  
       In the jangling,  
       And the wrangling,  
       How the danger sinks and swells,  
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells.  
       Of the bells, —  
       Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
       Bells, bells, bells, —  
 In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

## IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells, —  
 Iron bells !

What a world of solemn thought their monody compels !

In the silence of the night,  
 How we shiver with affright

At the melancholy menace of their tone !

For every sound that floats  
 From the rust within their throats

Is a groan.

And the people — ah, the people —  
 They that dwell in the steeple,

All alone,

And who tolling, tolling, tolling,

In that muffled monotone,

Feel a glory in so rolling

On the human heart a stone :

They are neither man nor woman, —

They are neither brute nor human, —

They are Ghouls ;

And their king it is who tolls, —

And he rolls, rolls, rolls,

Rolls a pæan from the bells !

And his merry bosom swells

With the pæan of the bells,

And he dances, and he yells ;

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the pæan of the bells, —

Of the bells :

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the throbbing of the bells, —

Of the bells, bells, bells, —

To the sobbing of the bells ;

Keeping time, time, time,

As he knells, knells, knells,

In a happy Runic rhyme,

To the rolling of the bells, —

Of the bells, bells, bells, —

To the tolling of the bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells, —

To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

## THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

DURING the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country, and at length found myself, as the shades of evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher. I know not how it was—but, with the first glimpse of the building, a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insufferable; for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half-pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment, with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or terrible. I looked upon the scene before me—upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain—upon the bleak walls—upon the vacant eyelike windows—upon a few rank sedges—and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees—with an utter depression of soul which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after dream of the reveler upon opium—the bitter lapse into everyday life—the hideous dropping of the veil. There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart—an unredeemed dreariness of thought which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime. What was it—I paused to think—what was it that so unnerved me in the contemplation of the House of Usher? It was a mystery all insoluble; nor could I grapple with the shadowy fancies that crowded upon me as I pondered. I was forced to fall back upon the unsatisfactory conclusion that while, beyond doubt, there *are* combinations of very simple natural objects which have the power of thus affecting us, still the analysis of this power lies among considerations beyond our depth. It was possible, I reflected, that a mere different arrangement of the particulars of the scene, of the details of the picture, would be sufficient to modify, or perhaps to annihilate its capacity for sorrowful impression; and, acting upon this idea, I reined my horse to the precipitous brink of a black and lurid tarn that lay in unruffled luster by the dwelling, and gazed down—but with a shudder more thrilling than before—upon the remodeled and inverted images of the gray sedge, and the ghastly tree stems, and the vacant and eyelike windows.

Nevertheless, in this mansion of gloom I now proposed to myself a sojourn of some weeks. Its proprietor, Roderick Usher, had been one of my boon companions in boyhood; but many years had elapsed since our last meeting. A letter, however, had lately reached me in a distant part of the country — a letter from him — which, in its wildly importunate nature, had admitted of no other than a personal reply. The MS. gave evidence of nervous agitation. The writer spoke of acute bodily illness — of a mental disorder which oppressed him — and of an earnest desire to see me, as his best, and indeed his only personal friend, with a view of attempting, by the cheerfulness of my society, some alleviation of his malady. It was the manner in which all this, and much more, was said — it was the apparent *heart* that went with his request — which allowed me no room for hesitation, and I accordingly obeyed forthwith what I still considered a very singular summons.

Although, as boys, we had been even intimate associates, yet I really knew little of my friend. His reserve had been always excessive and habitual. I was aware, however, that his very ancient family had been noted, time out of mind, for a peculiar sensibility of temperament, displaying itself through long ages in many works of exalted art, and manifested of late in repeated deeds of munificent yet unobtrusive charity, as well as in a passionate devotion to the intricacies, perhaps even more than to the orthodox and easily recognizable beauties, of musical science. I had learned, too, the very remarkable fact that the stem of the Usher race, all time-honored as it was, had put forth at no period any enduring branch; in other words, that the entire family lay in the direct line of descent, and had always, with very trifling and very temporary variation, so lain. It was this deficiency, I considered, while running over in thought the perfect keeping of the character of the premises with the accredited character of the people, and while speculating upon the possible influence which the one, in the long lapse of centuries, might have exercised upon the other — it was this deficiency perhaps of collateral issue, and the consequent undeviating transmission from sire to son of the patrimony with the name, which had at length so identified the two as to merge the original title of the estate in the quaint and equivocal appellation of the “House of Usher” — an appellation which seemed to include, in the minds of the peasantry who used it, both the family and the family mansion.



I have said that the sole effect of my somewhat childish experiment — that of looking down within the tarn — had been to deepen the first singular impression. There can be no doubt that the consciousness of the rapid increase of my superstition — for why should I not so term it? — served mainly to accelerate the increase itself. Such, I have long known, is the paradoxical law of all sentiments having terror as a basis; and it might have been for this reason only that, when I again uplifted my eyes to the house itself from its image in the pool, there grew in my mind a strange fancy — a fancy so ridiculous indeed that I but mention it to show the vivid force of the sensations which oppressed me. I had so worked upon my imagination as really to believe that about the whole mansion and domain there hung an atmosphere peculiar to themselves and their immediate vicinity — an atmosphere which had no affinity with the air of heaven, but which had reeked up from the decayed trees, and the gray wall, and the silent tarn — a pestilential and mystic vapor, dull, sluggish, faintly discernible, and leaden-hued.

Shaking off from my spirit what *must* have been a dream, I scanned more narrowly the real aspect of the building. Its principal feature seemed to be that of an excessive antiquity. The discoloration of ages had been great. Minute fungi overspread the whole exterior, hanging in a fine tangled web work from the eaves. Yet all this was apart from any extraordinary dilapidation. No portion of the masonry had fallen, and there appeared to be a wild inconsistency between its still perfect adaptation of parts and the crumbling condition of the individual stones. In this there was much that reminded me of the spacious totality of old woodwork which has rotted for long years in some neglected vault with no disturbance from the breath of the external air. Beyond this indication of extensive decay, however, the fabric gave little token of instability. Perhaps the eye of a scrutinizing observer might have discovered a barely perceptible fissure, which, extending from the roof of the building in front, made its way down the wall in a zigzag direction, until it became lost in the sullen waters of the tarn.

Noticing these things, I rode over a short causeway to the house. A servant in waiting took my horse, and I entered the Gothic archway of the hall. A valet, of stealthy step, thence conducted me in silence through many dark and intricate passages in my progress to the *studio* of his master. Much that

I encountered on the way contributed, I know not how, to heighten the vague sentiments of which I have already spoken. While the objects around me — while the carvings of the ceilings, the somber tapestries of the walls, the ebon blackness of the floors, and the phantasmagoric armorial trophies which rattled as I strode, were but matters to which, or to such as which, I had been accustomed from my infancy — while I hesitated not to acknowledge how familiar was all this — I still wondered to find how unfamiliar were the fancies which ordinary images were stirring up. On one of the staircases I met the physician of the family. His countenance, I thought, wore a mingled expression of low cunning and perplexity. He accosted me with trepidation and passed on. The valet now threw open a door, and ushered me into the presence of his master.

The room in which I found myself was very large and lofty. The windows were long, narrow, and pointed, and at so vast a distance from the black oaken floor as to be altogether inaccessible from within. Feeble gleams of encrimsoned light made their way through the trellised panes, and served to render sufficiently distinct the more prominent objects around; the eye, however, struggled in vain to reach the remoter angles of the chamber, or the recesses of the vaulted and fretted ceiling. Dark draperies hung upon the walls. The general furniture was profuse, comfortless, antique, and tattered. Many books and musical instruments lay scattered about, but failed to give any vitality to the scene. I felt that I breathed an atmosphere of sorrow. An air of stern, deep, and irredeemable gloom hung over and pervaded all.

Upon my entrance, Usher arose from a sofa on which he had been lying at full length, and greeted me with a vivacious warmth which had much in it, I at first thought, of an overdone cordiality — of the constrained effort of the *ennuyé* man of the world. A glance, however, at his countenance convinced me of his perfect sincerity. We sat down; and for some moments, while he spoke not, I gazed upon him with a feeling half of pity, half of awe. Surely, man had never before so terribly altered, in so brief a period, as had Roderick Usher! It was with difficulty that I could bring myself to admit the identity of the wan being before me with the companion of my early boyhood. Yet the character of his face had been at all times remarkable. A cadaverousness of complexion; an eye large,

liquid, and luminous beyond comparison ; lips somewhat thin and very pallid, but of a surpassingly beautiful curve ; a nose of a delicate Hebrew model, but with a breadth of nostril unusual in similar formations ; a finely molded chin, speaking, in its want of prominence, of a want of moral energy ; hair of a more than weblike softness and tenuity ; these features, with an inordinate expansion above the regions of the temple, made up altogether a countenance not easily to be forgotten. And now in the mere exaggeration of the prevailing character of these features, and of the expression they were wont to convey, lay so much of change that I doubted to whom I spoke. The now ghastly pallor of the skin, and the now miraculous luster of the eye, above all things startled and even awed me. The silken hair, too, had been suffered to grow all unheeded, and as, in its wild gossamer texture, it floated rather than fell about the face, I could not, even with effort, connect its Arabesque expression with any idea of simple humanity.

In the manner of my friend I was at once struck with an incoherence — an inconsistency ; and I soon found this to arise from a series of feeble and futile struggles to overcome an habitual trepidancy — an excessive nervous agitation. For something of this nature I had indeed been prepared, no less by his letter than by reminiscences of certain boyish traits, and by conclusions deduced from his peculiar physical conformation and temperament. His action was alternately vivacious and sullen. His voice varied rapidly from a tremulous indecision (when the animal spirits seemed utterly in abeyance) to that species of energetic concision — that abrupt, weighty, unhurried, and hollow-sounding enunciation — that leaden, self-balanced, and perfectly modulated guttural utterance which may be observed in the lost drunkard, or the irreclaimable eater of opium, during the periods of his most intense excitement.

It was thus that he spoke of the object of my visit, of his earnest desire to see me, and of the solace he expected me to afford him. He entered at some length into what he conceived to be the nature of his malady. It was, he said, a constitutional and a family evil, and one for which he despaired to find a remedy — a mere nervous affection, he immediately added, which would undoubtedly soon pass off. It displayed itself in a host of unnatural sensations. Some of these, as he detailed them, interested and bewildered me, although perhaps the terms and the general manner of the narration had their weight. He

suffered much from a morbid acuteness of the senses ; the most insipid food was alone endurable ; he could wear only garments of certain texture ; the odors of all flowers were oppressive ; his eyes were tortured by even a faint light ; and there were but peculiar sounds, and these from stringed instruments, which did not inspire him with horror.

To an anomalous species of terror I found him a bounden slave. "I shall perish," said he, "I *must* perish in this deplorable folly. Thus, thus, and not otherwise, shall I be lost. I dread the events of the future, not in themselves, but in their results. I shudder at the thought of any, even the most trivial incident, which may operate upon this intolerable agitation of soul. I have indeed no abhorrence of danger, except in its absolute effect — in terror. In this unnerved — in this pitiable condition — I feel that the period will sooner or later arrive when I must abandon life and reason together in some struggle with the grim phantasm, FEAR."

I learned, moreover, at intervals, and through broken and equivocal hints, another singular feature of his mental condition. He was enchained by certain superstitious impressions in regard to the dwelling which he tenanted, and whence, for many years, he had never ventured forth — in regard to an influence whose supposititious force was conveyed in terms too shadowy here to be restated — an influence which some peculiarities in the mere form and substance of his family mansion had, by dint of long sufferance, he said, obtained over his spirit — an effect which the *physique* of the gray walls and turrets, and of the dim tarn into which they all looked down, had at length brought about upon the *morale* of his existence.

He admitted, however, although with hesitation, that much of the peculiar gloom which thus afflicted him could be traced to a more natural and far more palpable origin — to the severe and long-continued illness — indeed to the evidently approaching dissolution — of a tenderly beloved sister — his sole companion for long years — his last and only relative on earth. "Her decease," he said, with a bitterness which I can never forget, "would leave him (him the hopeless and the frail) the last of the ancient race of the Ushers." While he spoke, the lady Madeline (for so was she called) passed slowly through a remote portion of the apartment, and, without having noticed my presence, disappeared. I regarded her with an utter astonishment not unmingled with dread — and yet I found it impos-



sible to account for such feelings. A sensation of stupor oppressed me as my eyes followed her retreating steps. When a door at length closed upon her, my glance sought instinctively and eagerly the countenance of the brother — but he had buried his face in his hands, and I could only perceive that a far more than ordinary wanness had overspread the emaciated fingers through which trickled many passionate tears.

The disease of the lady Madeline had long baffled the skill of her physicians. A settled apathy, a gradual wasting away of the person, and frequent although transient affections of a partially cataleptical character, were the unusual diagnosis. Hitherto she had steadily borne up against the pressure of her malady, and had not betaken herself finally to bed; but, on the closing in of the evening of my arrival at the house, she succumbed (as her brother told me at night with inexpressible agitation) to the prostrating power of the destroyer; and I learned that the glimpse I had obtained of her person would thus probably be the last I should obtain — that the lady, at least while living, would be seen by me no more.

For several days ensuing her name was unmentioned by either Usher or myself; and during this period I was busied in earnest endeavors to alleviate the melancholy of my friend. We painted and read together, or I listened, as if in a dream, to the wild improvisations of his speaking guitar. And thus, as a closer and still closer intimacy admitted me more unreservedly into the recesses of his spirit, the more bitterly did I perceive the futility of all attempts at cheering a mind from which darkness, as if an inherent positive quality, poured forth upon all objects of the moral and physical universe in one unceasing radiation of gloom.

I shall ever bear about me a memory of the many solemn hours I thus spent alone with the master of the House of Usher. Yet I should fail in any attempt to convey an idea of the exact character of the studies, or of the occupations in which he involved me or led me the way. An excited and highly distempered ideality threw a sulphureous luster over all. His long improvised dirges will ring forever in my ears. Among other things, I hold painfully in mind a certain singular perversion and amplification of the wild air of the last waltz of Von Weber. From the paintings over which his elaborate fancy brooded, and which grew, touch by touch, into vaguenesses at which I shuddered the more thrillingly,



because I shuddered knowing not why ; — from these paintings (vivid as their images now are before me) I would in vain endeavor to educe more than a small portion which should lie within the compass of merely written words. By the utter simplicity, by the nakedness of his designs, he arrested and overawed attention. If ever mortal painted an idea, that mortal was Roderick Usher. For me, at least — in the circumstances then surrounding me — there arose out of the pure abstractions which the hypochondriac contrived to throw upon his canvas an intensity of intolerable awe, no shadow of which felt I ever yet in the contemplation of the certainly glowing yet too concrete reveries of Fuseli.

One of the phantasmagoric conceptions of my friend, partaking not so rigidly of the spirit of abstraction, may be shadowed forth, although feebly, in words. A small picture presented the interior of an immensely long and rectangular vault or tunnel, with low walls, smooth, white, and without interruption or device. Certain accessory points of the design served well to convey the idea that this excavation lay at an exceeding depth below the surface of the earth. No outlet was observed in any portion of its vast extent, and no torch or other artificial source of light was discernible, yet a flood of intense rays rolled throughout, and bathed the whole in a ghastly and inappropriate splendor.

I have just spoken of that morbid condition of the auditory nerve which rendered all music intolerable to the sufferer, with the exception of certain effects of stringed instruments. It was perhaps the narrow limits to which he thus confined himself upon the guitar which gave birth, in great measure, to the fantastic character of his performances. But the fervid *facility* of his *impromptus* could not be so accounted for. They must have been and were, in the notes, as well as in the words of his wild fantasias (for he not unfrequently accompanied himself with rhymed verbal improvisations), the result of that intense mental collectedness and concentration to which I have previously alluded as observable only in particular moments of the highest artificial excitement. The words of one of these rhapsodies I have easily remembered. I was perhaps the more forcibly impressed with it as he gave it, because, in the under or mystic current of its meaning, I fancied that I perceived, and for the first time, a full consciousness on the part of Usher, of the tottering of his lofty reason upon her

throne. The verses, which were entitled "The Haunted Palace," ran very nearly, if not accurately, thus:—

## I.

In the greenest of our valleys,  
By good angels tenanted,  
Once a fair and stately palace —  
Radiant palace — reared its head.  
In the monarch Thought's dominion —  
It stood there!  
Never seraph spread a pinion  
Over fabric half so fair.

## II.

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,  
On its roof did float and flow;  
(This — all this — was in the olden  
Time long ago)  
And every gentle air that dallied  
In that sweet day,  
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,  
A winged odor went away.

## III.

Wanderers in that happy valley  
Through two luminous windows saw  
Spirits moving musically  
To a lute's well-tuned law,  
Round about a throne, where sitting  
(Porphyrogene!)  
In state his glory well befitting  
The ruler of the realm was seen.

## IV.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing  
Was the fair palace door,  
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing;  
And sparkling evermore,  
A troop of Echoes whose sweet duty  
Was but to sing,  
In voices of surpassing beauty,  
The wit and wisdom of their king.

## V.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,  
Assailed the monarch's high estate;  
(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow  
Shall dawn upon him, desolate!)  
And, round about his home, the glory  
That blushed and bloomed  
Is but a dim remembered story  
Of the old time entombed.

## VI.

And travelers now within that valley,  
Through the red-litten windows, see  
Vast forms that move fantastically  
To a discordant melody;  
While, like a rapid ghastly river  
Through the pale door,  
A hideous throng rush out forever,  
And laugh — but smile no more.

I well remember that suggestions arising from this ballad led us into a train of thought wherein there became manifest an opinion of Usher's, which I mention not so much on account of its novelty (for other men have thought thus), as on account of the pertinacity with which he maintained it. This opinion, in its general form, was that of the sentience of all vegetable things. But, in his disordered fancy, the idea had assumed a more daring character, and trespassed, under certain conditions, upon the kingdom of inorganization. I lack words to express the full extent, or the earnest *abandon* of his persuasion. The belief, however, was connected (as I have previously hinted) with the gray stones of the home of his forefathers. The conditions of the sentience had been here, he imagined, fulfilled in the method of collocation of these stones—in the order of their arrangement, as well as in that of the many *fungi* which overspread them, and of the decayed trees which stood around—above all, in the long, undisturbed endurance of this arrangement, and in its reduplication in the still waters of the tarn. Its evidence—the evidence of the sentience—was to be seen, he said (and I here started as he spoke), in the gradual yet certain condensation of an atmosphere of their own about the waters and the walls. The

result was discoverable, he added, in that silent yet importunate and terrible influence which for centuries had molded the destinies of his family, and which made *him* what I now saw him — what he was. Such opinions need no comment, and I will make none.

Our books — the books which for years had formed no small portion of the mental existence of the invalid — were, as might be supposed, in strict keeping with this character of phantasm. We pored together over such works as the “Ververt et Chartreuse” of Gresset; the “Belphegor” of Machiavelli; the “Heaven and Hell” of Swedenborg; the “Subterranean Voyage of Nicholas Klimm,” by Holberg; the “Chiromancy” of Robert Flud, of Jean D’Indaginé, and of De la Chambre; the “Journey into the Blue Distance” of Tieck; and the “City of the Sun” of Campanella. One favorite volume was a small octavo edition of the “Directorium Inquisitorium,” by the Dominican Eymeric de Gironne; and there were passages in “Pomponius Mela” about the old African Satyrs and Œgipans, over which Usher would sit dreaming for hours. His chief delight, however, was found in the perusal of an exceedingly rare and curious book in quarto Gothic — the manual of a forgotten church — the “*Vigilæ Mortuorum secundum Chorum Ecclesiæ Maguntinæ.*”

I could not help thinking of the wild ritual of this work, and of its probable influence upon the hypochondriac, when, one evening, having informed me abruptly that the lady Madeline was no more, he stated his intention of preserving her corpse for a fortnight (previously to its final interment) in one of the numerous vaults within the main walls of the building. The worldly reason, however, assigned for this singular proceeding was one which I did not feel at liberty to dispute. The brother had been led to his resolution (so he told me) by consideration of the unusual character of the malady of the deceased, of certain obtrusive and eager inquiries on the part of her medical man, and of the remote and exposed situation of the burial ground of the family. I will not deny that when I called to mind the sinister countenance of the person whom I met upon the staircase on the day of my arrival at the house, I had no desire to oppose what I regarded as at best but a harmless and by no means an unnatural precaution.

At the request of Usher, I personally aided him in the arrangements for the temporary entombment. The body hav-



ing been encoffined, we two alone bore it to its rest. The vault in which we placed it (and which had been so long unopened that our torches, half smothered in its oppressive atmosphere, gave us little opportunity for investigation) was small, damp, and entirely without means of admission for light, lying at great depth immediately beneath that portion of the building in which was my own sleeping apartment. It had been used apparently in remote feudal times for the worst purposes of a donjon keep, and in later days as a place of deposit for powder or some other highly combustible substance, as a portion of its floor, and the whole interior of a long archway through which we reached it, were carefully sheathed with copper. The door, of massive iron, had been also similarly protected. Its immense weight caused an unusually sharp grating sound as it moved upon its hinges.

Having deposited our mournful burden upon trestles within this region of horror, we partially turned aside the yet unscrewed lid of the coffin and looked upon the face of the tenant. A striking similitude between the brother and sister now first arrested my attention, and Usher, divining perhaps my thoughts, murmured out some few words from which I learned that the deceased and himself had been twins, and that sympathies of a scarcely intelligible nature had always existed between them. Our glances, however, rested not long upon the dead—for we could not regard her unawed. The disease which had thus entombed the lady in the maturity of youth had left, as usual in all maladies of a strictly cataleptical character, the mockery of a faint blush upon the bosom and the face, and that suspiciously lingering smile upon the lip which is so terrible in death. We replaced and screwed down the lid, and having secured the door of iron, made our way with toil into the scarcely less gloomy apartments of the upper portion of the house.

And now, some days of bitter grief having elapsed, an observable change came over the features of the mental disorder of my friend. His ordinary manner had vanished. His ordinary occupations were neglected or forgotten. He roamed from chamber to chamber with hurried, unequal, and objectless step. The pallor of his countenance had assumed, if possible, a more ghastly hue—but the luminousness of his eye had utterly gone out. The once occasional huskiness of his tone was heard no more, and a tremulous quaver, as if of extreme terror, habitually characterized his utterance. There were times indeed when I thought his

unceasingly agitated mind was laboring with some oppressive secret, to divulge which he struggled for the necessary courage. At times again I was obliged to resolve all into the mere inexplicable vagaries of madness, for I beheld him gazing upon vacancy for long hours in an attitude of the profoundest attention, as if listening to some imaginary sound. It was no wonder that his condition terrified—that it infected me. I felt creeping upon me, by slow yet certain degrees, the wild influences of his own fantastic yet impressive superstitions.

It was especially upon retiring to bed late in the night of the seventh or eighth day after the placing of the lady Madeline within the donjon that I experienced the full power of such feelings. Sleep came not near my couch—while the hours waned and waned away. I struggled to reason off the nervousness which had dominion over me. I endeavored to believe that much, if not all, of what I felt was due to the bewildering influence of the gloomy furniture of the room—of the dark and tattered draperies which, tortured into motion by the breath of a rising tempest, swayed fitfully to and fro upon the walls, and rustled uneasily about the decorations of the bed. But my efforts were fruitless. An irrepressible tremor gradually pervaded my frame, and at length there sat upon my very heart an incubus of utterly causeless alarm. Shaking this off with a gasp and a struggle, I uplifted myself upon the pillows, and peering earnestly within the intense darkness of the chamber, hearkened—I know not why, except that an instinctive spirit prompted me—to certain low and indefinite sounds which came, through the pauses of the storm, at long intervals, I knew not whence. Overpowered by an intense sentiment of horror, unaccountable yet unendurable, I threw on my clothes with haste (for I felt that I should sleep no more during the night), and endeavored to arouse myself from the pitiable condition into which I had fallen, by pacing rapidly to and fro through the apartment.

I had taken but few turns in this manner, when a light step on an adjoining staircase arrested my attention. I presently recognized it as that of Usher. In an instant afterward he rapped with a gentle touch at my door, and entered, bearing a lamp. His countenance was as usual cadaverously wan—but, moreover, there was a species of mad hilarity in his eyes—an evidently restrained *hysteria* in his whole demeanor. His air appalled me—but anything was preferable to the solitude

which I had so long endured, and I even welcomed his presence as a relief.

“And you have not seen it?” he said abruptly, after having stared about him for some moments in silence — “you have not then seen it? — but, stay! you shall.” Thus speaking, and having carefully shaded his lamp, he hurried to one of the casements, and threw it freely open to the storm.

The impetuous fury of the entering gust nearly lifted us from our feet. It was indeed a tempestuous yet sternly beautiful night, and one wildly singular in its terror and its beauty. A whirlwind had apparently collected its force in our vicinity, for there were frequent and violent alterations in the direction of the wind, and the exceeding density of the clouds (which hung so low as to press upon the turrets of the house) did not prevent our perceiving the lifelike velocity with which they flew careering from all points against each other without passing away into the distance.

I say that even their exceeding density did not prevent our perceiving this — yet we had no glimpse of the moon or stars — nor was there any flashing forth of the lightning. But the under surfaces of the huge masses of agitated vapor, as well as all terrestrial objects immediately around us, were glowing in the unnatural light of a faintly luminous and distinctly visible gaseous exhalation which hung about and enshrouded the mansion.

“You must not — you shall not behold this!” said I, shudderingly, to Usher, as I led him with a gentle violence from the window to a seat. “These appearances which bewilder you are merely electrical phenomena not uncommon, or it may be that they have their ghastly origin in the rank miasma of the tarn. Let us close this casement; the air is chilling and dangerous to your frame. Here is one of your favorite romances. I will read, and you shall listen; and so we will pass away this terrible night together.”

The antique volume which I had taken up was the “*Mad Trist*” of Sir Launcelot Canning, but I had called it a favorite of Usher’s more in sad jest than in earnest; for, in truth, there is little in its uncouth and unimaginative prolixity which could have had interest for the lofty and spiritual ideality of my friend. It was, however, the only book immediately at hand, and I indulged a vague hope that the excitement which now agitated the hypochondriac might find relief (for the history

of mental disorder is full of similar anomalies) even in the extremeness of the folly which I should read. Could I have judged, indeed, by the wild overstrained air of vivacity with which he hearkened, or apparently hearkened, to the words of the tale, I might well have congratulated myself upon the success of my design.

I had arrived at that well-known portion of the story where Ethelred, the hero of the Trist, having sought in vain for peaceable admission into the dwelling of the hermit, proceeds to make good an entrance by force. Here, it will be remembered, the words of the narrative run thus:—

“And Ethelred, who was by nature of a doughty heart, and who was now mighty withal, on account of the powerfulness of the wine which he had drunken, waited no longer to hold parley with the hermit, who in sooth was of an obstinate and malicious turn, but feeling the rain upon his shoulders, and fearing the rising of the tempest, uplifted his mace outright, and with blows made quickly room in the plankings of the door for his gauntleted hand; and now pulling therewith sturdily, he so cracked and ripped, and tore all asunder, that the noise of the dry and hollow-sounding wood alarumed and reverberated throughout the forest.”

At the termination of this sentence I started, and for a moment paused, for it appeared to me (although I at once concluded that my excited fancy had deceived me) that from some very remote portion of the mansion there came indistinctly to my ears what might have been, in its exact similarity of character, the echo (but a stifled and dull one certainly) of the very cracking and ripping sound which Sir Launcelot had so particularly described. It was beyond doubt the coincidence alone which had arrested my attention; for amid the rattling of the sashes of the casements, and the ordinary commingled noises of the still increasing storm, the sound in itself had nothing surely which should have interested or disturbed me. I continued the story:—

“But the good champion Ethelred, now entering within the door, was soon enraged and amazed to perceive no signal of the malicious hermit; but in the stead thereof, a dragon of a scaly and prodigious demeanor, and of a fiery tongue, which sate in guard before a palace of gold, with a floor of silver; and upon the wall there hung a shield of shining brass with this legend enwritten—



‘Who entereth herein, a conqueror hath bin;  
Who slayeth the dragon, the shield he shall win.’

And Ethelred uplifted his mace, and struck upon the head of the dragon, which fell before him, and gave up his pesty breath, with a shriek so horrid and harsh, and withal so piercing, that Ethelred had fain to close his ears with his hands against the dreadful noise of it, the like whereof was never before heard.”

Here again I paused abruptly, and now with a feeling of wild amazement—for there could be no doubt whatever that in this instance I did actually hear (although from what direction it proceeded I found it impossible to say) a low and apparently distant, but harsh, protracted, and most unusual screaming or grating sound—the exact counterpart of what my fancy had already conjured up for the dragon’s unnatural shriek as described by the romancer.

Oppressed as I certainly was upon the occurrence of this second and most extraordinary coincidence, by a thousand conflicting sensations, in which wonder and extreme terror were predominate, I still retained sufficient presence of mind to avoid exciting by any observation the sensitive nervousness of my companion. I was by no means certain that he had noticed the sounds in question, although, assuredly, a strange alteration had during the last few minutes taken place in his demeanor. From a position fronting my own, he had gradually brought round his chair, so as to sit with his face to the door of the chamber; and thus I could but partially perceive his features, although I saw that his lips trembled as if he were murmuring inaudibly. His head had dropped upon his breast, yet I knew that he was not asleep, from the wide and rigid opening of the eye as I caught a glance of it in profile. The motion of his body too was at variance with this idea—for he rocked from side to side with a gentle yet constant and uniform sway. Having rapidly taken notice of all this, I resumed the narrative of Sir Launcelot, which thus proceeded:—

“And now, the champion having escaped from the terrible fury of the dragon, bethinking himself of the brazen shield, and of the breaking up of the enchantment which was upon it, removed the carcase from out of the way before him, and approached valorously over the silver pavement of the castle to where the shield was upon the wall; which in sooth tarried



not for his full coming, but fell down at his feet upon the silver floor with a mighty great and terrible ringing sound."

No sooner had these syllables passed my lips, than — as if a shield of brass had indeed at the moment fallen heavily upon a floor of silver — I became aware of a distinct, hollow, metallic, and clangorous, yet apparently muffled, reverberation. Completely unnerved, I leaped to my feet, but the measured rocking movement of Usher was undisturbed. I rushed to the chair in which he sat. His eyes were bent fixedly before him, and throughout his whole countenance there reigned a stony rigidity. But, as I placed my hand upon his shoulder, there came a strong shudder over his whole person; a sickly smile quivered about his lips, and I saw that he spoke in a low, hurried, and gibbering murmur, as if unconscious of my presence. Bending closely over him, I at length drank in the hideous import of his words.

"Not hear it? — yes, I hear it, and *have* heard it. Long — long — long — many minutes, many hours, many days, have I heard it — yet I dared not — oh, pity me, miserable wretch that I am! — I dared not — I *dared* not speak! *We have put her living in the tomb!* Said I not that my senses were acute? I *now* tell you that I heard her first feeble movements in the hollow coffin. I heard them — many, many days ago — yet I dared not — *I dared not speak!* And now — to-night — Ethelred — ha! ha! — the breaking of the hermit's door, and the death cry of the dragon, and the clangor of the shield! — say, rather, the rending of her coffin, and the grating of the iron hinges of her prison, and her struggles within the coppered archway of the vault. O whither shall I fly? Will she not be here anon? Is she not hurrying to upbraid me for my haste? Have I not heard her footstep on the stair? Do I not distinguish that heavy and horrible beating of her heart? Madman!" Here he sprang furiously to his feet, and shrieked out his syllables, as if in the effort he were giving up his soul — "*Madman! I tell you that she now stands without the door!*"

As if in the superhuman energy of his utterance there had been found the potency of a spell — the huge antique panels to which the speaker pointed threw slowly back, upon the instant, their ponderous and ebony jaws. It was the work of the rushing gust — but then without those doors there *did* stand the lofty and enshrouded figure of the lady Madeline of Usher. There was blood upon her white robes, and the evidence of

some bitter struggle upon every portion of her emaciated frame. For a moment she remained trembling and reeling to and fro upon the threshold — then, with a low moaning cry, fell heavily inward upon the person of her brother, and in her violent and now final death agonies, bore him to the floor a corpse, and a victim to the terrors he had anticipated.

From that chamber, and from that mansion, I fled aghast. The storm was still abroad in all its wrath as I found myself crossing the old causeway. Suddenly there shot along the path a wild light, and I turned to see whence a gleam so unusual could have issued, for the vast house and its shadows were alone behind me. The radiance was that of the full, setting, and blood-red moon, which now shone vividly through that once barely discernible fissure, of which I have before spoken as extending from the roof of the building in a zigzag direction to the base. While I gazed, this fissure rapidly widened; there came a fierce breath of the whirlwind; the entire orb of the satellite burst at once upon my sight; my brain reeled as I saw the mighty walls rushing asunder; there was a long tumultuous shouting sound like the voice of a thousand waters, and the deep and dark tarn at my feet closed sullenly and silently over the fragments of the "*House of Usher*."



## DEATH.

By THOMAS HOOD.

(For biographical sketch, see page 226.)

It is not death, that some time in a sigh  
 This eloquent breath shall take its speechless flight;  
 That some time these bright stars, that now reply  
 In sunlight to the sun, shall set in night,  
 That this warm conscious flesh shall perish quite,  
 And all life's ruddy springs forget to flow;  
 That thoughts shall cease, and the immortal sprite  
 Be lapped in alien clay and laid below; —  
 It is not death to know this; but to know  
 That pious thoughts, which visit at new graves  
 In tender pilgrimage, will cease to go  
 So duly and so oft; and when grass waves  
 Over the past-away, there may be then  
 No resurrection in the minds of men.

## ON THE EXECUTION OF LOUIS RIEL.

By WILFRID LAURIER.

[WILFRID LAURIER was born November 20, 1841, in the little parish of St. Lin, in the Province of Quebec. He was educated at L'Assomption College, and at McGill University. In 1864 he was called to the bar. He entered politics as a member of the legislative assembly of Quebec, and soon gained an assured position, on account of his ability and fluency, while his courtesy made many friends. In 1874 he was chosen a member of the Dominion House of Commons, entered the Cabinet in 1876, and became the leader of his party in 1887. When the Conservative Government fell in 1896, he became Prime Minister and held that position until 1911, the longest premiership in Canadian history. From 1911 until his death in 1919 he was leader of the Opposition. In 1897 he received the honor of knighthood.]

Few men have used two languages with such facility as this gifted Canadian. He spoke equally well in English and French, and always with both force and polish. Below are extracts from his speech in denunciation of the course of the Government of the day toward the North-West Rebellion, delivered in the House of Commons, March 10, 1886. The half-breed leader, Louis Riel, had been executed after the abortive uprising. By many this is considered to be the finest of all his Parliamentary speeches though others would place higher some of his speeches on commercial reciprocity with the United States.]

SINCE no one on the other side of the House has the courage to continue this debate, I will do so myself. The Minister of Public Works stated that the Government were ready and anxious to discuss this question, and is this an evidence of the courage they pretend to possess? Sir, in all that has been said so far, and that has fallen from the lips of honorable gentlemen opposite, there is one thing in which we can all agree, and one thing only—we can all agree in the tribute which was paid to the volunteers by the Minister of Public Works when he entered into a defence of the Government. The volunteers had a most painful duty to perform, and they performed it in a most creditable manner to themselves and the country. Under the uniform of a soldier there is generally to be found a warm and merciful heart. Moreover, our soldiers are citizens who have an interest in this country; but when they are on duty they know nothing but duty. At the same time it can fairly be presumed that when on duty the heart feels and the mind thinks; and it may be fairly presumed that those who were on duty in the North-West last spring thought and felt as a great soldier, a great king, King Henry IV of France, thought and felt when engaged in battle for many years of his life, in fighting his rebellious subjects. Whenever his sword inflicted a

wound he used these words: "The King strikes thee, God heal thee."

It may be presumed that perhaps our soldiers, when fighting the rebellion, were also animated by a similar spirit, and prayed to God that He would heal the wounds that it was their duty to inflict, and that no more blood should be shed than the blood shed by themselves. The Government, however, thought otherwise. The Government thought that the blood shed by the soldiers was not sufficient, but that another life must also be sacrificed. We heard the Minister of Public Works attempting to defend the conduct of the Government, and stating that its action in this matter was a stern necessity which duty to our Queen and duty to our country made inevitable. Mr. Speaker, I have yet to learn—and I have not learned it from anything that has fallen from the lips of gentlemen opposite—that duty to Queen and country may ever prevent the exercise of that prerogative of mercy which is the noblest prerogative of the Crown. The language of the honorable gentleman was not the first occasion when responsible or irresponsible advisers of the Crown attempted to delude the public, and perhaps themselves as well, into the belief that duty to Queen and country required blood, when mercy was a possible alternative.

When Admiral Byng was sentenced to be shot for no other crime than that of being unfortunate in battle, there were men at the time, who said to the King that the interests of the country required that the sentence should be carried out, though the court, which had convicted him, strongly recommended him to mercy. Those evil counsels prevailed, and the sentence was carried out; but the verdict of history, the verdict of posterity—posterity to which honorable gentlemen now appeal—has declared long ago that the carrying out of the sentence against Admiral Byng was a judicial murder. And I venture to predict, Mr. Speaker, that the verdict of history will be the same in this instance. In every instance in which a Government has carried out the extreme penalty of the law, when mercy was suggested instead, the verdict has been the same. Sir, in the province to which I belong, and especially amongst the race to which I belong, the execution of Louis Riel has been universally condemned as being the sacrifice of a life, not to inexorable justice, but to bitter passion and revenge. And now, Sir, before going any further, it is fitting that, perhaps, I should address myself at once to the state of things which has sprung up in Quebec from the universal condemnation of the Government



not only by their foes, but by their friends as well. The movement which has followed the execution of Riel has been strangely misconceived, or I should say, has been wilfully misrepresented. The Tory press of Ontario at once turned bitterly and savagely upon their French allies of twenty-five years or more. They assailed them not only in their action but in their motives. They charged them with being animated with nothing less than race prejudices; they not only charged their former friends, but the whole French race as well, that the only motive which led them to take the course they did in the matter of Riel, was simply because Riel was of French origin. They charged against the whole race that they would step between a criminal and justice, the moment the criminal was one of their own race. They charged against the whole French race that they would prevent the execution of the law the moment the law threatened one of their own.

Sir, I denounce this as a vile calumny. I denounce this as false. I claim this for my fellow-countrymen of French origin that there is not to be found anywhere under Heaven a more docile, quiet and law-abiding people. I claim this for my fellow-countrymen of French origin—and I appeal to the testimony of any of those who know them and have lived amongst them—that whatever their faults may be, it is not one of their faults to shield, conceal and abet crime. It is true that upon the present occasion the French Canadians have shown an unbounded sympathy for the unfortunate man who lost his life upon the scaffold on the 16th of November last. But if they came to that conclusion, it was not because they were influenced by race preferences or race prejudices, more than were the foreign papers which deprecated the execution of Riel. It is a fact that the foreign press, the American press, the English press, the French press, almost without any exception, have taken the ground that the execution of Riel was unjustified, unwarranted and against the spirit of the age. Certainly, it cannot be charged against that press that they were influenced by race feelings or prejudices, if you choose to call them such. And in the same manner, I say, the French Canadians, in the attitude which they took, were not impelled by race prejudices, but by reasons fairly deducible and deduced from the facts of the case. But if it had been stated that race prejudices, that blood relations had added keenness and feeling to a conviction formed by the mind, that would have been perfectly true. I will not

admit that blood relations can so far cloud my judgment as to make me mistake wrong for right, but I cheerfully admit and I will plead guilty to that weakness, if weakness it be, that if an injustice be committed against a fellow-being, the blow will feel deeper into my heart if it should fall upon one of my kith and kin. I will not admit anything more than that. That race prejudices can so far cloud my judgment as to make me mistake wrong for right, I do not believe to be true.

It has been said by sober-minded people that the execution, even if unjust, of the man who was executed and who is believed to have been insane by those who sympathize with him, does not make this a case for the outburst of feeling which has taken place in Quebec on the occasion of Riel's execution. I differ from that view. In our age, in our civilization, every single human life is valuable, and is entitled to protection in the councils of the nation. Not many years ago England sent an expedition and spent millions of her treasure and some of her best blood simply to rescue prisoners whose lives were in the hands of the King of Abyssinia. In the same manner I say that the life of a single subject of Her Majesty here is valuable, and is not to be treated with levity. If there are members in the House who believe that the execution of Riel was not warranted, that under the circumstances of the case it was not judicious, that it was unjust, I say they have a right to arraign the Government for it before this country, and, if they arraign the Government for it and the Government have to take their trial upon it, it must be admitted as a consequence that certain parties will feel upon the question more warmly than others. It is not to be supposed that the same causes which influenced public opinion in Lower Canada acted in the same manner with all classes of the community; that the causes which actuated the community at large were identical in all classes of the community. Some there were who believed that the Government had not meted out the same measure of justice to all those that were accused and who took part in the rebellion. Others believed that the state of mind of Riel was such that it was a judicial murder to execute him; but the great mass of the people believed that mercy should have been extended to all the prisoners, Riel included, because the rebellion was the result of the policy followed by the Government against the half-breeds. That was the chief reason which actuated them, and it seems to me that it is too late in the day to seriously

attempt to deny that the rebellion was directly the result of the conduct of the Government towards the half-breeds. It is too late in the day to dispute that fact.

The honorable member for Provencher (Mr. Royal) told us the Government have done their duty by the half-breeds. Sir, if the Government had done their duty by the half-breeds, how is it that the half-breeds so often petitioned the Government to grant them their rights? How is it that they so often deluged the Department with petitions and deputations? How is it that they so often appealed to the honorable member for Provencher himself? How is it, for instance, that on the 19th of November, 1882, Maxime Lepine, now a prisoner in the Manitoba penitentiary, Baptiste Boucher, wounded in battle, Charles Lavallee, wounded in battle, Isidore Dumas, killed in battle, and several others addressed Mr. Duck, the agent at Prince Albert, asking him to try and induce the Government to grant them their rights, representing at the same time that they had petitioned, and that their petitions had been supported by prominent men, amongst others the honorable Mr. Royal, the member for Provencher, and all without avail? How is it that these men, in order to obtain the rights which were denied them, have gone through such an ordeal as they have, if the Government did justice by them? An agitation was going on all the time in the North-West, and the Government were perfectly immovable. The honorable member for Bellechasse (Mr. Amyot) stated the other day that the Government during all those years were slumbering and snoring. I believe that expression was none too strong, because we have evidence of its truth in the Government's own blue book. Would you believe it, Mr. Speaker, we have evidence that the Department had forgotten the law which they themselves had placed on the statute book; we have evidence that the Government actually forgot that the half-breeds were entitled to special privileges.

It will strike many minds now that there is a great analogy between the origin of this rebellion and the origin of the rebellion in Lower Canada in 1837. An agitation had been going on in Lower Canada for many years, as it had been going on in the North-West for many years, and it was when the Government attempted to arrest the leaders of the movement that the rebellion broke out: and, without going any further, I am glad to recall the fact that, deplorable as was this rebellion

in Lower Canada, it secured at once to the Lower Canadians the rights which they had been vainly seeking for so many years, and it secured this further result: That although the population had been hitherto in favor of rebellion they at once became the most faithful subjects England ever had. In the same manner, though the last result has not yet been obtained, it may be and will be obtained, I have no doubt, in the North-West, because the immediate result of the rebellion there has been to secure to the half-breeds the rights which had been denied to them up to that time. I have charged the Government with not only having been negligent in the duty they owed to the half-breeds, but with denying to the half-breeds the rights to which they were entitled. I charge them again with, not ignoring only, but actually refusing, of design aforethought, the rights to which the half-breeds were entitled.

. . . The Government, on the 26th March, 1885, were not disposed to treat the half-breeds of the North-West Territories as they had treated the half-breeds of Manitoba. If they had been disposed to do so, the First Minister would have said: We will give them, as we have given the half-breeds of Manitoba, the plots of land on which they reside, as free grants of 160 acres each, this to be their rights as homesteaders; and as Indians we will give them, in extinguishment of their rights to the Indian title, land scrip to the extent of 160 acres for each head of a family and 240 acres to each minor. No; the language of the First Minister shows that he was opposed to their being treated in this way. He said: "If they wanted to be treated as Indians, they could go on the reserves; but if they wanted to be treated as whites, they could have a homestead like other whites." Therefore I charge the Government with this, that, when they passed the order of 28th January, 1885, it was not their intention to afford the same justice to the half-breeds of the North-West Territories that had been afforded to those of Manitoba. . . . On the 26th March, the Prime Minister, in his place in this House, gave it as his policy that these men were not entitled to any special privileges, that they had no such rights as were given to their *confrères* in Manitoba, that they were to be treated not as half-breeds, not as a special class, but either as Indians or whites. At last justice was coming to them. At last what they had been petitioning for so many years was coming to them, and what was the cause? In ten days, from the 26th of March to the 6th of April, the Government had altered their policy and had



given what they had refused for years. What was the cause? The bullets of Duck Lake; the rebellion in the North-West. The Government had been refusing for years, and at last these men took their lives and liberties in their hands, and at last the Government came down and gave them what they were entitled to. I appeal now to any friend of liberty in this House; I appeal not only to the Liberals who sit beside me, but to any man who has a British heart in his breast and I ask, when subjects of Her Majesty have been petitioning for years for their rights, and those rights have not only been ignored, but have been denied, and when these men take their lives in their hands and rebel, will any one in this House say that these men, when they got their rights, should not have saved their heads as well, and that the criminals, if criminals there were, in this rebellion, are not those who fought and bled and died, but the men who sit on those Treasury benches? Sir, rebellion is always an evil, it is always an offence against the positive law of a nation, it is not always a moral crime. The Minister of Militia, in the week that preceded the execution of Riel, stated his sentiments of rebellion in these words: "I hate all rebels; I have no sympathy, good, bad or indifferent, with rebellion." Sir, what is hateful—I use the word which the honorable gentleman made use of—what is hateful is not rebellion, but is the despotism which induces rebellion; what is hateful are not rebels, but the men who, having the enjoyment of power, do not discharge the duties of power; the men who, having the power to redress wrongs, refuse to listen to the petitions that are sent to them; the men who, when they are asked for a loaf, give a stone.

I say, Sir, that the Canadian Government stand convicted of having yielded only to rebellion, and not to the just representations of the half-breeds, and of having actually forced them into insurrection. Mr. Speaker, such were my sentiments, and I spoke them elsewhere. I appeal, upon this occasion, as I did elsewhere to every friend of liberty, to all those who, during these twenty-five years past, have felt their hearts thrill whenever a struggle for freedom was going on in any corner of the world; with the Italians, when they delivered their country from the yoke of Austria; with the Americans, in their stupendous struggle for national unity and for the suppression of African slavery; with the Mexicans, in their successful attempt to resist the foreign domination which the

French Emperor sought to impose on them; with the French themselves in their generous though often misguided efforts to establish amongst themselves the bulwark of freedom, parliamentary and responsible government; with the Danubian populations, when they attempted to rid themselves of the degrading domination of the Turks; and when at last—at last—a section of our own countrymen rose in arms to claim rights long denied them, rights which were immediately acknowledged to be just, as soon as they were asked with bullets, are we to have no sympathy with them? Though, Mr. Speaker, these men were in the wrong; though the rebellion had to be put down; though it was the duty of the Canadian Government to assert its authority and vindicate the law; still, I ask any friend of liberty, if there is not a feeling rising in his heart, stronger than all reasoning to the contrary, that these men were excusable? Such were, Mr. Speaker, my sentiments. I spoke them elsewhere. I have had, since that time, occasion to realize that I have greatly shocked Tory editors and Tory members.

I am a British subject, and I value the proud title as much as any one in this House. But if it be expected of me that I shall allow fellow-countrymen unfriended, undefended, unprotected and unrepresented in this House, to be trampled under foot by this Government, I say that is not what I understand by loyalty, and I would call that slavery. I am a British subject, but my loyalty is not of the lips. If honorable gentlemen opposite will read history, they will find that my ancestors, in all their struggles against the British Crown in the past, never sought anything else than to be treated as British subjects, and as soon as they were treated as British subjects, though they had not forgotten the land of their ancestors, they became amongst the most loyal subjects that England ever had.

This is the loyalty of the French Canadians to-day. They are true to their ancestors. And who should object? We speak the French language, and if you look at it from a purely utilitarian point of view it is a great disadvantage, because we have afterwards to learn a foreign language to take our part in the national movement of this country. Every one must learn to speak it the best he can in his own poor way. It would perhaps be best, from a utilitarian point of view, to have only one language; but the French is the language of our mothers, the

language which recalls to our minds the most sacred associations which first dawn on the heart of man and which can never die out, and so long as there are French mothers the language will not die. Yet these sentiments are quite consistent with our loyalty to England, and loyal we are to England; and if I were called to illustrate it, I could not do so better than by quoting the remark of a French Canadian lady to Mr. De Belveze, who, in 1855, visited Canada by order of Napoleon III: "Our hearts are with France, but our arms are to England." But loyalty must be reciprocal. It is not enough for the subject to be loyal to the Crown; the Crown must also be loyal to the subject. So far as England is concerned she has done her duty nobly, generously; but this Government have not done their duty towards the half-breeds. The Government are shocked, and their friends profess to be shocked, because those men claimed their rights and demanded them with bullets. Have the Government been loyal to those half-breeds? If they had been loyal to the half-breeds, no such trouble would have occurred. If the Government do not respect the law themselves, and if afterwards men, to vindicate their rights, take weapons in their hands and brave the laws, I say the Government are bound to search their consciences and see if they have given occasion for rebellion, and if they have to give the benefit to the guilty ones. This is what we, in Lower Canada, have been claiming, and this is one of the reasons why we have felt so warmly on this question. Such is not, however, the doctrine of the Government.

Sir, we are a new nation, we are attempting to unite the different conflicting elements which we have into a nation. Shall we ever succeed if the Bond of Union is to be revenge? . . . I am sorry that the Government upon this occasion did not take a leaf from the book of our friends to the south of us. After the civil war was over, there were men who, when they then fully learnt of the outrages of the Andersonville prison and other places, demanded that, if an amnesty was given to political offenders, at least those who were guilty of those outrages should be brought to justice; but not a drop of blood was shed, not a trial was had, and it is manifest to-day that the nation is the greater for it. I am sorry also that the Government did not take another leaf from the book of the American nation.

Our prisons are full of men who, despairing ever to get

justice by peace, sought to obtain it by war, who, despairing of ever being treated like freemen, took their lives in their hands, rather than be treated as slaves. They have suffered a great deal, they are suffering still; yet, their sacrifices will not be without reward. Their leader is in the grave; they are in durance, but from their prisons they can see that that Justice, that Liberty, which they sought in vain, and for which they fought not in vain, has at last dawned upon their country. Their fate well illustrates the truth of Byron's invocation to liberty, in the introduction to the Prisoner of Chillon:—

“Eternal Spirit of the chainless mind!  
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty thou art!  
For there thy habitation is the heart—  
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;  
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned—  
To fetters and the damp vault's dayless gloom—  
Their country conquers with their martyrdom.”

Yes, their country has conquered with their martyrdom. They are in durance to-day; but the rights for which they were fighting have been acknowledged. We have not the report of the commission yet, but we know that more than two thousand claims so long denied have been at last granted. And more—still more. We have it in the Speech from the Throne that at last representation is to be granted to those Territories. This side of the House long sought, but sought in vain, to obtain that measure of justice. It could not come then, but it came after the war; it came as the last conquest of that insurrection. And again I say that their country has conquered with their martyrdom, and if we look at that one fact alone there was cause sufficient, independent of all others, to extend mercy to the one who is dead and to those who live.



## O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

[WALT WHITMAN (1819-92), American poet, was born on Long Island, and spent his early life as a journalist, broken by long tramps during which he came into close contact with raw humanity. Later he was an army nurse, and then a clerk in Washington. His fame rests chiefly upon "Leaves of Grass," first published as a thin volume of 94 pages, but many times revised and enlarged. In this he often defies all the regular rules of prosody, and some would deny that his work is poetry at all. Some of his shorter poems, however, must take high rank. The following was written after the assassination of President Lincoln.]

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,  
 The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,  
 The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
 While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;  
     But, O heart! heart! heart!  
     O the bleeding drops of red,  
     Where on the deck my Captain lies,  
     Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;  
 Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,  
 For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you the shores  
     a-crowding,  
 For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;  
     Here Captain! dear father!  
     This arm beneath your head!  
     It is some dream that on the deck  
     You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,  
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,  
 The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,  
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;  
     Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!  
     But I, with mournful tread,  
     Walk the deck my Captain lies,  
     Fallen cold and dead.

## A HUNGARIAN ELECTION.

BY BARON JÓZSEF EÖTVÖS.

(From "The Village Notary.")

[BARON JÓZSEF EÖTVÖS, a Hungarian novelist, statesman, and orator, was born at Budapest, September 3, 1813. He began his literary career with poems and tragedies, which were universally admired; and then published, at different epochs in his life, the novels "The Carthusian" (1838), "The Village Notary" (1844), and "Hungary in 1514" (1847). He was for many years minister of worship and education, and won the gratitude of his countrymen by his political acts. He died at Budapest, February 2, 1871.]

IT was but natural that while the Conservative party at Tissaret made so many preparations for the election, Mr. Bantornyi's cooks and butlers should be equally busy. Tserepesh was the seat of Bantornyi's party, whose number surpassed those of Rety's adherents. Almost all the great landowners of the county, with the exception of Kishlaki, Shoskuty, and Slatzanek, resorted to Tserepesh. Their enthusiasm (to judge from the noise they made) was unbounded, and their chief strength consisted in the support of the younger and consequently more liberal members of the community. But Mr. Kríver, who sided with either party, had his reasons for doubting the ultimate success of the Bantornyis. He was aware that excepting himself, the prothonotary, and a few vice justices, all the placemen of the county belonged to the Conservative party, which did the more credit to their disinterestedness and foresight, as it was well known that Bantornyi was leagued with men who, like himself, aspired for the first time to the honors and cares of office, a policy whose edge will sometimes turn against him who uses it. Besides (and this was indeed Mr. Kríver's chief ground of doubt), Bantornyi's party had resolved to act upon the mind of the Cortes by persuasion, and to eschew bribery. This sublime but rather impractical idea emanated from Tengelyi, whose motion to that effect was so zealously supported by Bantornyi's friends (excepting always the candidates for office) that the recorder's eloquence and Bantornyi's entreaties were of no avail against this virtuous resolution of theirs. In justice to Bantornyi we ought to say that he and his family strove to make up for this fault, and his noble friends were never in want of either wine or brandy:

but this rash resolution, which the Retys published with their own commentaries, was nevertheless a serious drawback to the success of the party. Well might the Bantornyiis agitate for the emancipation of the Jews (so the Rety party said) since they were stingier than a thousand Jews; they despised the nobility because they refused to treat its members. Bantornyi's secret donations were fairly smothered by these public calumnies. Kriver was perfectly justified in protesting that what the party wanted was the *power of publicity*. Rety's men, on the other hand, perambulated the villages; they bore gaudy flags; they had their houses of resort; they distributed feathers among the men and ribbons among the women; the very children in the streets were gained over to them. Every noble fellow knew that it would be three zwanzigers in his pocket if Rety was returned. And the Bantornyiis walked about empty-handed, appealing to moral force! They had not even the ghost of a chance; the candidates for office became dissatisfied and talked of effecting a compromise with the enemy, and there is no saying what they might have done but for a most unexpected event, which caused them to rally round their leader.

The lord lieutenant wrote to inform Mr. Bantornyi of his intention to visit the county, and of staying a night at Tserepesh. The letter which contained this welcome intelligence was in his Excellency's own handwriting, and the sensation produced in the county was of course immense. The lord lieutenant had always taken up his quarters in Rety's house. Now Rety was a renegade. An old Liberal, he had joined the Conservative party. And the lord lieutenant, scorning Rety's proffered hospitality, turns to the house of his antagonist. His Excellency was a Liberal at heart, and that was the secret — at least in the opinion of the Tserepesh people. The Rety party were a little shocked. They said, of course, that his Excellency consulted but his own convenience; that Bantornyi's house was the most convenient place on *that* road, and that the inns in that part of the county were villainous; but in their inmost souls they denounced this step as the greatest political fault which his Excellency could have committed, and which, they were sure, *must* lead to his downfall. The anti-bribery party were positive that the high functionary was aware of the despicable means which the Retys employed to get their chief returned, and that he claimed Bantornyi's hospitality only to

express his disgust at the unlawful practices of bribery and corruption. It need scarcely be said that Tenggelyi was a zealous supporter of the latter opinion. But whatever reasons the Count Maroshvölgyi had for going to Tserepesh, certain it is that the news of his coming gave the Bantornyi's hopes, and more than hopes, of success. It steadied the wavering ranks of their partisans and recruited their number by a crowd of would-be candidates. The day appointed for the Count's arrival saw the house of Bantornyi thronged with anti-bribery men; and though his Excellency was not expected before nightfall, it was all but impossible to cross the hall at nine o'clock in the morning.

Bantornyi's house was one of those buildings with which every traveler in Hungary must be acquainted. It was a castellated mansion with nine windows; a large gate in the middle, and a tower at each of its four corners. The interior of these buildings is always the same. An ascent of three stone steps leads you to the gate, and walking through a large stone-paved hall you enter the dining room, to the right of which are the apartments of the lady of the house, and to the left the rooms destined for the use of the landlord and his guests. Bantornyi's castle was built on this plan; but ever since the return from England of Mr. Jacob — or *James* Bantornyi — (for he delighted most in the English reading of his name) Mr. Lajosh Bantornyi had come to be a stranger in his own house.

There is in England a very peculiar thing which is commonly known by the name of *comfort*. Mr. James had made deep investigations into the nature and qualities of this peculiar British "thing" (as he called it). Indeed he had come to understand and master it. The "thing," viz. comfort, is chiefly composed of three things: first, that a man's home be built as irregularly as possible; secondly, that there be an abundance of small galleries and narrow passages, and no lack of steps near the doors of the rooms; and, thirdly, that the street door be fashioned with a Bramah lock and key. Curtains and low armchairs are capital things in their way; but most indispensable are some truly English fireplaces fit for burning coal, for it is the smoke of coal which gives a zest to English comfort. When Mr. James Bantornyi returned from England, he rebuilt the family mansion on a plan which was suggested by "London's Encyclopedia of Cottage Architecture." The new build-



ing which did so much honor to his taste was not above one story high ; but one of the old towers, which communicated with the new house, was built higher, and (in spite of Mr. Lajosh's protests) provided with a wooden staircase. A veranda was constructed on that side of the house which fronted the garden, and an antechamber and a billiard room were built in the yard. The giant oaks of an English park were indeed but indifferently imitated by a few Mashanza apple trees ; but the garden walls, which Mr. James caused to be painted red and yellow, gave a tolerable idea of the unpainted walls of an English landscape. The stables were, of course, condemned to similar improvements ; and the grooms were threatened with instant dismissal if they presumed to do their work without that peculiar hissing noise which English grooms are wont to make in the exercise of their professional avocations. Stairs, steps, passages, verandas, curtains, fireplaces, and armchairs—in short, everything was there ; and the Bramah lock was famous throughout the county ; for once upon a time, when Mr. James had gone to Pesth, the street door was found to be locked, and the key (by some inexplicable mischance) lost ; nor could the family enter the house or leave it in any other way than by climbing through the windows of the veranda, until Mr. James, who had the other key fastened to his watch chain, returned from his journey and opened the door. The old castle, which was inhabited by Mr. Lajosh, had escaped most of these improvements ; but Mr. James caused his elder brother to consent to some alterations being made in the dining room. It was moreover pronounced to be a high crime and misdemeanor to smoke in any part of the house.

While Mr. Lajosh Bantornyí was busy in receiving and complimenting his guests, his brother James and Mr. Kríver were walking in the garden. James was evidently out of spirits. He shook his head, stood still, walked and shook his head again, beat his boots with a hunting whip, and replied to the recorder's remarks with "*most true*," "*yes*," "*indeed*," and other expressions of English parliamentary language.

"I am sure," said Mr. Kríver, in a whisper, "I am sure we are losing our labor unless we have a committee room and some flags. Your spending money is of no use. Your brother's popularity will not do him any good. They take your money, but they don't come to the election, and *if* they come, they are kidnapped by Rety's party."

"*You are right, my friend*, which means, I agree with you ; but what the devil shall we do ? "

"Induce your brother to get up some English affair, some *moting* or *meeting*, or some such thing."

"*Meeting*, from *to meet*, which means that people meet. I hope you understand the derivation of the word ! "

"That's it ! We ought to get up something like a meeting where people meet and drink."

"You are mistaken. That drinking business is altogether a different affair : they call it a '*political dinner*.' But you *meet* to discuss a question ; and people sign their names to petitions by hundreds of thousands and more, and such a petition tells upon the government. I attended such a meeting at Glasgow, but ——"

Nothing can equal the horror which Mr. Krivier felt when he saw Mr. James prepared to favor him with a sketch of his travels. "Ah ! I know," said the recorder, quickly, "you, too, signed the petition ; it was when you made that agitation about the Poor Law. But to return to what I was saying, we ought to give a political dinner, and you ought to make a speech, and state the principles of the party."

"No ; they drink the king's health first, and the health of the members of the royal family, for the dynasty ought to be honored. A man is at liberty to say of the government whatever he pleases ; but the king, you know, the king must be honored. That's the liberty of an Englishman. Next ——"

"The lord lieutenant."

"Shocking ! You are quite in the dark about it. After the royal family we must have some class toasts ; for example, the Church, army, and navy."

"I'm afraid those toasts would do little good. There is a strong feeling against the Papists ; that toast of the Church is enough to send all our Protestants to — Rety."

"You are quite right. Our Dissenters hate our High Church as much as the English Dissenters hate theirs. But I don't see why we should not toast 'the Church.' Every man drinks to his own Church ; but if they were to accuse us of sympathy for the Roman Catholics, where's the harm ? Only think how closely the Whigs were leagued with O'Connell !"

"My friend," said Mr. Krivier, "you know England ; but I know this country. Our countrymen cannot understand and appreciate your ideas."

"Yes!" said Mr. James, highly flattered, "I am sure they cannot. But the army we must have."

"Of course, if you wish it. But the great thing is to make it a regular, downright, out-and-out drinking bout."

"But what in the world are we to do? My brother and I have gone all lengths. We have spent a year's income on this confounded election."

"Nor is money the thing we want, if we can but make some grand demonstration. But unless our people get their feathers and colors, we are winged. Do but induce your brother to act like a man; we are sure to win the day."

"We have promised to employ none but honorable means——"

"To get the majority. But the means which I propose are, in *my* opinion, most honorable. Is there anything dishonorable in hospitality?"

"Certainly not; and I grant you the resolution admits of various interpretations. But some people there are who do not think so."

"Nonsense! When we passed that silly resolution, there were indeed lots of fools that voted with Tengelyi; but why did they do it? Because they were not booked for a place, and because they were afraid for their money. But with your own money you are quite at liberty to buy as many Cortes as you please."

"But Tengelyi!"

"Tengelyi! What of him? And suppose he were to leave us, what then? He is an honest man, I grant you; but after all, he is only a village notary."

"His influence is great, especially with the clergy; and if *he* were to oppose us——"

"Oppose us? Impossible! Tengelyi is more impracticable than any man ever was. No matter whether you insult him or flatter him, you lose your pains. The good man fancies that a village notary's conviction goes beyond everything. Besides, he will never vote for Rety's party; and if he votes for them, I know of something that will play the devil with his influence."

"Well?"

"Tengelyi," whispered Kriver, "is not a nobleman."

"Not a ——! Can it be possible?"

"I am sure of it. You know that fellow Catspaw is a crouny of mine. Old Rety was Tengelyi's friend, though they

hate one another now; and old Rety knows all Tengelyi's secrets. Catspaw told me that the notary has not a rag of paper to prove his noble descent by. The prothonotary, too, is aware of it, though he keeps his counsel; and so do we, if he votes for us. But if he turns against us, we have him close enough in a corner."

The prothonotary, who at this moment came up, confirmed Mr. Kriver's statement; and Mr. James pledged his word as a gentleman to hoist the colors of the party, and to invite the whole county to a political dinner.

The day passed amidst Mr. James' varied, and indeed interesting, accounts of the Doncaster races, and the debates of the English parliament—accounts which were given seriatim to small knots of guests in every corner of every room in the house; while Mrs. James Bantorny was busy superintending the arrangement of the apartments destined for the lord lieutenant's use. In the evening Mr. Lajosh Bantorny was in a state of great excitement. He walked restlessly to and fro, pulled out his watch, and looked at it. He walked out into the park and came back again, addressing every one he met with: "Really his Excellency ought to be here by this time!" Whereupon some of the guests said: "Yes, so he ought!" and others protested that his Excellency must have been detained on the road. The words of *contra* and *pagat ultimo* rang from the card table; and the noise of a political discussion, in which no less than thirty persons joined, intent on reconciling twelve opinions on four different subjects, drowned the complaints of Mr. Lajosh Bantorny. But Mr. James, who saw and pitied his brother's distress, mounted his horse, and, accompanied by two torchbearers, set out to meet the lord lieutenant on the road. He was scarcely gone when the din of an angry discussion broke through the dense cloud of smoke which enveloped the card tables.

"Mr. Sheriff, this is unsupportable; this is!" cried a man with a sallow and somewhat dirty face. It was Mr. Janoshy, an assessor, and a man of influence. "Mr. Sheriff, I won't stand it. Penzeshy has saved his *pagat*!"

"Has he, indeed? Well then, there is no help for it, if he has saved it."

"But I covered it."

"But why did you cover it?"

"Because I have eight taroks,"



"Eight taroks! Why then, in the name of h—ll, did you not take it?"

"Why, what did *you* lead spades for?"

"What the deuce do you mean, sir?"

"Clubs, sir! It was your bounden duty, sir, to lead clubs, sir," said Janoshy, very fiercely.

"Clubs be ——! Do you mean to tell me, sir, that I ought to have played my king? I'd see you ——"

"I appeal to you!" cried Janoshy, addressing Penzesiny, who was shuffling the cards, while the company thronged round the table.

"Go on!" said Mr. Kriver.

"This is not fair play!" cried Janoshy.

"I play to please myself and not you," retorted the sheriff.

"Then you ought to play by yourself, but not for *my* money!"

"Here's your stake! take it and welcome!"

"I won't stand it. By G—d I won't!" cried Mr. Janoshy, jumping up. "You, sir! you take the money back, or give it to your servant (poor fellow! it's little enough he gets); but don't talk to me in that way, sir! I won't stand it, sir!"

Here the altercation was interrupted by the general interference of every man in the room, and in the confusion of tongues which ensued, nothing was heard but the words, "pagat — sheriff — good manners — *tous les trois*" — until Shoskuty, in a blue dress embroidered with gold (for everybody was in full dress), entered the room. He silenced the most noisy by being noisier still. "*Domini spectabiles!*" cried Shoskuty, "for God's sake be quiet, Mr. Janoshy is quite hoarse, and I am sure his Excellency is coming. That confounded pagat! — only think of his Excellency! — though it was saved — for after all we are but mortal men! — I am sure he is hoarse;" and thus he went on, when of a sudden the doors of the apartment were flung open and a servant rushed in, shouting, "His Excellency is at the door!"

"Is he? Goodness me — where's my saber?" cried Shoskuty, running to the antechamber which served as a temporary arsenal, while the rest of the company ran into the next room, where they fought for their pelisses.

"I do pray, *domine spectabilis!* but this is mine. It's green with ermine!" cried the recorder, stopping one of the assessors who had just donned his pelisse, and who turned to look for his sword. The assessor protested with great indignation, and

the recorder was at length compelled to admit his mistake. Disgusted as he was, he dropped his kalpac, which was immediately trodden down by the crowd.

"'Sblood! where is my sword? Terrem tette!" shouted Janoshy, making vain endeavors to push forward into the sword room, while Shoskuty, who had secured his weapon, was equally unsuccessful in his struggles to obtain his pelisse.

"But I pray! I *do* pray! I am the speaker of the deputation—blue and gold—I must have it—do but consider!" groaned the worthy baron. His endeavors were at length crowned with success, and he possessed himself of a pelisse which certainly bore some similarity to his own. Throwing it over his shoulders, Baron Shoskuty did his best to add to the general confusion by entreating the gentlemen to be quick, "for," added he, "his Excellency has just arrived!"

The lord lieutenant's carriage had by this time advanced to the park palings, where the schoolboys and the peasantry greeted its arrival with maddening "Eljens!" The coachman was in the act of turning the corner of the gate, when the quick flash and the awful roar of artillery burst forth from the ditch at the roadside. His Excellency was surprised; so were the horses. They shied and overturned the carriage. The torch-bearing horsemen galloped about, frightening the village out of its propriety, as the foxes did, when Samson made them torchbearers to the Philistines. Mr. James, following the impulse of the moment, came down over his horse's head; the deputation, who were waiting in Bantornyi's hall, wrung their hands with horror. At length the horses ceased rearing and plunging; and as the danger of being kicked by them was now fairly over, the company to a man rushed to welcome their beloved lord lieutenant.

The deputation was splendid, at least in the Hungarian acceptance of the word, for all the dresses of all its members were richly embroidered. Shoskuty, in a short blue jacket frogged and corded and fringed with gold, and with his red face glowing under the weight of a white and metal-covered kalpac, felt that the dignity of a whole county was represented by his resplendent person. Thrice did he bow to his Excellency, and thrice did the deputation rattle their spurs and imitate the movement of their leader, who, taking his speech from the pocket of his cloak, addressed the high functionary with a voice tremulous with emotion.

"At length, glorious man, hast thou entered the circle of thy admirers, and the hearts which hitherto sighed for thee beat joyfully in thy presence!"

His Excellency unfolded a handkerchief ready for use; the members of the deputation cried, "Helyesh!" and the curate of a neighboring village, who had joined the deputation, became excited and nervous. The speaker went on.

"Respect and gratitude follow thy shadow; and within the borders of thy county there is no man but glories in the consciousness that *thou* art his superior."

"He talks in print! he does indeed," whispered an assessor.

"I beg your pardon," said the curate, very nervously, "it was *I* who made that speech."

"*Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ!* These parsons are dreadfully jealous," said the assessor. Shoskuty, turning a leaf of his manuscript, proceeded:—

"The flock which now stands before thee"—here the members of the deputation looked surprised, and shook their heads—"is but a small part of that numerous herd which feeds on thy pastures; and he who introduces them to thy notice"—Shoskuty himself was vastly astonished—"is not better than the rest: though he wears thy coat, he were lost but for thy guidance and correction."

The audience whispered among themselves, and the lord lieutenant could not help smiling.

"For God's sake, what *are* you about?" whispered Mr. Kriver. "Turn a leaf!" Baron Shoskuty, turning a leaf, and looking the picture of blank despair, continued:—

"Here thou seekest vainly for science—vainly for patriotic merits—vainly dost thou seek for all that mankind have a right to be proud of——"

The members of the deputation became unruly.

"They are peasants, thou beholdest——"

Here a storm of indignation burst forth.

"In their Sunday dresses——"

"Are you mad, Baron Shoskuty?"

"But good Christians, all of them," sighed the wretched baron, with angelic meekness: "there is not a single heretic among my flock."

"He is mad! let us cheer!—Eljen! Eljen!"

"Somebody has given me the wrong pelisse!" said Shoskuty, making his retreat; while the lord lieutenant replied to

the address to the best of his abilities, that is to say, very badly, for he was half choked with suppressed laughter.

But the curate, who had displayed so unusual a degree of nervousness at the commencement of the address, followed Shoskuty to the next room, whither that worthy man fled to bemoan his defeat.

"Sir, how dare you steal my speech!" cried the curate.

"Leave me alone! I am a ruined man, and all through you!"

"Well, sir; this is well. You steal my speech, and read it. Now what am I to do? I made that speech, and a deal of trouble it gave me. Now what am I to tell the bishop at his visitation on Monday next?"

"But, in the name of heaven, why did you take my cloak?"

"*Your* cloak?"

"Yes; *my* cloak. I am sure my speech is in your pocket."

The curate searched the pockets of the pelisse and produced a manuscript. "Dear me!" said he, wringing his hands; "*it is your cloak.*" And the discomfited orators were very sad, and would not be comforted.



## MARIA'S RESCUE FROM THE STAKE.

By WILHELM MEINHOLD.

(From "The Amber Witch": translated by Lady Duff Gordon.)

[JOHANN WILHELM MEINHOLD, German pastor and author, was born 1797, died 1851. His one famous work is "The Amber Witch" (1844), a mystification to confute Biblical criticism from internal evidences.]

AND when we had gone through the little wood, we suddenly saw the Streckelberg before us, covered with people, and the pile and stake upon the top. Thereat my senses left me, and my sweet lamb was not much better; for she bent to and fro like a reed, and stretching her bound hands toward heaven, she once more cried out:—

"Rex tremendæ majestatis!  
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,  
Salva me, fons pietatis!"

And behold, scarce had she spoken these words, when the sun came out and formed a rainbow right over the mountain



most pleasant to behold; and it is clear that this was a sign from the merciful God, such as he often gives us, but which we blind and unbelieving men do not rightly mark. Neither did my child heed it; for albeit she thought upon that first rainbow which shadowed forth our troubles, yet it seemed to her impossible that she could now be saved, wherefore she grew so faint that she no longer heeded the blessed sign of mercy, and her head fell forwards (for she could no longer lean it upon me, seeing that I lay my length at the bottom of the cart) till her garland almost touched my worthy gossip's knees. Thereupon he bade the driver stop for a moment, and pulled out a small flask filled with wine, which he always carries in his pocket when witches are to be burnt, in order to comfort them therewith in their terror. (Henceforth I myself will ever do the like, for this fashion of my dear gossip pleases me well.) He first poured some of this wine down my throat, and afterwards down my child's; and we had scarce come to ourselves again, when a fearful noise and tumult arose among the people behind us, and they not only cried out in deadly fear, "The Sheriff is come back! the Sheriff is come again!" but as they could neither run away forwards or backwards (being afraid of the ghost behind and of my child before them), they ran on either side, some rushing into the coppice, and others wading into the *Achterwater* up to their necks. *Item*, as soon as *Dom. Camerarius* saw the ghost come out of the coppice with a gray hat and a gray feather, such as the Sheriff wore, riding on the gray charger, he crept under a bundle of straw in the cart, and *Dom. Consul* cursed my child again, and bade the coachmen drive on as madly as they could, even should all the horses die of it, when the impudent constable behind us called to him, "It is not the Sheriff, but the young lord of Nienkerken, who will surely seek to save the witch: shall I, then, cut her throat with my sword?" At these fearful words my child and I came to ourselves again, and the fellow had already lift up his naked sword to smite her, seeing *Dom. Consul* had made him a sign with his hand, when my dear gossip, who saw it, pulled my child with all his strength back into his lap. (May God reward him on the day of judgment, for I never can.) The villain would have stabbed her as she lay in his lap; but the young lord was already there, and seeing what he was about to do, thrust the boar spear which he held in his hand in between the constable's shoulders, so

that he fell headlong on the earth, and his own sword, by the guidance of the most righteous God, went into his ribs on one side, and out again at the other. He lay there and bellowed, but the young lord heeded him not, but said to my child, "Sweet maid, God be praised that you are safe!" When, however, he saw her bound hands, he gnashed his teeth, and, cursing her judges, he jumped off his horse, and cut the rope with his sword, which he held in his right hand, took her hand in his, and said, "Alas, sweet maid, how have I sorrowed for you! but I could not save you, as I myself also lay in chains, which you may see from my looks."

But my child could answer him never a word, and fell into a swoond again for joy; howbeit, she soon came to herself again, seeing my dear gossip still had a little wine by him. Meanwhile the dear young lord did me some injustice, which, however, I freely forgive him; for he railed at me and called me an old woman, who could do naught save weep and wail. Why had I not journeyed after the Swedish king, or why had I not gone to Mellenthin myself to fetch his testimony, as I knew right well what he thought about witchcraft? (But, blessed God, how could I do otherwise than believe the judge, who had been there? Others, besides old women, would have done the same; and I never once thought of the Swedish king; and say, dear reader, how could I have journeyed after him, and left my own child? But young folks do not think of these things, seeing they know not what a father feels.)

Meanwhile, however, *Dom. Camerarius*, having heard that it was the young lord, had again crept out from beneath the straw, *item Dom. Consul* had jumped down from the coach and ran towards us, railing at him loudly, and asking him by what power and authority he acted thus, seeing that he himself had heretofore denounced the ungodly witch? But the young lord pointed with his sword to his people, who now came riding out of the coppice, about eighteen strong, armed with sabers, pikes, and muskets, and said, "There is my authority, and I would let you feel it on your back if I did not know that you were but a stupid ass. When did you hear any testimony from me against this virtuous maiden? You lie in your throat if you say you did." And as *Dom. Consul* stood and straightway fore-swore himself, the young lord, to the astonishment of all, related as follows: That as soon as he heard of the misfortune which had befallen me and my child, he ordered his horse to be

saddled forthwith, in order to ride to Pudgla to bear witness to our innocence. . . .

When the worthy young lord had stated this before *Dom. Consul* and all the people, which flocked together on hearing that the young lord was no ghost, I felt as though a millstone had been taken off my heart; and seeing that the people (who had already pulled the constable from under the cart, and crowded round him, like a swarm of bees) cried to me that he was dying, but desired first to confess somewhat to me, I jumped from the cart as lightly as a young bachelor, and called to *Dom. Consul* and the young lord to go with me, seeing that I could easily guess what he had on his mind. He sat upon a stone, and the blood gushed from his side like a fountain (now that they had drawn out the sword); he whimpered on seeing me, and said that he had in truth hearkened behind the door to all that old Lizzie had confessed to me, namely, that she herself, together with the Sheriff, had worked all the witchcraft on man and beast, to frighten my poor child and force her to play the wanton. That he had hidden this, seeing that the Sheriff had promised him a great reward for so doing; but that he would now confess it freely, since God had brought my child her innocence to light. Wherefore he besought my child and myself to forgive him. And when *Dom. Consul* shook his head, and asked whether he would live and die on the truth of this confession, he answered, "Yes!" and straightway fell on his side to the earth and gave up the ghost.

Meanwhile time hung heavy with the people on the mountain, who had come from Coserow, from Zitze, from Gnitze, etc., to see my child burnt, and they all came running down the hill in long rows like geese, one after the other, to see what had happened. And among them was my plowman, Claus Neels. When the worthy fellow saw and heard what had befallen us, he began to weep aloud for joy; and straightway he too told what he had heard the Sheriff say to old Lizzie in the garden, and how he had promised her a pig in the room of her own little pig, which she had herself bewitched to death in order to bring my child into evil repute. *Summa*: all that I have noted above, and which till *datum* he had kept to himself for fear of the question. Hereat all the people marveled, and greatly bewailed her misfortunes; and many came, among them old Paasch, and would have kissed my daughter her hands and feet, as also mine own, and praised us now as much

as they had before reviled us. But thus it ever is with the people. Wherefore my departed father used to say:—

“The people’s hate is death,  
Their love a passing breath!”

My dear gossip ceased not from fondling my child, holding her in his lap, and weeping over her like a father (for I could not have wept more myself than he wept). Howbeit, she herself wept not, but begged the young lord to send one of his horsemen to her faithful old maidservant at Pudgla, to tell her what had befallen us, which he straightway did to please her. But the worshipful court (for *Dom. Camerarius* and the *scriba* had now plucked up a heart, and had come down from the coach) was not yet satisfied, and *Dom. Consul* began to tell the young lord about the bewitched bridge, which none other save my daughter could have bewitched. Hereto the young lord gave answer that this was indeed a strange thing, inasmuch as his own horse had also broken a leg thereon, whereupon he had taken the Sheriff his horse, which he saw tied up at the mill; but he did not think that this could be laid to the charge of the maiden, but that it came about by natural means, as he had half discovered already, although he had not had time to search the matter thoroughly. Wherefore he besought the worshipful court and all the people, together with my child herself, to return back thither, where, with God’s help, he would clear her from this suspicion also, and prove her perfect innocence before them all.

Thereunto the worshipful court agreed; and the young lord, having given the Sheriff his gray charger to my plowman to carry the corpse, which had been laid across the horse’s neck, to Coserow, the young lord got into the cart by us, but did not seat himself beside my child, but backward by my dear gossip; moreover, he bade one of his own people drive us instead of the old coachman, and thus we turned back in God his name. *Custos Benzensis*, who, with the children, had run in among the vetches by the wayside (my defunct *Custos* would not have done so, he had more courage), went on before again with the young folks, and by command of his reverence the pastor led the Ambrosian *Te Deum*, which deeply moved us all, more especially my child, insomuch that her book was wetted with her tears, and she at length laid it down and said, at the same time giving her hand to the young lord, “How can I



thank God and you for that which you have done for me this day?" Whereupon the young lord answered, saying, "I have greater cause to thank God than yourself, sweet maid, seeing that you have suffered in your dungeon unjustly, but I justly, inasmuch as by my thoughtlessness I brought this misery upon you. Believe me that this morning when, in my donjon keep, I first heard the sound of the dead bell, I thought to have died; and when it tolled for the third time, I should have gone distraught in my grief, had not the Almighty God at that moment taken the life of my strange father, so that your innocent life should be saved by me. Wherefore I have vowed a new tower, and whatsoe'er beside may be needful, to the blessed house of God; for naught more bitter could have befallen me on earth than your death, sweet maid and naught more sweet than your life!" . . .

Meanwhile we were come to the bridge again, and all the folks stood still, and gazed open-mouthed, when the young lord jumped down from the cart, and after stabbing his horse, which still lay kicking on the bridge, went on his knees, and felt here and there with his hand. At length he called to the worshipful court to draw near, for that he had found out the witchcraft. But none save *Dom. Consul* and a few fellows out of the crowd, among whom was old Paaseh, would follow him; *item*, my dear gossip and myself, and the young lord showed us a lump of tallow about the size of a large walnut, which lay on the ground, and wherewith the whole bridge had been smeared, so that it looked quite white, but which all the folks in their fright had taken for flour out of the mill; *item*, with some other *materia*, but what it was we could not find out. Soon after a fellow found another bit of tallow, and showed it to the people; whereupon I cried, "Aha! none hath done this but that ungodly miller's man, in revenge for the stripes which the Sheriff gave him for reviling my child." Whereupon I told what he done, and *Dom. Consul*, who also had heard thereof, straightway sent for the miller.

He, however, did as though he knew naught of the matter, and only said that his man had left his service about an hour ago. But a young lass, the miller's maidservant, said that that very morning, before daybreak, when she had got up to let out the cattle, she had seen the man scouring the bridge. But that she had given it no further heed, and had gone to sleep for another hour; and she pretended to know no more

than the miller whither the rascal was gone. When the young lord had heard this news, he got up into the cart, and began to address the people, seeking to persuade them no longer to believe in witchcraft, now that they had seen what it really was. When I heard this, I was horror-stricken (as was but right) in my conscience as a priest, and I got upon the cart wheel and whispered into his ear, for God his sake, to leave this *materia*, seeing that if the people no longer feared the devil, neither would they fear our Lord God.

The dear young lord forthwith did as I would have him, and only asked the people whether they now held my child to be perfectly innocent? and when they had answered "Yes!" he begged them to go quietly home, and to thank God that he had saved innocent blood. That he, too, would now return home, and that he hoped that none would molest me and my child if he let us return to Coserow alone. Hereupon he turned hastily towards her, took her hand and said: "Farewell, sweet maid, I trust that I shall soon clear your honor before the world, but do you thank God therefore, not me." He then did the like to me and to my dear gossip, whereupon he jumped down from the cart, and went and sat beside *Dom. Consul* in his coach. The latter also spake a few words to the people, and likewise begged my child and me to forgive him (and I must say it to his honor, that the tears ran down his cheeks the while), but he was so hurried by the young lord that he brake short his discourse, and they drove off over the little bridge, without so much as looking back. Only *Dom. Consul* looked round once, and called out to me that in his hurry he had forgotten to tell the executioner that no one was to be burned to-day: I was therefore to send the churchwarden of Ukeritze up the mountain to say so in his name; the which I did. And the bloodhound was still on the mountain, albeit he had long since heard what had befallen; and when the bailiff gave him the orders of the worshipful court, he began to curse so fearfully that it might have awakened the dead; moreover, he plucked off his cap, and trampled it underfoot, so that any one might have guessed what he felt.

But to return to ourselves, my child sat as still and as white as a pillar of salt, after the young lord had left her so suddenly and so unawares, but she was somewhat comforted when the old maidservant came running, with her coats tucked up to her knees, and carrying her shoes and stockings in her hand. We

heard her afar off, as the mill had stopped, blubbering for joy, and she fell at least three times on the bridge, but at last she got over safe, and kissed now mine and now my child her hands and feet; begging us only not to turn her away, but to keep her until her life's end; the which we promised to do. She had to climb up behind where the impudent constable had sat, seeing that my dear gossip would not leave me until I should be back in mine own manse. And as the young lord his servant had got up behind the coach, old Paasch drove us home, and all the folks who had waited till *datum* ran beside the cart, praising and pitying as much as they had before scorned and reviled us. Scarce, however, had we passed through Ukeritze, when we again heard cries of "Here comes the young lord, here comes the young lord!" so that my child started up for joy, and became as red as a rose; but some of the folks ran into the buckwheat, by the road, again, thinking it was another ghost. It was, however, in truth the young lord who galloped up on a black horse, calling out as he drew near us, "Notwithstanding the haste I am in, sweet maid, I must return and give you safe conduct home, seeing that I have just heard that the filthy people reviled you by the way, and I know not whether you are yet safe." Hereupon he urged old Paasch to mend his pace, and as his kicking and trampling did not even make the horses trot, the young lord struck the saddle horse from time to time with the flat of his sword, so that we soon reached the village and the manse. Howbeit, when I prayed him to dismount awhile, he would not, but excused himself, saying that he must still ride through Uzedom to Anclam, but charged old Paasch, who was our bailiff, to watch over my child as the apple of his eye, and should anything unusual happen he was straightway to inform the town clerk at Pudgla, or *Dom. Consul* at Uzedom, thereof; and when Paasch had promised to do this, he waved his hand to us and galloped off as fast as he could.

But before he got round the corner by Pagel his house, he turned back for the third time; and when we wondered thereat, he said we must forgive him, seeing his thoughts wandered to-day.

That I had formerly told him that I still had my patent of nobility, the which he begged me to lend him for a time. Hereupon I answered that I must first seek for it, and that he had best dismount the while. But he would not, and again

excused himself, saying he had no time. He therefore stayed without the door until I brought him the patent, whereupon he thanked me and said, "Do not wonder hereat, you will soon see what my purpose is." Whereupon he struck his spurs into his horse's sides, and did not come back again.



## BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

BREAK, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,  
That he shouts with his sister at play!  
O well for the sailor lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill;  
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me.



## MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT IN NEW YORK.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

(A caricature inspired by Dickens' first and rather unhappy visit to America.)

[CHARLES DICKENS, one of the greatest novelists and humorists of the world, was born February 7, 1812, at Portsea, Eng. His father being unprosperous, he had no regular education and much hardship; at fourteen became an attorney's clerk, and at seventeen a reporter. His first short story appeared in December, 1833; the collected "Sketches by Boz" in 1836, which also saw the first number of "The Pickwick Papers," finished in November, 1837. There followed "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Master Humphrey's Clock" (finally dissolved



into the "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge"), the "American Notes," "Martin Chuzzlewit," the "Christmas Carol" (other Christmas stories followed later), "Notes from Italy," "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," "Bleak House," "Hard Times," "Little Dorrit," "Great Expectations," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Our Mutual Friend," and the unfinished "Edwin Drood." Several of these, and his "Uncommercial Traveller" papers, appeared in *All the Year Round*, which he edited. He died June 9, 1870.]

SOME trifling excitement prevailed upon the very brink and margin of the land of liberty; for an alderman had been elected the day before, and Party Feeling naturally running rather high on such an exciting occasion, the friends of the disappointed candidate had found it necessary to assert the great Principles of Purity of Election and Freedom of Opinion by breaking a few legs and arms, and furthermore pursuing one obnoxious gentleman through the streets with the design of slitting his nose. These good-humored little outbursts of the popular fancy were not in themselves sufficiently remarkable to create any great stir, after the lapse of a whole night; but they found fresh life and notoriety in the breath of the newsboys, who not only proclaimed them with shrill yells in all the high-ways and byways of the town, upon the wharves and among the shipping, but on the deck and down in the cabins of the steamboat; which, before she touched the shore, was boarded and overrun by a legion of those young citizens.

"Here's this morning's *New York Sewer!*" cried one. "Here's this morning's *New York Stabber!* Here's the *New York Family Spy!* Here's the *New York Private Listener!* Here's the *New York Peeper!* Here's the *New York Plunderer!* Here's the *New York Keyhole Reporter!* Here's the *New York Rowdy Journal!* Here's all the New York papers! Here's full particulars of the patriotic locofoco movement yesterday, in which the whigs was so chewed up; and the last Alabama gouging case; and the interesting Arkansas dool with bowie knives; and all the Political, Commercial, and Fashionable News. Here they are! Here they are! Here's the papers, here's the papers!"

"Here's the *Sewer!*" cried another. "Here's the *New York Sewer!* Here's some of the twelfth thousand of to-day's *Sewer*, with the best accounts of the markets, and all the shipping news, and four whole columns of country correspondence, and a full account of the Ball at Mrs. White's last night, where all the beauty and fashion of New York was assembled; with the

*Sewer's* own particulars of the private lives of all the ladies that was there ! Here's the *Sewer* ! Here's some of the twelfth thousand of the *New York Sewer* ! Here's the *Sewer's* exposure of the Wall Street Gang, and the *Sewer's* exposure of the Washington Gang, and the *Sewer's* exclusive account of a flagrant act of dishonesty committed by the Secretary of State when he was eight years old ; now communicated, at a great expense, by his own nurse. Here's the *Sewer* ! Here's the *New York Sewer*, in its twelfth thousand, with a whole column of New Yorkers to be shown up, and all their names printed ! Here's the *Sewer's* article upon the Judge that tried him, day afore yesterday, for libel, and the *Sewer's* tribute to the independent Jury that didn't convict him, and the *Sewer's* account of what they might have expected if they had ! Here's the *Sewer*, here's the *Sewer* ! Here's the wide-awake *Sewer* ; always on the lookout ; the leading Journal of the United States, now in its twelfth thousand, and still a printing off. Here's the *New York Sewer* ! ”

“ It is in such enlightened means,” said a voice almost in Martin's ear, “ that the bubbling passions of my country find a vent.”

Martin turned involuntarily, and saw, standing close at his side, a sallow gentleman, with sunken cheeks, black hair, small twinkling eyes, and a singular expression hovering about that region of his face, which was not a frown, nor a leer, and yet might have been mistaken at the first glance for either. Indeed it would have been difficult, on a much closer acquaintance, to describe it in any more satisfactory terms than as a mixed expression of vulgar cunning and conceit. This gentleman wore a rather broad-brimmed hat for the greater wisdom of his appearance, and had his arms folded for the greater impressiveness of his attitude. He was somewhat shabbily dressed in a blue surtout reaching nearly to his ankles, short loose trousers of the same color, and a faded buff waistcoat, through which a discolored shirt frill struggled to force itself into notice, as asserting an equality of civil rights with the other portions of his dress, and maintaining a declaration of Independence on its own account. His feet, which were of unusually large proportions, were leisurely crossed before him as he half leaned against, half sat upon, the steamboat's bulwark ; and his thick cane, shod with a mighty ferule at one end and armed with a great metal knob at the other, depended from a line and tassel on his wrist. Thus attired, and thus composed into an aspect of great

profundity, the gentleman twitched up the right-hand corner of his mouth and his right eye, simultaneously, and said, once more : —

“It is in such enlightened means, that the bubbling passions of my country find a vent.”

As he looked at Martin, and nobody else was by, Martin inclined his head, and said : —

“You allude to —— ?”

“To the Palladium of rational Liberty at home, sir, and the dread of Foreign oppression abroad,” returned the gentleman, as he pointed with his cane to an uncommonly dirty newsboy with one eye. “To the Envy of the world, sir, and the leaders of Human Civilization. Let me ask you, sir,” he added, bringing the ferule of his stick heavily upon the deck with the air of a man who must not be equivocated with, “how do you like my Country ?”

“I am hardly prepared to answer that question,” said Martin, “seeing that I have not been ashore.”

“Well, I should expect you were not prepared, sir,” said the gentleman, “to behold such signs of National Prosperity as those ?”

He pointed to the vessels lying at the wharves ; and then gave a vague flourish with his stick, as if he would include the air and water, generally, in this remark.

“Really,” said Martin, “I don’t know. Yes. I think I was.”

The gentleman glanced at him with a knowing look, and said he liked his policy. It was natural, he said, and it pleased him as a philosopher to observe the prejudices of human nature.

“You have brought, I see, sir,” he said, turning round towards Martin, and resting his chin on the top of his stick, “the usual amount of misery and poverty and ignorance and crime, to be located in the bosom of the great Republic. Well, sir ! let ’em come on in shiploads from the old country. When vessels are about to founder, the rats are said to leave ’em. There is considerable of truth, I find, in that remark.”

“The old ship will keep afloat a year or two longer yet, perhaps,” said Martin with a smile, partly occasioned by what the gentleman said, and partly by his manner of saying it, which was odd enough, for he emphasized all the small words and syllables in his discourse, and left the others to take care of themselves, as if he thought the larger parts of speech could

be trusted alone, but the little ones required to be constantly looked after.

"Hope is said by the poet," observed the gentleman, "to be the nurse of Young Desire."

Martin signified that he had heard of the cardinal virtue in question serving occasionally in that domestic capacity.

"She will not rear her infant in the present instance, sir, you'll find," observed the gentleman.

"Time will show," said Martin.

The gentleman nodded his head gravely and said, "What is your name, sir?"

Martin told him.

"How old are you, sir?"

Martin told him.

"What is your profession, sir?"

Martin told him that, also.

"What is your destination, sir?" inquired the gentleman.

"Really," said Martin, laughing, "I can't satisfy you in that particular, for I don't know it myself."

"Yes?" said the gentleman.

"No," said Martin.

The gentleman adjusted his cane under his left arm, and took a more deliberate and complete survey of Martin than he had yet had leisure to make. When he had completed his inspection, he put out his right hand, shook Martin's hand, and said:—

"My name is Colonel Diver, sir. I am the Editor of the *New York Rowdy Journal*."

Martin received the communication with that degree of respect which an announcement so distinguished appeared to demand.

"The *New York Rowdy Journal*, sir," resumed the colonel, "is, as I expect you know, the organ of our aristocracy in this city."

"Oh! there is an aristocracy here, then?" said Martin. "Of what is it composed?"

"Of intelligence, sir," replied the colonel; "of intelligence and virtue. And of their necessary consequence in this republic. Dollars, sir."

Martin was very glad to hear this, feeling well assured that if intelligence and virtue led, as a matter of course, to the acquisition of dollars, he would speedily become a great capitalist.



He was about to express the gratification such news afforded him, when he was interrupted by the captain of the ship, who came up at the moment to shake hands with the colonel; and who, seeing a well-dressed stranger on the deck (for Martin had thrown aside his cloak), shook hands with him also. This was an unspeakable relief to Martin, who, in spite of the acknowledged supremacy of intelligence and virtue in that happy country, would have been deeply mortified to appear before Colonel Diver in the poor character of a steerage passenger.

"Well, cap'en!" said the colonel.

"Well, colonel!" cried the captain. "You're looking most uncommon bright, sir. I can hardly realize its being you, and that's a fact."

"A good passage, cap'en?" inquired the colonel, taking him aside.

"Well, now! It was a pretty spanking run, sir," said, or rather sung, the captain, who was a genuine New Englander, "con-siderin' the weather."

"Yes?" said the colonel.

"Well! It was, sir," said the captain. "I've just now sent a boy up to your office with the passenger list, colonel."

"You haven't got another boy to spare, p'raps, cap'en?" said the colonel, in a tone almost amounting to severity.

"I guess there air a dozen if you want 'em, colonel," said the captain.

"One moderate big 'un could convey a dozen of champagne, perhaps," observed the colonel, musing, "to my office. You said a spanking run, I think?"

"Well, so I did," was the reply.

"It's very nigh, you know," observed the colonel. "I'm glad it was a spanking run, cap'en. Don't mind about quarts if you're short of 'em. The boy can as well bring four and twenty pints, and travel twice as once. — A first-rate spanker, cap'en, was it? Yes?"

"A most e—tarnal spanker," said the skipper.

"I admire at your good fortun, cap'en. You might loan me a corkscrew at the same time, and half a dozen glasses if you liked. However bad the elements combine against my country's noble packet ship, the 'Screw,' sir," said the colonel, turning to Martin, and drawing a flourish on the surface of the deck with his cane, "her passage either way is almost certain to eventuate a spanker!"

The captain, who had the *Sewer* below at that moment, lunching expensively in one cabin, while the amiable *Stabber* was drinking himself into a state of blind madness in another, took a cordial leave of his friend the colonel, and hurried away to dispatch the champagne, well knowing (as it afterwards appeared) that if he failed to conciliate the editor of the *Rowdy Journal*, that potentate would denounce him and his ship in large capitals before he was a day older; and would probably assault the memory of his mother also, who had not been dead more than twenty years. The colonel being again left alone with Martin, checked him as he was moving away, and offered, in consideration of his being an Englishman, to show him the town and to introduce him, if such were his desire, to a genteel boarding house. But before they entered on these proceedings (he said), he would beseech the honor of his company at the office of the *Rowdy Journal*, to partake of a bottle of champagne of his own importation.

All this was so extremely kind and hospitable, that Martin, though it was quite early in the morning, readily acquiesced. So, instructing Mark, who was deeply engaged with his friend and her three children, that when he had done assisting them, and had cleared the baggage, he was to wait for further orders at the *Rowdy Journal* office, Martin accompanied his new friend on shore.

They made their way as they best could through the melancholy crowd of emigrants upon the wharf, who, grouped about their beds and boxes, with the bare ground below them and the bare sky above, might have fallen from another planet, for anything they knew of the country; and walked for some short distance along a busy street, bounded on one side by the quays and shipping; and on the other by a long row of staring red-brick storehouses and offices, ornamented with more black boards and white letters, and more white boards and black letters, than Martin had ever seen before, in fifty times the space. Presently they turned up a narrow street, and presently into other narrow streets, until at last they stopped before a house whereon was painted in great characters, *ROWDY JOURNAL*.

The colonel, who had walked the whole way with one hand in his breast, his head occasionally wagging from side to side, and his hat thrown back upon his ears, like a man who was oppressed to inconvenience by a sense of his own greatness,

led the way up a dark and dirty flight of stairs into a room of similar character, all littered and bestrewn with odds and ends of newspapers and other crumpled fragments, both in proof and manuscript. Behind a mangy old writing table in this apartment, sat a figure with a stump of a pen in its mouth and a great pair of scissors in its right hand, clipping and slicing at a file of *Rowdy Journals*; and it was such a laughable figure that Martin had some difficulty in preserving his gravity, though conscious of the close observation of Colonel Diver.

The individual who sat clipping and slicing as aforesaid at the *Rowdy Journals* was a small young gentleman of very juvenile appearance, and unwholesomely pale in the face; partly perhaps, from intense thought, but partly, there is no doubt, from the excessive use of tobacco, which he was at that moment chewing vigorously. He wore his shirt collar turned down over a black ribbon; and his lank hair, a fragile crop, was not only smoothed and parted back from his brow, that none of the Poetry of his aspect might be lost, but had, here and there, been grubbed up by the roots, which accounted for his loftiest developments being somewhat pimply. He had that order of nose on which the envy of mankind has bestowed the appellation "snub," and it was very much turned up at the end, as with a lofty scorn. Upon the upper lip of this young gentleman were tokens of a sandy down, so very, very smooth and scant, that, though encouraged to the utmost, it looked more like a recent trace of gingerbread, than the fair promise of a mustache; and this conjecture, his apparently tender age went far to strengthen. He was intent upon his work. Every time he snapped the great pair of scissors, he made a corresponding motion with his jaws, which gave him a very terrible appearance.

Martin was not long in determining within himself that this must be Colonel Diver's son, the hope of the family, and future mainspring of the *Rowdy Journals*. Indeed he had begun to say that he presumed this was the colonel's little boy, and that it was very pleasant to see him playing at Editor in all the guilelessness of childhood, when the colonel proudly interposed and said:—

"My War Correspondent, sir. Mr. Jefferson Brick!"

Martin could not help starting at this unexpected announcement, and the consciousness of the irretrievable mistake he had nearly made.

Mr. Brick seemed pleased with the sensation he produced upon the stranger, and shook hands with him, with an air of patronage designed to reassure him, and to let him know that there was no occasion to be frightened, for he (Brick) wouldn't hurt him.

"You have heard of Jefferson Brick, I see, sir," quoth the colonel, with a smile. "England has heard of Jefferson Brick, Europe has heard of Jefferson Brick. Let me see. When did you leave England, sir?"

"Five weeks ago," replied Martin.

"Five weeks ago," repeated the colonel, thoughtfully; as he took his seat upon the table and swung his legs. "Now let me ask you, sir, which of Mr. Brick's articles had become at that time the most obnoxious to the British Parliament and the Court of Saint James's?"

"Upon my word," said Martin, "I ——"

"I have reason to know, sir," interrupted the colonel, "that the aristocratic circles of your country quail before the name of Jefferson Brick. I should like to be informed, sir, from your lips, which of his sentiments has struck the deadliest blow——"

"At the hundred heads of the Hydra of Corruption now groveling in the dust beneath the lance of Reason, and spouting up to the universal arch above us its sanguinary gore," said Mr. Brick, putting on a little blue cloth cap with a glazed front, and quoting his last article.

"The libation of freedom, Brick," hinted the colonel.

"Must sometimes be quaffed in blood, colonel," cried Brick. And when he said "blood," he gave the great pair of scissors a sharp snap, as if *they* said blood too, and were quite of his opinion.

This done, they both looked at Martin, pausing for a reply.

"Upon my life," said Martin, who had by this time quite recovered his usual coolness, "I can't give you any satisfactory information about it; for the truth is that I ——"

"Stop!" cried the colonel, glancing sternly at his war correspondent, and giving his head one shake after every sentence. "That you never heard of Jefferson Brick, sir. That you never read Jefferson Brick, sir. That you never saw the *Rowdy Journal*, sir. That you never knew, sir, of its mighty influence upon the cabinets of Eu—rope. Yes?"

"That's what I was about to observe, certainly," said Martin.



"Keep cool, Jefferson," said the colonel, gravely. "Don't bust! oh, you Europeans! Arter that, let's have a glass of wine!" So saying, he got down from the table, and produced, from a basket outside the door, a bottle of champagne, and three glasses.

"Mr. Jefferson Brick, sir," said the colonel, filling Martin's glass and his own, and pushing the bottle to that gentleman, "will give us a sentiment."

"Well, sir!" cried the war correspondent, "since you have concluded to call upon me, I will respond. I will give you, sir, the *Rowdy Journal* and its brethren; the well of Truth, whose waters are black from being composed of printers' ink, but are quite clear enough for my country to behold the shadow of her Destiny reflected in."

"Hear, hear!" cried the colonel, with great complacency. "There are flowery components, sir, in the language of my friend?"

"Very much so, indeed," said Martin.

"There is to-day's *Rowdy*, sir," observed the colonel, handing him a paper. "You'll find Jefferson Brick at his usual post in the van of human civilization and moral purity."

The colonel was by this time seated on the table again. Mr. Brick also took up a position on that same piece of furniture; and they fell to drinking pretty hard. They often looked at Martin as he read the paper, and then at each other. When he laid it down, which was not until they had finished a second bottle, the colonel asked him what he thought of it.

"Why, it's horribly personal," said Martin.

The colonel seemed much flattered by this remark, and said he hoped it was.

"We are independent here, sir," said Mr. Jefferson Brick. "We do as we like."

"If I may judge from this specimen," returned Martin, "there must be a few thousands here, rather the reverse of independent, who do as they don't like."

"Well! They yield to the mighty mind of the Popular Instructor, sir," said the colonel. "They rile up, sometimes; but in general we have a hold upon our citizens, both in public and in private life, which is as much one of the ennobling institutions of our happy country as ——"

"As nigger slavery itself," suggested Mr. Brick.

"En—tirely so," remarked the colonel.

"Pray," said Martin, after some hesitation, "may I venture to ask, with reference to a case I observe in this paper of yours, whether the popular instructor often deals in — I am at a loss to express it without giving you offense — in forgery? In forged letters, for instance," he pursued, for the colonel was perfectly calm and quite at his ease, "solemnly purporting to have been written at recent periods by living men?"

"Well, sir!" replied the colonel. "It does, now and then."

"And the popular instructed; what do they do?" asked Martin.

"Buy 'em," said the colonel.

Mr. Jefferson Brick expectorated and laughed; the former copiously, the latter approvingly.

"Buy 'em by hundreds of thousands," resumed the colonel.

"We are a smart people here, and can appreciate smartness."

"Is smartness American for forgery?" asked Martin.

"Well!" said the colonel, "I expect it's American for a good many things that you call by other names. But you can't help yourselves in Europe. We can."

"And do, sometimes," thought Martin. "You help yourselves with very little ceremony, too!"

"At all events, whatever name we choose to employ," said the colonel, stooping down to roll the third empty bottle into a corner after the other two, "I suppose the art of forgery was not invented here, sir?"

"I suppose not," replied Martin.

"Nor any other kind of smartness, I reckon?"

"Invented! No, I presume not."

"Well!" said the colonel, "then we got it all from the old country, and the old country's to blame for it, and not the new 'un. There's an end of *that*. Now, if Mr. Jefferson Brick and you will be so good as clear, I'll come out last, and lock the door."

Rightly interpreting this as the signal for their departure, Martin walked downstairs after the war correspondent, who preceded him with great majesty. The colonel following, they left the *Rowdy Journal* office and walked forth into the streets, Martin feeling doubtful whether he ought to kick the colonel for having presumed to speak to him, or whether it came within the bounds of possibility that he and his establishment could be among the boasted usages of that regenerated land.

It was clear that Colonel Diver, in the security of his strong

position, and in his perfect understanding of the public sentiment, cared very little what Martin or anybody else thought about him. His high-spiced wares were made to sell, and they sold; and his thousands of readers could as rationally charge their delight in filth upon him, as a glutton can shift upon his cook the responsibility of his beastly excess. Nothing would have delighted the colonel more than to be told that no such man as he could walk in high success the streets of any other country in the world; for that would only have been a logical assurance to him of the correct adaptation of his labors to the prevailing taste, and of his being strictly and peculiarly a national feature of America.

They walked a mile or more along a handsome street which the colonel said was called Broadway, and which Mr. Jefferson Brick said "whipped the universe." Turning, at length, into one of the numerous streets which branched from this main thoroughfare, they stopped before a rather mean-looking house with jalousie blinds to every window; a flight of steps before the green street door; a shining white ornament on the rails on either side like a petrified pineapple, polished; a little oblong plate of the same material over the knocker, whereon the name of "Pawkins" was engraved; and four accidental pigs looking down the area.

The colonel knocked at this house with the air of a man who lived there; and an Irish girl popped her head out of one of the top windows to see who it was. Pending her journey downstairs, the pigs were joined by two or three friends from the next street, in company with whom they lay down sociably in the gutter.

"Is the major indoors?" inquired the colonel, as he entered.

"Is it the master, sir?" returned the girl, with a hesitation which seemed to imply that they were rather flush of majors in that establishment.

"The master!" said Colonel Diver, stopping short and looking round at his war correspondent.

"Oh! The depressing institutions of that British empire, colonel," said Jefferson Brick. "Master!"

"What's the matter with the word?" asked Martin.

"I should hope it was never heard in our country, sir: that's all," said Jefferson Brick: "except when it is used by some degraded Help, as new to the blessings of our form of government as this Help is. There are no masters here."

"All 'owners,' are they?" said Martin.

Mr. Jefferson Brick followed in the *Rowdy Journal's* footsteps without returning any answer. Martin took the same course, thinking as he went, that perhaps the free and independent citizens, who in their moral elevation, owned the colonel for their master, might render better homage to the goddess, Liberty, in nightly dreams upon the oven of a Russian Serf.

The colonel led the way into a room at the back of the house upon the ground floor, light, and of fair dimensions, but exquisitely uncomfortable, having nothing in it but the four cold white walls and ceiling, a mean carpet, a dreary waste of dining table reaching from end to end, and a bewildering collection of cane-bottomed chairs. In a further region of this banqueting hall was a stove, garnished on either side with a great brass spittoon, and shaped in itself like three little iron barrels set up on end in a fender, and joined together on the principle of the Siamese Twins. Before it, swinging himself in a rocking chair, lounged a large gentleman with his hat on, who amused himself by spitting alternately into the spittoon on the right hand of the stove, and the spittoon on the left, and then working his way back again in the same order. A negro lad in a soiled white jacket was busily engaged in placing on the table two long rows of knives and forks, relieved at intervals by jugs of water; and as he traveled down one side of this festive board, he straightened with his dirty hands the dirtier cloth, which was all askew, and had not been removed since breakfast. The atmosphere of this room was rendered intensely hot and stifling by the stove; but being further flavored by a sickly gush of soup from the kitchen, and by such remote suggestions of tobacco as lingered within the brazen receptacles already mentioned, it became, to a stranger's senses, almost insupportable.

The gentleman in the rocking chair having his back towards them, and being much engaged in his intellectual pastime, was not aware of their approach until the colonel walking up to the stove, contributed his mite towards the support of the left-hand spittoon, just as the major — for it was the major — bore down upon it. Major Pawkins then reserved his fire, and looking upward, said, with a peculiar air of quiet weariness, like a man who had been up all night — an air which Martin had already observed both in the colonel and Mr. Jefferson Brick —

"Well, colonel!"



"Here is a gentleman from England, Major," the colonel replied, "who has concluded to locate himself here if the amount of compensation suits him."

"I am glad to see you, sir," observed the major, shaking hands with Martin, and not moving a muscle of his face. "You are pretty bright, I hope?"

"Never better," said Martin.

"You are never likely to be," returned the major. "You will see the sun shine *here*."

"I think I remember to have seen it shine at home sometimes," said Martin, smiling.

"I think not," replied the major. He said so with a stoical indifference certainly, but still in a tone of firmness which admitted of no further dispute on that point. When he had thus settled the question, he put his hat a little on one side for the greater convenience of scratching his head, and saluted Mr. Jefferson Brick with a lazy nod.

Major Pawkins (a gentleman of Pennsylvanian origin) was distinguished by a very large skull, and a great mass of yellow forehead; in deference to which commodities, it was currently held in barrooms and other such places of resort, that the major was a man of huge sagacity. He was further to be known by a heavy eye and a dull slow manner; and for being a man of that kind who, mentally speaking, requires a deal of room to turn himself in. But, in trading on his stock of wisdom, he invariably proceeded on the principle of putting all the goods he had (and more) into his window; and that went a great way with his constituency of admirers. It went a great way, perhaps, with Mr. Jefferson Brick, who took occasion to whisper in Martin's ear:—

"One of the most remarkable men in our country, sir!"

It must not be supposed, however, that the perpetual exhibition in the market place of all his stock in trade for sale or hire was the major's sole claim to a very large share of sympathy and support. He was a great politician; and the one article of his creed, in reference to all public obligations involving the good faith and integrity of his country, was, "Run a moist pen slick through everything, and start fresh." This made him a patriot. In commercial affairs he was a bold speculator. In plainer words, he had a most distinguished genius for swindling, and could start a bank, or negotiate a loan, or form a land-jobbing company (entailing ruin, pestilence, and

death on hundreds of families), with any gifted creature in the Union. This made him an admirable man of business. He could hang about a barroom, discussing the affairs of the nation, for twelve hours together; and in that time could hold forth with more intolerable dullness, chew more tobacco, smoke more tobacco, drink more rum toddy, mint julep, gin sling, and cocktail, than any private gentleman of his acquaintance. This made him an orator and a man of the people. In a word, the major was a rising character, and a popular character, and was in a fair way to be sent by the popular party to the State House of New York, if not in the end to Washington itself. But as a man's private prosperity does not always keep pace with his patriotic devotion to public affairs; and as fraudulent transactions have their downs as well as ups, the major was occasionally under a cloud. Hence, just now, Mrs. Pawkins kept a boarding house, and Major Pawkins rather "loafed" his time away, than otherwise.

"You have come to visit our country, sir, at a season of great commercial depression," said the major.

"At an alarming crisis," said the colonel.

"At a period of unprecedented stagnation," said Mr. Jefferson Brick.

"I am sorry to hear that," returned Martin. "It's not likely to last, I hope?"

Martin knew nothing about America, or he would have known perfectly well that if its individual citizens, to a man, are to be believed, it always *is* depressed, and always *is* stagnated, and always *is* at an alarming crisis, and never was otherwise; though as a body they are ready to make oath upon the Evangelists at any hour of the day or night, that it is the most thriving and prosperous of all countries on the habitable globe.

"It's not likely to last, I hope?" said Martin.

"Well!" returned the major, "I expect we shall get along somehow, and come right in the end."

"We are an elastic country," said the *Rowdy Journal*.

"We are a young lion," said Mr. Jefferson Brick.

"We have revivifying and vigorous principles within ourselves," observed the major. "Shall we drink a bitter afore dinner, colonel?"

The colonel assenting to this proposal with great alacrity, Major Pawkins proposed an adjournment to a neighboring barroom, which, as he observed, was "only in the next block."

He then referred Martin to Mrs. Pawkins for all particulars connected with the rate of board and lodging, and informed him that he would have the pleasure of seeing that lady at dinner, which would soon be ready, as the dinner hour was two o'clock, and it only wanted a quarter now. This reminded him that if the bitter were to be taken at all, there was no time to lose; so he walked off without more ado, and left them to follow if they thought proper.

When the major rose from his rocking chair before the stove and so disturbed the hot air and balmy whiff of soup which fanned their brows, the odor of stale tobacco became so decidedly prevalent as to leave no doubt of its proceeding mainly from that gentleman's attire. Indeed, as Martin walked behind him to the barroom, he could not help thinking that the great square major, in his listlessness and languor, looked very much like a stale weed himself: such as might be hoed out of the public garden, with great advantage to the decent growth of that preserve, and tossed on some congenial dunghill.

They encountered more weeds in the barroom, some of whom (being thirsty souls as well as dirty) were pretty stale in one sense, and pretty fresh in another. Among them was a gentleman who, as Martin gathered from the conversation that took place over the bitter, started that afternoon for the Far West on a six months' business tour; and who, as his outfit and equipment for this journey, had just such another shiny hat and just such another little pale valise, as had composed the luggage of the gentleman who came from England in the "Screw."

They were walking back very leisurely, Martin arm in arm with Mr. Jefferson Brick, and the major and the colonel side by side before them, when, as they came within a house or two of the major's residence, they heard a bell ringing violently. The instant this sound struck upon their ears, the colonel and the major darted off, dashed up the steps and in at the street door (which stood ajar) like lunatics; while Mr. Jefferson Brick, detaching his arm from Martin's, made a precipitate dive in the same direction, and vanished also.

"Good heaven!" thought Martin. "The premises are on fire! It was an alarm bell!"

But there was no smoke to be seen, nor any flame, nor was there any smell of fire. As Martin faltered on the pavement, three more gentlemen, with horror and agitation depicted in

their faces, came plunging wildly round the street corner; jostled each other on the steps; struggled for an instant; and rushed into the house, in a confused heap of arms and legs. Unable to bear it any longer, Martin followed. Even in his rapid progress, he was run down, thrust aside, and passed, by two more gentlemen, stark mad, as it appeared, with fierce excitement.

"Where is it?" cried Martin, breathlessly, to a negro whom he encountered in the passage.

"In a eatin' room, sa. Kernell, sa, him kep a seat 'side himself, sa."

"A seat!" cried Martin.

"For a dinner, sa."

Martin stared at him for a moment, and burst into a hearty laugh; to which the negro, out of his natural good humor and desire to please, so heartily responded, that his teeth shone like a gleam of light. "You're the pleasantest fellow I have seen yet," said Martin, clapping him on the back, "and give me a better appetite than bitters."

With this sentiment he walked into the dining room and slipped into a chair next the colonel, which that gentleman (by this time nearly through his dinner) had turned down in reserve for him, with its back against the table.

It was a numerous company, eighteen or twenty perhaps. Of these some five or six were ladies, who sat wedged together in a little phalanx by themselves. All the knives and forks were working away at a rate that was quite alarming; very few words were spoken; and everybody seemed to eat his utmost in self-defense, as if a famine were expected to set in before breakfast time to-morrow morning, and it had become high time to assert the first law of nature. The poultry, which may perhaps be considered to have formed the staple of the entertainment—for there was a turkey at the top, a pair of ducks at the bottom, and two fowls in the middle—disappeared as rapidly as if every bird had had the use of its wings, and had flown in desperation down a human throat. The oysters, stewed and pickled, leaped from their capacious reservoirs, and slid by scores into the mouths of the assembly. The sharpest pickles vanished, whole cucumbers at once, like sugar plums, and no man winked his eye. Great heaps of indigestible matter melted away as ice before the sun. It was a solemn and an awful thing to see. Dyspeptic individuals bolted their food in wedges; feeding not themselves, but broods of nightmares who



were continually standing at livery within them. Spare men, with lank and rigid cheeks, came out unsatisfied from the destruction of heavy dishes, and glared with watchful eyes upon the pastry. What Mrs. Pawkins felt each day at dinner time is hidden from all human knowledge. But she had one comfort. It was very soon over.

When the colonel had finished his dinner, which event took place while Martin, who had sent his plate for some turkey, was waiting to begin, he asked him what he thought of the boarders, who were from all parts of the Union, and whether he would like to know any particulars concerning them.

"Pray," said Martin, "who was that sickly little girl opposite, with the tight round eyes? I don't see anybody here who looks like her mother, or who seems to have charge of her."

"Do you mean the matron in blue, sir?" asked the colonel, with emphasis. "That is Mrs. Jefferson Brick, sir."

"No, no," said Martin, "I mean the little girl, like a doll; directly opposite."

"Well, sir!" cried the colonel. "*That* is Mrs. Jefferson Brick."

Martin glanced at the colonel's face, but he was quite serious.

"Bless my soul! I suppose there will be a young Brick then, one of these days?" said Martin.

"There are two young Bricks already, sir," returned the colonel.

The matron looked so uncommonly like a child herself, that Martin could not help saying as much. "Yes, sir," returned the colonel, "but some institutions develop human nature: others re—tard it.

"Jefferson Brick," he observed after a short silence, in commendation of his correspondent, "is one of the most remarkable men in our country, sir!"

This had passed almost in a whisper, for the distinguished gentleman alluded to sat on Martin's other hand.

"Pray, Mr. Brick," said Martin, turning to him and asking a question more for conversation's sake than from any feeling of interest in its subject, "who is that" — he was going to say "young" but thought it prudent to eschew the word — "the very short gentleman yonder, with the red nose?"

"That is Pro—fessor Mullit, sir," replied Jefferson.

"May I ask what he is Professor of?" asked Martin.

"Of education, sir," said Jefferson Brick.

"A sort of schoolmaster, possibly?" Martin ventured to observe.

"He is a man of fine moral elements, sir, and not commonly endowed," said the war correspondent. "He felt it necessary, at the last election for President, to repudiate and denounce his father, who voted on the wrong interest. He has since written some powerful pamphlets, under the signature of 'Suturb,' or Brutus reversed. He is one of the most remarkable men in our country, sir."

"There seem to be plenty of 'em," thought Martin, "at any rate."

Pursuing his inquiries, Martin found that there were no fewer than four majors present, two colonels, one general, and a captain, so that he could not help thinking how strongly officered the American militia must be: and wondering very much whether the officers commanded each other; or if they did not, where on earth the privates came from. There seemed to be no man there without a title; for those who had not attained to military honors were either doctors, professors, or reverends. Three very hard and disagreeable gentlemen were on missions from neighboring States; one on monetary affairs, one on political, one on sectarian. Among the ladies, there were Mrs. Pawkins, who was very straight, bony, and silent; and a wiry-faced old damsel, who held strong sentiments touching the rights of women, and had diffused the same in lectures; but the rest were strangely devoid of individual traits of character, insomuch that any one of them might have changed minds with the other, and nobody would have found it out. These, by the way, were the only members of the party who did not appear to be among the most remarkable people in the country.

Several of the gentlemen got up, one by one, and walked off as they swallowed their last morsel, pausing generally by the stove for a minute or so to refresh themselves at the brass spittoons. A few sedentary characters, however, remained at table full a quarter of an hour, and did not rise until the ladies rose, when all stood up.

"Where are they going?" asked Martin, in the ear of Mr. Jefferson Brick.

"To their bedrooms, sir."

"Is there no dessert, or other interval of conversation?" asked Martin, who was disposed to enjoy himself after his long voyage.

"We are a busy people here, sir, and have no time for that," was the reply.

So the ladies passed out in single file, Mr. Jefferson Brick and such other married gentlemen as were left, acknowledging the departure of their other halves by a nod; and there was an end of *them*. Martin thought this an uncomfortable custom, but he kept his opinion to himself for the present, being anxious to hear, and inform himself, by the conversation of the busy gentlemen, who now lounged about the stove as if a great weight had been taken off their minds by the withdrawal of the other sex, and who made a plentiful use of the spittoons and their toothpicks.

It was rather barren of interest, to say the truth; and the greater part of it may be summed up in one word. Dollars. All their cares, hopes, joys, affections, virtues, and associations seemed to be melted down into dollars. Whatever the chance contributions that fell into the slow caldron of their talk, they made the gruel thick and slab with dollars. Men were weighed by their dollars, measures gauged by their dollars; life was auctioneered, appraised, put up, and knocked down for its dollars. The next respectable thing to dollars was any venture having their attainment for its end. The more of that worthless ballast, honor and fair dealing, which any man cast overboard from the ship of his Good Name and Good Intent, the more ample stowage room he had for dollars. Make commerce one huge lie and mighty theft. Deface the banner of the nation for an idle rag; pollute it star by star; and cut out stripe by stripe as from the arm of a degraded soldier. Do anything for dollars! What is a flag to *them*!

One who rides at all hazards of limb and life in the chase of a fox, will prefer to ride recklessly at most times. So it was with these gentlemen. He was the greatest patriot, in their eyes, who brawled the loudest, and who cared the least for decency. He was their champion, who in the brutal fury of his own pursuit could cast no stigma upon them, for the hot knavery of theirs. Thus, Martin learned in the five minutes' straggling talk about the stove, that to carry pistols into legislative assemblies, and swords in sticks, and other such peaceful toys; to seize opponents by the throat, as dogs or rats might do; to bluster, bully, and overbear by personal assailment; were glowing deeds. Not thrusts and stabs at Freedom, strik-

ing far deeper into her House of Life than any sultan's scimitar could reach ; but rare incense on her altars, having a grateful scent in patriotic nostrils, and curling upward to the seventh heaven of Fame.



## MARGARET GOES TO MEETING.

By SYLVESTER JUDD.

(From "Margaret.")

[SYLVESTER JUDD: An American author ; born at Westhampton, Mass., July 23, 1813 ; died at Augusta, Me., January 20, 1853. His father was a noted antiquarian. The son was graduated from Yale in 1836 and from Harvard Divinity School in 1840. He was pastor of the Unitarian church at Augusta, Me., from 1840 until his death. His greatest work, "Margaret : A Tale of the Real and Ideal," was published in 1845. His subsequent works include : "Philio : an Evangeliad" (1850), "Richard Edney, and the Governor's Family" (1850), "The Church : in a Series of Discourses" (1854), and "The White Hills," a tragedy in five acts, left in manuscript.]

It was a Sabbath morning, a June Sabbath morning, a June Sabbath morning in New England.

Margaret had never been to Meeting ; the family did not go. If there were no other indisposing causes, Pluck himself expressly forbade the practice, and trained his children to very different habits and feelings. They did not work on the Sabbath, but idled and drank. Margaret had no quilling, or carding, or going after rum to do ; she was wont to sally into the woods, clamber up the Head and tend her flowers ; or Chilion played and she sang, he whittled trellises for her vines, mended her cages, sailed with her on the Pond. She heard the bell ring in the morning, she saw Obed and his mother go by to meeting, and she had sometimes wished to go too, but her father would never consent ; so that the Sabbath, although not more than two miles off, was no more to her than is one half the world to the other half.

From the private record of Deacon Hadlock we take the following : —

State vs. Didymus Hart.

Stafford, ss. Be it remembered, that on the nineteenth day of August, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-eight, Didymus Hart of Livingston, in the County of Stafford, shoemaker and laborer,



is brought before me, Nathan Hadlock, Esq., a Justice of Peace for and within the aforesaid county, by Hopestill Cutts, Constable of Livingston aforesaid, by warrant issued by me, the said Justice, on the day aforesaid, against the said Didymus Hart, at Livingston aforesaid, on the twelfth day of May last, being the Lord's day, did walk, recreate, and disport himself on the south side of the Pond lying in the West District, so called, of Livingston aforesaid; which is contrary to the law of this State made and provided in such cases, and against the peace of this State, all which is to the evil example of all others in like case offending.

Wherefore [witnesses being heard, etc.], it doth appear to me, the said Justice, that the said Didymus Hart sit in the stocks for two hours.

Pluck was disposed of in the manner prescribed, very much to the entertainment of the boys, who spattered him with eggs, the disturbance and exasperation of his wife, who preferred that all inflictions her husband received should come from herself, and quite resented the interference of others, and his own chagrin and vexation; especially as the informer in the case was Otis Joy, father of Zenas, a Breakneck, whose friendship he did not value, and Cutts, the executive officer, was the village shoemaker, and no agreeable rival, and the Justice was Deacon Hadlock. By way of redress, he chose to keep from meeting entirely, and suffered none under his control to go.

But Chilion and Nimrod both urged that Margaret might attend church at least once in her life, and her father at length consented. . . .

Margaret started away with a dreamy sense of mystery attaching to the Meeting, like a snowstorm by moonlight, and a lively feeling of childish curiosity. On the smooth in front of the house, her little white and yellow chickens were peeping and dodging under the low mallows with its bluish rose-colored flowers, the star-tipped hedge mustard, and pink-tufted smartweed, and picking off the blue and green flies that were sunning on the leaves; and they did not seem to mind her. Hash had taken Bull into the woods, and Chilion told her she would not need him. Dick, her squirrel, and Robin, were disposed to follow, but her mother called them back. A little yellow-poll, perched in the Butternut, whistled after her, "Whooee whee whee whee whittiteetee — as soon as I get this green caterpillar, I will go too." A rusty wren screamed out to her, "Os's's' chipper w' w' w' wow wow wow — O shame, Molly, I am going to

rob an oriole's nest, I wouldn't go to Meeting." She entered the Mowing; a bobolink clung tilting to the breezy tip of a white birch, and said, "Pee wuh' wuh' ch' tut, tut, tee tee wuh' wuh' wdle wdle pee wee a a wdle dee dee—now Molly here are red clover, yellow buttercups, white daisies, and strawberries in the grass; ecod! how the wind blows! what a grand time we shall have, let us stay here to-day." A grass finch skippered to the top of a stump, and thrusting up its bill, cried out, "Chee chee chee up chip' chip' chipperway ouble wee—glad you are going, you'll get good to-day, don't stop, the bell is tolling." She thought of the murderer, snatched a large handful of flowers, and hurried on, driven forward as it were by a breeze of gladness in her own thoughts and of vernal aroma from the fields. She gathered the large bindweed, that lay on its back floating over the lot, like pond lilies, with its red and white cups turned to the sun; and also, the beautiful purple cran's bill, and blue-eyed grass. She came to the shadows of the woods that skirted the Mowing, where she got bunchberries, and star-of-Bethlehems. She entered a cool, grassy recess in the forest, where were beds of purple twin flower, yellow stargrass, blue violets, and mosses growing together, familylike, under the stately three-leaved ferns that overhung them like elm trees, while above were the birches and walnuts. A blackcap k' d' chanked, k' d' chanked, over her head, and a wood thrush whoot whoot whooted ting a ring tinged in earnest unison, "We are going to have a meeting here to-day, a little titmouse is coming to be christened, won't you stop?" But a woodpecker rapped and rattled over among the chestnuts, and on she went. She crossed the Tree Bridge, and followed the brook that flowed with a winsome glee, and while she looked at the flies and spiders dancing on the dark water, she heard a little yellow-throated flycatcher, mournfully saying, "Preeo, preea preeeeo preeeea—pray, Margaret, you'll lose your soul if you don't;" and she saw a wood pewee up among the branches, with her dark head bowed over, plaintively singing, "P' p' ee ee ou wee, p' p' ee ee ou wee"—Jesus be true to you, Margaret, I have lost my love, and my heart is sad, a blue angel come down from the skies, and fold us both in his soft feathers." Here she got the white-clustering baneberry, and the little nodding buff cucumber root.

The Via Dolorosa became to Margaret to-day a via jucundissima, a very pleasant way. Through what some would

consider rough woods and bleak pasture land, in a little sheep track, crooked and sometimes steep, over her hung like a white cloud the wild thorn tree, large gold-dusted cymes of viburnums, rose-blooming lambkill, and other sorts, suggested all she knew, and more than she knew, of the Gardens of Princes. The feathery moss on the old rocks, dewy and glistening, was full of fairy feeling. A chorus of flycatchers, as in ancient Greek worship, from their invisible gallery in the greenwood, responded one to another; — “Whee whoo whee, wee woo woo wee, whee whoo, whoo whoo wee — God bless the little Margaret! How glad we are she is going to Meeting at last. She shall have berries, nut cakes, and good preaching. The little Isabel and Job Luce are there. How do you think she will like Miss Amy?”

Emerging in Deacon Hadlock's Pasture, she added to her stock red sorrel blossoms, pink azaleas, and sprigs of pennyroyal. Then she sorted her collection, tying the different parcels with spears of grass. The Town was before her silent and motionless, save the neighing of horses and squads of dogs that traipsed to and fro on the Green. The sky was blue and tender; the clouds in white veils, like nuns, worshiped in the sunbeams; the woods behind murmured their reverence; and birds sang psalms. All these sights, sounds, odors, suggestions, were not, possibly, distinguished by Margaret, in their sharp individuality, or realized in the bulk of their shade, sense, and character. She had not learned to criticise, she only knew how to feel. A new indefinable sensation of joy and hope was deepened within her, and a single concentration of all best influences swelled her bosom. She took off her hat and pricked grass-heads and bluebells in the band, and went on. The intangible presence of God was in her soul, the universal voice of Jesus called her forward. Besides, she was about to penetrate the profoundly interesting anagogue of the Meeting, that for which every seventh day she had heard the bell so mysteriously ring, that to which Obed and his mother devoted so much gravity, awe, and costume, and that concerning which a whole life's prohibition had been upon her. Withal, she remembered the murderer, and directed her first steps to the Jail.

She tried to enter the Jail House, but Mr. Shooks drove her away. Then she searched along the fence till she found a crevice in the posts of which the inclosure was made, and through this, on the ground floor of the prison, within the very small aperture that served him for a window, she saw the grim

face of the murderer, or a dim image of his face, like the shadow of a soul in the pit of the grave.

"I have brought the flowers," she said; "but they won't let me carry them to you."

"We know it," replied the imprisoned voice. "There is no more world now, and flowers don't grow on it; it's hell, and beautiful things and hearts to love you are burnt up. There was blood spilt, and this is the afterwards."

"I will fasten a bunch in this hole," she said, "so you can see them."

"It is too late," rejoined the man. "I had a child like you, and she loved flowers — but I am to be hanged — I shall cry if you stay there, for I was a father — but that is gone, and there are no more Angels, else why should not my own child be one? Go home and kiss your father, if you have one, but don't let me know it."

She heard other voices and could see the shadows of faces looking from other cells, and hear voices where she could see no faces, and the Jail seemed to her to be full of strange human sounds, and there was a great clamoring for flowers.

"I will leave some in the fence for you to look at," she said, in rather vague answer to these requests.

Now the faithful guardian of the premises, overhearing the conversation, rushed in alarm from his rooms, and presented himself firmly in the midst of what seemed to be a conspiracy. "What piece of villainy is this?" he exclaimed, snatching the flowers from the paling. "In communication with the prisoners! — on the Lord's day!" Flinging the objects of Margaret's ignorant partiality with violence to the ground, Mr. Shooks looked as if he was about to fall with equal spirit upon the child in person, and she fled into the street.

Climbing a horse block, from which could be seen the upper cells of the Jail, she displayed her flowers in sight of the occupants, holding them up at arm's length. The wretched men answered by shouting and stamping. "If words won't do, we'll try what virtue there is in stones," observed the indignant jailer, and thereupon suiting the action to the word, the persevering man fairly pelted the offender away.

She turned towards the Meetinghouse and entered the square, buttresslike, silent porch. Passing quietly through, she opened the door of what was to her a more mysterious presence, and paused at the foot of the broad aisle.



She saw the Minister, in his great wig and strange dress, perched in what looked like a high box ; above hung the pyramidal sounding-board, and on a seat beneath were three persons in powdered hair, whom she recognized as the Deacons Hadlock, Ramsdill, and Penrose. Through the balustrade that surrounded the high pews, she could see the heads of men and women ; little children stood on the seats, clutching the rounds, and smiled at her. The Minister had given out a hymn, and Deacon Hadlock, rising, read the first line. Then, in the gallery overhead, she heard the toot toot of Master Elliman on the pitch pipe, and his voice leading off, and she walked farther up the aisle to discover what was going on. A little toddling girl called out to her as she passed, and thrust out her hand as if she would catch at the flowers Margaret so conspicuously carried. The Sexton, hearing the noise, came forward and led her back into the porch. Philip was not by nature a stern man ; he let the boys play on the steps during the week, and the young men stand about the doors on the Sabbath. He wore a shredded wig, and black clothes, as we have said, and was getting old, and had taken care of the Meetinghouse ever since it was built ; and though opposed to all disturbance of the worship, he still spoke kindly to Margaret.

"What do you want ?" he asked.

"I want to go to Meeting," she replied.

"Why don't you go ?"

"I don't know how," she answered.

"I should think so, or you would not have brought all these posies. This is no day for light conduct."

"Mayn't they go to Meeting, too ?"

"I see" — he added. "You are one of the Injins, and they don't know how to behave Sabbar days. But I'm glad you have come. You don't know what a wicked thing it is to break the Sabbath."

"Mr. Shooks said I broke it when I went to give the murderer some flowers, and threw stones at me, and you say I break it now. Can't it be mended again ?"

"You shouldn't bring these flowers here."

"I saw the Widow and Obed bring some."

"Not so many. You've got such a heap !"

"I got a bigger bunch one day."

"Yes, yes, but these flowers are a dreadful wicked thing on the Lord's day."

"Then I guess I will go home. It ain't wicked there."

"I don't want to hurt your feelings if you have had a bad bringing up. Be a good gal, keep still, and you may sit in that first pew along with me."

"I don't want to be shut up there."

"Then you may go softly up the stairs and sit with the gals."

She ascended the stairs, which were within the body of the house, and in a pew at the head she saw Beulah Ann Orff, Grace Joy, and others that she had seen before; they laughed and snubbed their noses with their handkerchiefs, and she, as it were repelled by her own sex, turned away, and went to the other side of the gallery, occupied by the men. But here she encountered equal derision, and Zenas Joy, a tithingman, moved by regard to his office and perhaps by a little petulance of feeling, undertook to lead her back to her appropriate place in the church. She resisted, and what might have been the result we know not, when Mom Dill, who was sitting in one corner with Tony, asked her in. So she sat with the negroes. Parson Welles had commenced his sermon. She could not understand what he said, and told Mom Dill she wanted to go out. She descended the stairs, moving softly in her moccasins, and turning up the side aisle, proceeded along under the high pews till she came to the corner where she could see the minister. Here she stood gazing steadfastly at him. Deacon Hadlock motioned her to be gone. Deacon Ramsdill limped almost smiling towards her, took her by the arm, opened the pew where his wife sat, and shut her in. Mistress Ramsdill gave her caraway and dill, and received in return some of the child's pennyroyal and lambkill, and other flowers. The old lady used her best endeavors to keep Margaret quiet, and she remained earnestly watching the Preacher till the end of the service. . . .

The Widow Wright assumed the charge of Margaret in the afternoon. The child kept quiet till the prayer, when the noise of the hinge seats, or something else, seemed to disconcert her, and she told her protectress she wished to go home. The Widow replied there was to be a christening, and prevailed with her to stop, and lifted her on the seat where she could witness the ceremony. The Minister descended from the pulpit, and Mr. Adolphus Hadlock carried forward the babe, enveloped in a long flowing blanket of white tabby silk, lined with white satin, and embroidered with ribbon of the same

color. The Minister, from a well-burnished font, sprinkled water in the face of the child, and after the usual formula baptized it "Urania Bathsheba."

Finally Mistress Ramsdill insisted on Margaret's remaining to the catechizing. Margaret at first demurred, but Deacon Ramsdill supported the request of his wife with one of his customary smiles, remarking that, "catechizing was as good arter the sermon to the children as greasing arter shearing, it would keep the ticks off," which, he said, "were very apt to fly from the old sheep to the lambs." The class, comprising most of the youths in town, was arranged in the broad aisle, the boys on one side, and the girls on the other, with the Minister in the pulpit at the head.

"What is the chief end of man?" was the first question, to which a little boy promptly and swiftly gave the appropriate answer.—"How many persons are there in the Godhead?" "There are four persons in the Godhead," began a boy, quite elated and confident. There was an instant murmur of dissent. The neophyte, as it were challenged to make good his ground, answered not so much to the Minister as to his comrades. "There is God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, and God Buonaparte,—Tony Washington said the Master said so." This anti-Gallicism and incurable levity of the pedagogue wrought a singular mistake; but it was soon rectified, and the Catechism went on. "Wherein consists the sinfulness of that state wherein man fell?" "The sinfulness of that state wherein man fell, God having out of his mere good pleasure elected some to everlasting life, is the fault and corruption of the nature of every man that is naturally engendered in him, and deserveth God's wrath and damnation," was the rapid and disjointed answer. The question stumbling from one to another was at length righted by Job Luce, the little hunchback. The voice of this child was low and plaintive, soft and clear, and he quite engaged Margaret's attention. There were signs of dissatisfaction on the faces of others. But his own was unruffled as a pebble in a brook. Shockingly deformed, the arms of the lad were long as an ape's, and he seemed almost to rest on his hands, while his shoulders rose high and steep above his head. "That's Job Luce," whispered Mistress Ramsdill to Margaret; and if there ever was a Christian, I believe he is one, if he is crooked. Don't you see how he knows the Catechism? He has got the whole Bible eeny

most by heart, and he is only three years old." Margaret forgot everything else to look at a creature so unfortunate and so marvelous.

When the Catechism was over and the people left the church, she at once hastened to Job and took one of his hands; little Isabel Weeks too, sisterlike, took his other hand, and these two girls walked on with the strange boy. Margaret stooped and looked into his eye, which he turned up to her, blue, mild, and timid, seeming to ask, "Who are you that cares for me?" In truth, Job was, we will not say despised, but for the most part neglected. His mother was a poor widow, whose husband had been a shoemaker, and she got her living binding shoes. The old people treated her kindly, but rather wondered at her boy; and what was wonder in the parents degenerated into slight, jest, and sometimes scorn, in the children; so that Job numbered but few friends. Then he got his lessons so well the more indolent and duller boys were tempted to envy him.

"You didn't say the Catechism," said he to Margaret.

"No," she replied, "I don't know it; but I have a Bird Book and can say Mother Goose Songs." Their conversation was suddenly interrupted by an exclamation and a sigh from Miss Amy and the Widow Luce, who were close behind.

"Woe, woe to a sinful mother!" was the language of the latter.

"Child, child!" cried the former, addressing herself to Margaret, "don't you like the Catechism?"

"I don't know it," replied Margaret.

"She isn't bad, if she is an Injin," interposed Isabel.

"Does she understand Whippoorwill?" abstractedly asked Job.

"God's hand is heavily upon us!" mournfully ejaculated the Widow.

"Can anything be done?" anxiously asked Miss Amy.

They stopped. Miss Amy was moved to take Margaret by the hand, and with some ulterior object in view she detached the child from Job, and went with her up the West Street, the natural route to the Pond.

"Did you never read the Primer?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," was the reply.

"Have you never learned how many persons there are in the Godhead?"



"One of the little boys said there were four, the others that there were but three. I should love to see it."

"How dare you speak in that way of the great Jehovah!"

"The great what?"

"The Great God, I mean."

"I thought it was a bird."

"Can it be there is such heathenism in our very midst!" said the lady to herself. Her interest in the state of Margaret was quickened, and she pushed her inquiry with most philanthropic assiduity.

"Do you ever say your prayers?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," replied Margaret. "I can say the Laplander's Ode and Mary's Dream."

"What do you do when you go to bed?"

"I go to sleep, ma'am, and dream."

"In what darkness you must be at the Pond!"

"We see the sun rise every morning, and the snowdrops don't open till it's light."

"I mean, my poor child, that I am afraid you are very wicked there."

"I try to be good, and pa is good when he don't get rum at Deacon Penrose's; and Chilion is good; he was going to mend my flower bed to-day to keep the hogs out."

"What, break the Sabbath! Violate God's holy day! Your father was once punished in the stocks for breaking the Sabbath. God will punish us all if we do so."

"Will it put our feet in the stocks the same as they did father?"

"No, my child. He will punish us in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone."

"What, the same as Chilion and Obed and I burnt up the bees?"

"Alas! alas!" sorrowed the lady.

"We were so bad," continued Margaret, "I thought I should cry."

"Deacon Penrose and the rest of us have often spoken of you at the Pond; and we have thought sometimes of going up to see you. In what a dreadful condition your father is."

"Yes, ma'am, sometimes. He rolls his eyes so, and groans, and shakes, and screams, and nobody can help him. I wish Deacon Penrose would come and see him, and I think he would not sell him any more rum."

"Poor little one! — don't you know anything of the Great God who made you and me?"

"Did that make me? I am so glad to know. The little chickens come out of the shells, the beans grow in the pods, the dandelions spring up in the grass, and Obed said I came in an acorn; but the pigs and wild turkeys eat up the acorns, and I can't find one that has a little girl in it like me."

"Would you like to come down to Meeting again?"

"I don't know as I like the Meeting. It don't seem so good as the Turkey Shoot and Ball. Zenas Joy didn't hurt my arm there, and Beulah Ann Orff and Grace Joy talked with me at the Ball. To-day they only made faces at me, and the man at the door told me to throw away my flowers."

"How deceitful is the human heart, and desperately wicked!"

"Who is wicked?"

"We are all wicked."

"Are you wicked? Then you do not love me, and I don't want you to go with me any farther."

"Ah! my dear child, we go astray speaking lies as soon as we be born."

"I never told a lie."

"The Bible says so: do not run away; let me talk with you a little more."

"I don't like wicked people."

"I wish to speak to you about Jesus Christ; do you know him?"

"No, ma'am — yes, ma'am, I have heard Hash speak about it when he drinks rum."

"But did you not hear the Minister speak about him in the pulpit to-day?"

"Yes, ma'am — does he drink rum too?"

"No, no, child, he only drinks brandy and wine."

"I have heard Hash speak so when he only drank that."

"The Minister is not wicked like Hash, — he does not get drunk."

"Hash wouldn't be wicked if he didn't drink. I wish he could drink and not be wicked too."

"Oh! we are all wicked, Hash and the Minister, and you and I; we are all wicked; and I was going to tell you how Christ came to save wicked people."

"What will he do to Hash?"

"He will burn him in hell fire, my child."

"Won't he burn the Minister too? I guess I shall not come to Meeting any more. You and the Minister and all the people here are wicked. Chilion is good. I will stay at home with him."

"The Minister is a holy man, a good man I mean; he is converted, he repents of his sins. I mean he is very sorry he is so wicked."

"Don't he keep a being wicked? You said he was wicked."

"Why, yes, he is wicked. We are all totally depraved. You do not understand. I fear I cannot make you see it as it is. My dear child, the eyes of the carnal mind are blind, and they cannot see. I must tell you, though it may make you feel bad, that young as you are, you are a mournful instance of the truth of Scripture. But I dare not speak smooth things to you. If you would read your Bible, and pray to God, your eyes would be opened so you could see. But I did want to tell you about Jesus Christ, who was both God and Man. He came and died for us. He suffered the cruel death of the cross. The Apostle John says he came to take away the sins of the world. If you will believe in Christ, he will save you. The Holy Spirit, that came once in the form of a dove, will again come, and cleanse your heart. You must have faith in the blood of Christ. You must take him as your Atoning Sacrifice. Are you willing to go to Christ, my child?"

"Yes, ma'am, if he won't burn up Hash; and I want to go and see that little crooked boy, too."

"It's wicked for children to see one another Sundays."

"I did see him at Meeting."

"I mean to meet and play and show picture books, and this little boy is very apt to play; he catches grasshoppers, and goes down by the side of the brook, before sundown; that is very bad."

"Are his eyes sore like Obed's, sometimes, and the light hurts him?"

"It is God's day, and he won't let children play."

"He lets the grasshoppers play."

"But he will punish children."

"Won't he punish the grasshoppers too?"

"No."

"Well, I guess I am not afraid of God."

Miss Amy, whether that she thought she had done all she

could for the child, or that Margaret seemed anxious to break company with her, or that she had reached a point in the road where she could conveniently leave her, at this instant turned into Grove Street, and Margaret pursued her course homeward.



## A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

BY EPES SARGENT.

[EPES SARGENT, journalist and author, was born at Gloucester, Mass., in 1813; a graduate of Harvard, and helped conduct the *Collegian* there; was on newspapers in Boston and New York, and edited the Boston *Transcript* for some years; after which he devoted himself to writing, editing, and compiling vast numbers of biographies, sets of literary works, adventure and educational books, dramas, etc. He wrote also several successful plays, novels of which "Peculiar" is still read, and many popular poems.]

A LIFE on the ocean wave,  
 A home on the rolling deep,  
 Where the scattered waters rave,  
 And the wind their revels keep!  
 Like an eagle caged I pine  
 On this dull, unchanging shore:  
 Oh, give me the flashing brine,  
 The spray and the tempest's roar!

Once more on the deck I stand  
 Of my own swift-gliding craft:  
 Set sail! farewell to land!  
 The gale follows fair abaft.  
 We shoot through the sparkling foam,  
 Like an ocean bird set free, —  
 Like the ocean bird, our home  
 We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,  
 The clouds have begun to frown;  
 But with a stout vessel and crew,  
 We'll say, Let the storm come down!  
 And the song of our hearts shall be,  
 While the winds and the waters rave,  
 A home on the rolling sea!  
 A life on the ocean wave!



## THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

[THOMAS HOOD, English poet, was born May 23, 1798, in London; son of a bookseller and nephew of an engraver. A merchant's clerk at thirteen, the engraver's apprentice at nineteen, his health gave out from the confinement of each; he next became a subeditor of the *London Magazine* for two years; then a professional man of letters, editing *The Gem* in 1829, starting the *Comic Annual* in 1830, succeeding Hook as editor of the *New Monthly* in 1841, and starting *Hood's Own* in 1844. He died May 3, 1845. An eleven-volume edition of his works was issued 1882-1884. His fame rests chiefly on his matchless lines "The Song of the Shirt," "The Bridge of Sighs," "Fair Ines," "A Deathbed," "I Remember," "Eugene Aram's Dream," etc.; but his humorous pieces, like "The Lost Heir," "Ode to a Child," etc., the tragi-grotesque "Miss Kilmansegg," and others, swell its volume.]

"Drowned! drowned!" — *Hamlet*.

ONE more unfortunate,  
Weary of breath,  
Rashly importunate,  
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care;  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments  
Clinging like cerements;  
Whilst the wave constantly  
Drips from her clothing;  
Take her up instantly,  
Loving, not loathing. —

Touch her not scornfully;  
Think of her mournfully,  
Gently and humanly;  
Not of the stains of her,  
All that remains of her  
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny  
Into her mutiny  
Rash and undutiful:  
Past all dishonor,  
Death has left on her  
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,  
One of Eve's family —  
Wipe those poor lips of hers  
Oozing so clammy.

Loop up her tresses  
Escaped from the comb,  
Her fair auburn tresses;  
Whilst wonderment guesses  
Where was her home?

Who was her father?  
Who was her mother?  
Had she a sister?  
Had she a brother?  
Or was there a dearer one  
Still, and a nearer one  
Yet, than all other?

Alas for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun!  
O, it was pitiful!  
Near a whole city full,  
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,  
Fatherly, motherly  
Feelings had changed:  
Love, by harsh evidence,  
Thrown from its eminence;  
Even God's providence  
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver  
So far in the river,  
With many a light  
From window and casement,  
From garret to basement,  
She stood with amazement,  
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March  
Made her tremble and shiver;  
But not the dark arch,  
Or the black flowing river:

Mad from life's history,  
Glad to death's mystery  
Swift to be hurled —  
Anywhere, anywhere  
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,  
No matter how coldly  
The rough river ran, —  
Over the brink of it,  
Picture it — think of it,  
Dissolute man!  
Lave in it, drink of it,  
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care;  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly  
Stiffen too rigidly,  
Decently, — kindly, —  
Smooth, and compose them;  
And her eyes, close them,  
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring  
Through muddy impurity,  
As when with the daring  
Last look of despairing  
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,  
Spurred by contumely,  
Cold inhumanity,  
Burning insanity,  
Into her rest —  
Cross her hands humbly,  
As if praying dumbly,  
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,  
Her evil behavior,  
And leaving, with meekness,  
Her sins to her Savior!

## I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

I REMEMBER, I remember  
The house where I was born,  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn;  
He never came a wink too soon,  
Nor brought too long a day;—  
But now I often wish the night  
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember  
The roses, red and white,  
The violets, and the lily cups,  
Those flowers made of light;  
The lilacs where the robin built,  
And where my brother set  
The laburnum on his birthday,—  
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember,  
Where I was used to swing,  
And thought the air must rush as fresh  
To swallows on the wing;  
My spirit flew in feathers then  
That is so heavy now,  
And summer pools could hardly cool  
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember  
The fir trees dark and high;  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky:  
It was a childish ignorance,  
But now 'tis little joy  
To know I'm farther off from heaven  
Than when I was a boy.



## THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

With fingers weary and worn,  
 With eyelids heavy and red,  
 A woman sat in unwomanly rags,  
 Plying her needle and thread.  
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!  
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch  
 She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

"Work! work! work!  
 While the cock is crowing aloof;  
 And work — work — work,  
 Till the stars shine through the roof!  
 It's oh! to be a slave  
 Along with the barbarous Turk,  
 Where woman has never a soul to save,  
 If this is Christian work!

"Work — work — work,  
 Till the brain begins to swim;  
 Work — work — work,  
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim!  
 Seam, and gusset, and band,  
 Band, and gusset, and seam,  
 Till over the buttons I fall asleep,  
 And sew them on in a dream!

"Oh, Men, with Sisters dear!  
 Oh, Men, with Mothers and Wives!  
 It is not linen you're wearing out,  
 But human creatures' lives!  
 Stitch — stitch — stitch,  
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
 Sewing at once, with a double thread,  
 A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death?  
 That Phantom of grisly bone,  
 I hardly fear his terrible shape,  
 It seems so like my own —  
 It seems so like my own,  
 Because of the fasts I keep:

O God! that bread should be so dear,  
And flesh and blood so cheap!

“Work — work — work!  
My labor never flags;  
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,  
A crust of bread — and rags,  
That shattered roof — and this naked floor —  
A table — a broken chair —  
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank  
For sometimes falling there!

“Work — work — work!  
From weary chime to chime;  
Work — work — work,  
As prisoners work for crime!  
Band, and gusset, and seam,  
Seam, and gusset, and band,  
Till the heart is sick, and the brain is numbed  
As well as the weary hand.

“Work — work — work,  
In the dull December light;  
And work — work — work,  
When the weather is warm and bright,  
While underneath the eaves  
The brooding swallows cling,  
As if to show me their sunny backs  
And twit me with the spring.

“Oh! but to breathe the breath  
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet —  
With the sky above my head,  
And the grass beneath my feet;  
For only one short hour  
To feel as I used to feel,  
Before I knew the woes of want  
And the walk that costs a meal!

“Oh! but for one short hour!  
A respite, however brief!  
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,  
But only time for Grief!  
A little weeping would ease my heart,  
But in their briny bed  
My tears must stop, for every drop  
Hinders needle and thread!”

With fingers weary and worn,  
 With eyelids heavy and red,  
 A woman sat in unwomanly rags,  
 Plying her needle and thread.  
     Stitch! stitch! stitch!  
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt;  
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—  
 Would that its tone could reach the Rich!—  
 She sang this “Song of the Shirt.”



### THE DEATH-BED.

By THOMAS HOOD.

WE WATCHED her breathing thro’ the night,  
 Her breathing soft and low,  
 As in her breast the wave of life  
 Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,  
 So slowly moved about,  
 As we had lent her half our powers  
 To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,  
 Our fears our hopes belied—  
 We thought her dying when she slept,  
 And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad  
 And chill with early showers,  
 Her quiet eyelids closed—she had  
 Another morn than ours.



### FAIR INES.

By THOMAS HOOD.

O SAW ye not fair Ines?  
 She’s gone into the west,  
 To dazzle when the sun is down,  
 And rob the world of rest;

She took our daylight with her,  
The smiles that we love best,  
With morning blushes on her cheek,  
And pearls upon her breast.

O turn again, fair Ines,  
Before the fall of night,  
For fear the moon should shine alone,  
And stars unrivaled bright;  
And blessed will the lover be  
That walks beneath their light,  
And breathes the love against thy cheek  
I dare not even write!

Would I had been, fair Ines,  
That gallant cavalier,  
Who rode so gayly by thy side,  
And whispered thee so near! —  
Were there no bonny dames at home,  
Or no true lovers here,  
That he should cross the seas to win  
The dearest of the dear?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,  
Descend along the shore,  
With bands of noble gentlemen,  
And banners waved before:  
And gentle youth and maidens gay,  
And snowy plumes they wore; —  
It would have been a beauteous dream,  
— If it had been no more!

Alas, alas! fair Ines,  
She went away with song,  
With music waiting on her steps,  
And shoutings of the throng;  
But some were sad, and felt no mirth,  
But only music's wrong,  
In sounds that sang farewell, farewell,  
To her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines!  
That vessel never bore  
So fair a lady on its deck,  
Nor danced so light before, —



Alas for pleasure on the sea,  
 And sorrow on the shore !  
 The smile that blessed one lover's heart  
 Has broken many more !



## JANE EYRE'S FORTUNES.

By CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

[CHARLOTTE BRONTË, the celebrated English novelist, was the daughter of the Rev. Patrick Brontë (really Prunty), rector of Haworth, Yorkshire, where she was born, April 21, 1816. She was sent to school at Roe Head, and after some experience as a governess went to Brussels, there to teach English and be taught French. With her sisters, Emily and Anne, she then became engaged in writing poems and novels, Charlotte assuming the *nom de plume* of "Currer Bell." In 1847 she brought out "Jane Eyre," which had an instantaneous success, and was succeeded by "Shirley" (1849), "Villette" (1853), "The Professor" (1855). In 1854 she married Mr. Nicholls, who had been for a time her father's curate, and died shortly afterwards (March 31, 1855), of consumption, which had previously carried off her sisters.]

### THE WEDDING DAY.

"JANE, are you ready?"

I rose. There were no groomsmen, no bridesmaids, no relatives to wait for or marshal,—none but Mr. Rochester and I. Mrs. Fairfax stood in the hall as we passed. I would fain have spoken to her, but my hand was held by a grasp of iron: I was hurried along by a stride I could hardly follow: and to look at Mr. Rochester's face was to feel that not a second of delay would be tolerated for any purpose. I wondered what other bridegroom ever looked as he did—so bent up to a purpose, so grimly resolute: or who, under such steadfast brows, ever revealed such flaming and flashing eyes.

I know not whether the day was fair or foul; in descending the drive, I gazed neither on sky nor earth: my heart was with my eyes; and both seemed migrated into Mr. Rochester's frame. I wanted to see the invisible thing on which, as we went along, he appeared to fasten a glance fierce and fell. I wanted to feel the thoughts whose force he seemed breasting and resisting.

At the churchyard wicket he stopped: he discovered I was quite out of breath,

"Am I cruel in my love?" he said. "Delay an instant : lean on me, Jane."

And now I can recall the picture of the gray old house of God rising calm before me, of a rook wheeling round the steeple, of a ruddy morning sky beyond. I remember something, too, of the green grave mounds ; and I have not forgotten, either, two figures of strangers, straying among the low hillocks, and reading the mementoes graven on the few mossy headstones. I noticed them, because, as they saw us, they passed round to the back of the church ; and I doubted not they were going to enter by the side-aisle door, and witness the ceremony. By Mr. Rochester they were not observed : he was earnestly looking at my face, from which the blood had, I dare say, momentarily fled : for I felt my forehead dewy, and my cheeks and lips cold. When I rallied, which I soon did, he walked gently with me up the path to the porch.

We entered the quiet and humble temple : the priest waited in his white surplice at the lowly altar, the clerk beside him. All was still : two shadows only moved in a remote corner. My conjecture had been correct : the strangers had slipped in before us, and they now stood by the vault of the Rochesters, their backs toward us, viewing through the rails the old time-stained marble tomb, where a kneeling angel guarded the remains of Damer de Rochester, slain at Marston Moor in the time of the civil wars, and of Elizabeth, his wife.

Our place was taken at the communion rails. Hearing a cautious step behind me, I glanced over my shoulder ; one of the strangers — a gentleman, evidently — was advancing up the chancel. The service began. The explanation of the intent of matrimony was gone through ; and then the clergyman came a step farther forward, and, bending slightly toward Mr. Rochester, went on.

"I require and charge you both (as you will answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed), that if either of you know any impediment why ye may not lawfully be joined together in matrimony, ye do now confess it ; for be ye well assured that so many as are coupled together otherwise than God's word doth allow, are not joined together by God, neither is their matrimony lawful."

He paused, as the custom is. When is the pause after that sentence ever broken by reply ? Not, perhaps, once in a hundred years. And the clergyman, who had not lifted his eyes

from his book, and had held his breath but for a moment, was proceeding ; his hand was already stretched toward Mr. Rochester, as his lips unclosed to ask, " Wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded wife ? " — when a distinct and near voice said, " The marriage cannot go on : I declare the existence of an impediment."

The clergyman looked up at the speaker, and stood mute ; the clerk did the same ; Mr. Rochester moved slightly, as if an earthquake had rolled under his feet : taking a firmer footing, and not turning his head or eyes, he said, " Proceed."

Profound silence fell when he had uttered that word, with deep but low intonation. Presently Mr. Wood said, " I cannot proceed without some investigation into what has been asserted, and evidence of its truth or falsehood."

" The ceremony is quite broken off," subjoined the voice behind us. " I am in a condition to prove my allegation : an insuperable impediment to this marriage exists."

Mr. Rochester heard, but heeded not : he stood stubborn and rigid, making no movement but to possess himself of my hand. What a hot and strong grasp he had ! — and how like quarried marble was his pale, firm, massive front at this moment ! How his eye shone still, watchful and yet wild beneath !

Mr. Wood seemed at a loss. " What is the nature of the impediment ? " he asked. " Perhaps it may be got over — explained away ? "

" Hardly," was the answer : " I have called it insuperable, and I speak advisedly."

The speaker came forward and leaned on the rails. He continued, uttering each word distinctly, calmly, steadily, but not loudly.

" It simply consists in the existence of a previous marriage. Mr. Rochester has a wife now living."

My nerves vibrated to those low-spoken words as they had never vibrated to thunder ; my blood felt their subtle violence as it had never felt frost or fire : but I was collected and in no danger of swooning. I looked at Mr. Rochester : I made him look at me. His whole face was colorless rock : his eye was both spark and flint. He disavowed nothing : he seemed as if he would defy all things. Without speaking, without smiling, without seeming to recognize in me a human being, he only twined my waist with his arm and riveted me to his side.

"Who are you?" he asked of the intruder.

"My name is Briggs, a solicitor of — Street, London."

"And you would thrust on me a wife?"

"I would remind you of your lady's existence, sir, which the law recognizes, if you do not."

"Favor me with an account of her — with her name, her parentage, her place of abode."

"Certainly." Mr. Briggs calmly took a paper from his pocket and read out in a sort of official, nasal voice: —

"I affirm and can prove that on the 20th of October, A.D. — (a date of fifteen years back), Edward Fairfax Rochester, of Thornfield Hall, in the county of —, and of Ferndean Manor, in — shire, England, was married to my sister, Bertha Antoinetta Mason, daughter of Jonas Mason, merchant, and of Antoinetta, his wife, a Creole — at — Church, Spanish Town, Jamaica. The record of the marriage will be found in the register of that church — a copy of it is now in my possession. Signed, Richard Mason."

"That — if a genuine document — may prove I have been married, but it does not prove that the woman mentioned therein as my wife is still living."

"She was living three months ago," returned the lawyer.

"How do you know?"

"I have a witness to the fact, whose testimony even you, sir, will scarcely controvert."

"Produce him — or go to hell."

"I will produce him first — he is on the spot: Mr. Mason, have the goodness to step forward."

Mr. Rochester, on hearing the name, set his teeth; he experienced, too, a sort of strong, convulsive quiver; near to him as I was I felt the spasmodic movement of fury or despair run through his frame. The second stranger, who had hitherto lingered in the background, now drew near; a pale face looked over the solicitor's shoulder — yes, it was Mason himself. Mr. Rochester turned and glared at him. His eye, as I have often said, was a black eye; it had now a tawny, nay, a bloody light in its gloom; and his face flushed — olive cheek, and hueless forehead received a glow, as from spreading, ascending heart fire: and he stirred, lifted his strong arm — he could have struck Mason — dashed him on the church floor — shocked by ruthless blow the breath from his body — but Mason shrank away and cried faintly, "Good God!" Contempt fell cool on Mr. Rochester



— his passion died as if a blight had shriveled it up : he only asked, “What have *you* to say ?”

An inaudible reply escaped Mason's white lips.

“The devil is in it if you cannot answer distinctly. I again demand, what have *you* to say ?”

“Sir — sir” — interrupted the clergyman, “do not forget you are in a sacred place.” Then addressing Mason, he inquired gently, “Are you aware, sir, whether or not this gentleman's wife is still living ?”

“Courage,” urged the lawyer, “speak out.”

“She is now living at Thornfield Hall,” said Mason, in more articulate tones ; “I saw her there last April. I am her brother.”

“At Thornfield Hall !” ejaculated the clergyman. “Impossible ! I am an old resident in this neighborhood, sir, and I never heard of a Mrs. Rochester at Thornfield Hall.”

I saw a grim smile contort Mr. Rochester's lip and he muttered, “No, by God ! I took care that none should hear of it, or of her under that name.” He mused ; for ten minutes he held counsel with himself : he formed his resolve, and announced it : “Enough, all shall bolt out at once, like a bullet from the barrel. Wood, close your book and take off your surplice ; John Green (to the clerk), leave the church : there will be no wedding to-day.” The men obeyed.

Mr. Rochester continued, hardily and recklessly : “Bigamy is an ugly word ! I meant, however, to be a bigamist : but fate has outmaneuvered me ; or Providence has checked me — perhaps the last. I am little better than a devil at this moment ; and, as my pastor there would tell me, deserve no doubt the sternest judgments of God, even to the quenchless fire and deathless worm. Gentlemen, my plan is broken up ! what this lawyer and his client say is true : I have been married, and the woman to whom I was married lives ! You say you never heard of a Mrs. Rochester at the house up yonder, Wood : but I dare say you have many a time inclined your ear to gossip about the mysterious lunatic kept there under watch and ward. Some have whispered to you that she is my bastard half-sister : some, my cast-off mistress : I now inform you that she is my wife, whom I married fifteen years ago — Bertha Mason by name : sister of this resolute personage, who is now, with his quivering limbs and white cheeks, showing you what a stout heart men may bear. Cheer up, Dick, never fear me ! I'd

almost as soon strike a woman as you. Bertha Mason is mad ; and she came of a mad family ; idiots and maniacs through three generations ! Her mother, the Creole, was both a mad woman and a drunkard ! — as I found out after I had married the daughter : for they were silent on family secrets before. Bertha, like a dutiful child, copied her parent in both points. I had a charming partner — pure, wise, modest ; you can fancy I was a happy man. I went through rich scenes ! Oh, my experience has been heavenly ; if you only knew it ! But I owe you no further explanation. Briggs, Wood, Mason, I invite you all to come to the house and visit Mrs. Poole's patient, and *my wife* ! You will see what sort of being I was cheated into espousing, and judge whether or not I had a right to break the compact, and seek sympathy with something at least human. 'This girl,' he continued, looking at me, "knew no more than you, Wood, of the disgusting secret ; she thought all was fair and legal, and never dreamed she was going to be entrapped into a feigned union with a defrauded wretch, already bound to a bad, mad, and imbruted partner ! Come, all of you, follow."

Still holding me fast, he left the church : the three gentlemen came after. At the front door of the hall we found the carriage.

"Take it back to the coach house, John," said Mr. Rochester, coolly ; "it will not be wanted to-day."

At our entrance, Mrs. Fairfax, Adele, Sophie, Leah, advanced to meet and greet us.

"To the right about — every soul !" cried the master ; "away with your congratulations ! Who wants them ? Not I ; they are fifteen years too late !"

He passed on and ascended the stairs, still holding my hand, and still beckoning the gentlemen to follow him, which they did. We mounted the first staircase, passed up the gallery, proceeded to the third story : the low, black door, opened by Mr. Rochester's master key, admitted us to the tapestried room, with its great bed, and its pictorial cabinet.

"You know this place, Mason," said our guide ; "she bit and stabbed you here."

He lifted the hangings from the wall, uncovering the second door : this, too, he opened. In a room without a window there burned a fire, guarded by a high and strong fender, and a lamp suspended from the ceiling by a chain.

Grace Poole bent over the fire, apparently cooking something in a saucepan. In the deep shade, at the farther end of the room, a figure ran backward and forward. What it was, whether beast or human being, one could not, at first sight, tell: it groveled, seemingly, on all fours: it snatched and growled like some strange wild animal: but it was covered with clothing; and a quantity of dark, grizzled hair, wild as a mane, hid its head and face.

"Good morrow, Mrs. Poole!" said Mr. Rochester. "How are you? and how is your charge to-day?"

"We're tolerable, sir, I thank you," replied Grace, lifting the boiling mess carefully on to the hob: "rather snappish, but not 'rageous."

A fierce cry seemed to give the lie to her favorable report: the clothed hyena rose up and stood tall on its hind feet.

"Ah, sir, she sees you!" exclaimed Grace; "you'd better not stay."

"Only a few moments, Grace; you must allow me a few moments."

"Take care then, sir, for God's sake, take care!"

The maniac bellowed: she parted her shaggy locks from her visage, and gazed wildly at her visitors. I recognized well that purple face—those bloated features. Mrs. Poole advanced.

"Keep out of the way," said Mr. Rochester, thrusting her aside; "she has no knife now, I suppose? and I'm on my guard."

"One never knows what she has, sir: she is so cunning: it is not in mortal discretion to fathom her craft."

"We had better leave her," whispered Mason.

"Go to the devil!" was his brother-in-law's recommendation.

"Ware!" cried Grace. The three gentlemen retreated simultaneously. Mr. Rochester flung me behind him; the lunatic sprang and grappled his throat viciously, and laid her teeth to his cheek; they struggled. She was a big woman, in stature almost equaling her husband, and corpulent besides: she showed virile force in the contest—more than once she almost throttled him, athletic as he was. He could have settled her with a well-planted blow; but he would not strike: he would only wrestle. At last he mastered her arms; Grace Poole gave him a cord, and he pinioned them behind her: with

more rope, which was at hand, he bound her to a chair. The operation was performed amidst the fiercest yells and the most convulsive plunges. Mr. Rochester then turned to the spectators: he looked at them with a smile both acrid and desolate.

"That is *my wife*," said he. "Such is the sole conjugal embrace I am ever to know — such are the endearments which are to solace my leisure hours! And *this* is what I wished to have" (laying his hand on my shoulder): "this young girl who stands so grave and quiet at the mouth of hell, looking collectedly at the gambols of a demon. I wanted her just as a change after that fierce ragout. Wood and Briggs, look at the difference! Compare these clear eyes with the red balls yonder — this face with that mask — this form with that bulk; then judge me, priest of the Gospel and man of the law, and remember, with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged! Off with you now. I must shut up my prize."

#### ROCHESTER'S EXPLANATION.

"I am a fool!" cried Mr. Rochester, suddenly. "I keep telling her I am not married, and do not explain to her why. I forget she knows nothing of the character of that woman, or of the circumstances attending my infernal union with her. Oh, I am certain Jane will agree with me in opinion, when she knows all that I know! Just put your hand in mine, Janet — that I may have the evidence of touch as well as sight, to prove you are near me — and I will in a few words show you the real state of the case. Can you listen to me?"

"Yes, sir; for hours if you will."

"I ask only minutes. Jane, did you ever hear or know that I was not the eldest son of my house; that I had once a brother older than I?"

"I remember Mrs. Fairfax told me so once."

"And did you ever hear that my father was an avaricious, grasping man?"

"I have understood something to that effect."

"Well, Jane, being so, it was his resolution to keep the property together; he could not bear the idea of dividing his estate and leaving me a fair portion: all, he resolved, should go to my brother, Rowland. Yet as little could he endure that a son of his should be a poor man. I must be provided



for by a wealthy marriage. He sought me a partner betimes. Mr. Mason, a West India planter and merchant, was his old acquaintance. He was certain his possessions were real and vast : he made inquiries. Mr. Mason, he found, had a son and daughter ; and he learned from him that he could and would give the latter a fortune of thirty thousand pounds : that sufficed. When I left college, I was sent out to Jamaica, to espouse a bride already courted for me. My father said nothing about her money ; but he told me Miss Mason was the boast of Spanish Town for her beauty : and this was no lie. I found her a fine woman, in the style of Blanche Ingram ; tall, dark, and majestic. Her family wished to secure me, because I was of a good race ; and so did she. They showed her to me in parties, splendidly dressed. I seldom saw her alone, and had very little private conversation with her. She flattered me, and lavishly displayed for my pleasure her charms and accomplishments. All the men in her circle seemed to admire her, and envy me. I was dazzled, stimulated : my senses were excited ; and being ignorant, raw, and inexperienced, I thought I loved her. There is no folly so besotted that the idiotic rivalries of society, the prurience, the rashness, the blindness of youth, will not hurry a man to its commission. Her relatives encouraged me ; competitors piqued me ; she allured me : a marriage was achieved almost before I knew where I was. Oh, I have no respect for myself when I think of that act !—an agony of inward contempt masters me. I never loved, I never esteemed, I did not even know her. I was not sure of the existence of one virtue in her nature : I had marked neither modesty, nor benevolence, nor candor, nor refinement in her mind or manners—and, I married her : gross, groveling, mole-eyed blockhead that I was ! With less sin I might have—but let me remember to whom I am speaking.

“My bride’s mother I had never seen : I understood she was dead. The honeymoon over, I learned my mistake ; she was only mad, and shut up in a lunatic asylum. There was a younger brother, too, a complete dumb idiot. The elder one, whom you have seen (and whom I cannot hate, while I abhor all his kindred, because he has some grains of affection in his feeble mind, shown in the continued interest he takes in his wretched sister, and also in a doglike attachment he once bore me), will probably be in the same state one day. My father, and my brother Rowland, knew all this ; but they

thought only of the thirty thousand pounds, and joined in the plot against me. . . .

"Jane, I will not trouble you with abominable details: some strong words shall express what I have to say. I lived with that woman upstairs four years, and before that time she had tried me indeed: her character ripened and developed with frightful rapidity; her vices sprang up fast and rank; they were so strong, only cruelty could check them; and I would not use cruelty. What a pygmy intellect she had — and what giant propensities! How fearful were the curses those propensities entailed on me! Bertha Mason — the true daughter of an infamous mother — dragged me through all the hideous and degrading agonies which must attend a man bound to a wife at once intemperate and unchaste.

"My brother in the interval was dead; and at the end of the four years my father died too. I was rich enough now — yet poor to hideous indigence: a nature the most gross, impure, depraved I ever saw, was associated with mine, and called by the law and by society a part of me. And I could not rid myself of it by any legal proceedings: for the doctors now discovered that *my wife* was mad — her excesses had prematurely developed the germs of insanity: Jane, you don't like my narrative; you look almost sick — shall I defer the rest to another day?"

"No, sir, finish it now: I pity you — I do earnestly pity you." . . .

"One night I had been awakened by her yells — (since the medical men had pronounced her mad she had, of course, been shut up) — it was a fiery West Indian night; one of the description that frequently precede the hurricanes of those climates; being unable to sleep in bed I got up and opened the window. The air was like sulphur streams — I could find no refreshment anywhere. Mosquitoes came buzzing in and hummed sullenly round the room; the sea, which I could hear from thence, rumbled dull like an earthquake — black clouds were casting up over it; the moon was setting in the waves, broad and red, like a hot cannon ball — she threw her last bloody glance over a world quivering with a ferment of tempest. I was physically influenced by the atmosphere and scene, and my ears were filled with the curses the maniac still shrieked out, wherein she momentarily mingled my name with such a tone of demon hate, with such language! — no professed harlot

ever had a fouler vocabulary than she: though two rooms off, I heard every word—the thin partitions of the West Indian house opposing but slight obstruction to her wolfish cries.

“‘This life,’ said I, at last, ‘is hell! this is the air—those are the sounds of the bottomless pit! I have a right to deliver myself from it if I can. The sufferings of this mortal state will leave me with the heavy flesh that now cumbers my soul. Of the fanatic’s burning eternity I have no fear: there is not a future state worse than this present one—let me break away and go home to God!’

“I said this while I knelt down at and unlocked a trunk which contained a brace of loaded pistols: I meant to shoot myself. I only entertained the intention for a moment; for not being insane, the crisis of exquisite and unalloyed despair which had originated the wish and design of self-destruction was past in a second.

“A wind fresh from Europe blew over the ocean and rushed through the open casement: the storm broke, streamed, thundered, blazed, and the air grew pure. I then framed and fixed a resolution. While I walked under the dripping orange trees of my wet garden, and among its drenched pomegranates and pineapples, and while the refulgent dawn of the tropics kindled round me—I reasoned thus, Jane:—and now listen; for it was true Wisdom that consoled me in that hour, and showed me the right path to follow. . . .

“‘Go,’ said Hope, ‘and live again in Europe: there it is not known what a sullied name you bear, nor what a filthy burden is bound to you. You may take the maniac with you to England; confine her with due attendance and precautions at Thornfield: then travel yourself to what clime you will, and form what new tie you like. That woman, who has so abused your long-suffering—so sullied your name; so outraged your honor; so blighted your youth—is not your wife; nor are you her husband. See that she is cared for as her condition demands, and you have done all that God and Humanity require of you. Let her identity, her connection with yourself, be buried in oblivion: you are bound to impart them to no living being. Place her in safety and comfort: shelter her degradation with secrecy, and leave her.’ . . .

“To England, then, I conveyed her; a fearful voyage I had with such a monster in the vessel. Glad was I when I at

last got her to Thornfield, and saw her safely lodged in that third-story room, of whose secret inner cabinet she has now for ten years made a wild beast's den—a goblin's cell. I had some trouble in finding an attendant for her: as it was necessary to select one on whose fidelity dependence could be placed; for her ravings would inevitably betray my secret: besides, she had lucid intervals of days—sometimes weeks—which she filled up with abuse of me. At last I hired Grace Poole, from the Grimsby Retreat. She and the surgeon, Carter, are the only two I have ever admitted to my confidence.” . . .

“And what, sir,” I asked, while he paused, “did you do when you had settled her here? Where did you go?”

“What did I do, Jane? I transformed myself into a will-o'-the-wisp. Where did I go? I pursued wanderings as wild as those of the March spirit. I sought the Continent, and went devious ways through all its lands. My fixed desire was to seek and find a good and intelligent woman, whom I could love: a contrast to the fury I left at Thornfield——”

“But you could not marry, sir.”

“I had determined, and was convinced that I could and ought. It was not my original intention to deceive, as I have deceived you. I meant to tell my tale plainly, and make my proposals openly: and it appeared to me so absolutely rational that I should be considered free to love and be loved, I never doubted some woman might be found willing and able to understand my case and accept me, in spite of the curse with which I was burdened.” . . .

“Don't talk any more of those days, sir,” I interrupted, furiously dashing some tears from my eyes; his language was torture to me; for I knew what I must do—and do soon—and all these reminiscences and these revelations of his feelings only made my work more difficult.

“No, Jane,” he returned; “what necessity is there to dwell on the Past, when the Present is so much surer—the Future so much brighter?”

I shuddered to hear the infatuated assertion.

“You see now how the case stands—do you not?” he continued. “After a youth and manhood passed half in unutterable misery and half in dreary solitude, I have for the first time found what I can truly love—I have found *you*. You are my sympathy—my better self—my good angel; I am bound to you with a strong attachment. I think you good, gifted, lovely;



a fervent, a solemn passion is conceived in my heart ; it leans to you, draws you to my center and spring of life, wraps my existence about you—and, kindling in pure, powerful flame, fuses you and me in one. . . .

"It was because I felt and knew this, that I resolved to marry you. To tell me that I had already a wife is empty mockery : you know now that I had but a hideous demon. I was wrong to attempt to deceive you ; but I feared a stubbornness that exists in your character. I feared early instilled prejudice : I wanted to have you safe before hazarding confidences. This was cowardly : I should have appealed to your nobleness and magnanimity at first, as I do now—opened to you plainly my life of agony—described to you my hunger and thirst after a higher and worthier existence—shown to you, not my *resolution* (that word is weak) but my resistless *bent* to love faithfully and well, where I am faithfully and well loved in return. Then I should have asked you to accept my pledge of fidelity, and to give me yours : Jane—give it me now."

A pause.

"Why are you silent, Jane?" . . .

I was experiencing an ordeal : a hand of fiery iron grasped my vitals. Terrible moment : full of struggle, blackness, burning ! Not a human being that ever lived could wish to be loved better than I was loved ; and him who thus loved me I absolutely worshiped : and I must renounce love and idol. One dearer word comprised my intolerable duty—"Depart !"

"Jane, you understand what I want of you ? Just this promise—"I will be yours, Mr. Rochester."

"Mr. Rochester, I will *not* be yours."

Another long silence.

"Jane," recommenced he, with a gentleness that broke me down with grief, and turned me stone-cold with ominous terror—for this still voice was the pant of a lion rising—"Jane, do you mean to go one way in the world, and let me go another?"

"I do."

"Jane" (bending toward and embracing me), "do you mean it, now?"

"I do."

"And now?" softly kissing my forehead and cheek.

"I do"—extricating myself from restraint rapidly and completely.

"Oh, Jane, this is bitter ! This — this is wicked. It would not be wicked to love me."

"It would to obey you."

### THE MEETING.

"When you go in," said I, "tell your master that a person wishes to speak to him, but do not give my name."

"I don't think he will see you," she answered : "he refuses everybody."

When she returned, I inquired what he had said.

"You are to send in your name and your business," she replied. She then proceeded to fill a glass with water, and place it on a tray, together with candles.

"Is that what he rang for?" I asked.

"Yes : he always has candles brought in at dark, though he is blind."

"Give the tray to me ; I will carry it in."

I took it from her hand : she pointed me out the parlor door. The tray shook as I held it ; the water spilled from the glass ; my heart struck my ribs loud and fast. Mary opened the door for me, and shut it behind me.

This parlor looked gloomy : a neglected handful of fire burned low in the grate ; and, leaning over it with his head supported against the high, old-fashioned mantelpiece, appeared the blind tenant of the room. His old dog, Pilot, lay on one side, removed out of the way, and coiled up as if afraid of being inadvertently trodden upon. Pilot pricked up his ears when I came in : then he jumped up with a yelp and a whine, and bounded toward me : he almost knocked the tray from my hands. I set it on the table ; then patted him, and said softly : —

"Lie down !" Mr. Rochester turned mechanically to *see* what the commotion was : but as he *saw* nothing, he re-turned and sighed.

"Give me the water, Mary," he said.

I approached him with the now only half-filled glass : Pilot followed me, still excited.

"What is the matter ?" he inquired.

"Down, Pilot !" I again said. He checked the water on its way to his lips, and seemed to listen : he drank, and put the glass down. "This is you, Mary, is it not ?"

"Mary is in the kitchen," I answered.

He put out his hand with a quick gesture, but not seeing where I stood, he did not touch me. "Who is this? Who is this?" he demanded, trying, as it seemed, to *see* with those sightless eyes — unavailing and distressing attempt! "Answer me — speak again!" he ordered, imperiously and aloud.

"Will you have a little more water, sir? I spilled half of what was in the glass," I said.

"Who is it? What is it? Who speaks?"

"Pilot knows me, and John and Mary know I am here. I came only this evening," I answered.

"Great God! — what delusion has come over me? What sweet madness has seized me?"

"No delusion — no madness: your mind, sir, is too strong for delusion, your health too sound for frenzy."

"And where is the speaker? Is it only a voice? Oh! I *cannot* see, but I must feel, or my heart will stop and my brain burst. Whatever — whoever you are — be perceptible to the touch, or I cannot live!"

He groped; I arrested his wandering hand, and prisoned it in both mine.

"Her very fingers!" he cried; "her small, slight fingers! If so, there must be more of her."

The muscular hand broke from my custody; my arm was seized, my shoulder — neck — waist — I was entwined and gathered to him.

"Is it Jane? What is it? This is her shape — this is her size —"

"And this her voice," I added. "She is all here: her heart too. God bless you, sir! I am glad to be so near you again."

"Jane Eyre! — Jane Eyre," was all he said.

"My dear master," I answered, "I am Jane Eyre: I have found you out — I am come back to you."

"In the truth? — in the flesh? My living Jane?"

"You touch me, sir — you hold me, and fast enough: I am not cold like a corpse, nor vacant like air, am I?"

"My living darling! These are certainly her limbs, and these her features; but I cannot be so blessed, after all my misery. It is a dream; such dreams as I have had at night when I have clasped her once more to my heart, as I do now; and kissed her, as thus — and felt that she loved me, and trusted that she would not leave me."

"Which I never will, sir, from this day."

"Never will, says the vision? But I always woke and found it an empty mockery; and I was desolate and abandoned — my life dark, lonely, hopeless — my soul athirst, and forbidden to drink — my heart famished, and never to be fed. Gentle, soft dream, nestling in my arms now, you will fly, too, as your sisters have all fled before you: but kiss me before you go — embrace me, Jane."

"There, sir — and there!"

I pressed my lips to his once brilliant and now rayless eyes — I swept his hair from his brow, and kissed that too. He suddenly seemed to arouse himself: the conviction of the reality of all this seized him.

"It is you — is it, Jane? You are come back to me, then?"

"I am."

"And you do not lie dead in some ditch under some stream? And you are not a pining outcast among strangers?"

"No, sir; I am an independent woman now."

"Independent! What do you mean, Jane?"

"My uncle in Madeira is dead, and he left me five thousand pounds."

"Ah, this is practical — this is real!" he cried: "I should never dream that. Besides, there is that peculiar voice of hers, so animating and piquant, as well as soft: it cheers my withered heart; it puts life into it. — What, Janet! Are you an independent woman? A rich woman?"

"Quite rich, sir. If you won't let me live with you, I can build a house of my own close up to your door, and you may come and sit in my parlor when you want company of an evening."

"But as you are rich, Jane, you have now, no doubt, friends who will look after you, and not suffer you to devote yourself to a blind lamenter like me?"

"I told you I am independent, sir, as well as rich: I am my own mistress."

"And you will stay with me?"

"Certainly — unless you object. I will be your neighbor, your nurse, your housekeeper. I find you lonely: I will be your companion — to read to you, to walk with you, to sit with you, to wait on you, to be eyes and hands to you. Cease to look so melancholy, my dear master; you shall not be left desolate so long as I live."



He replied not : he seemed serious — abstracted ; he sighed ; he half opened his lips as if to speak ; he closed them again. I felt a little embarrassed. Perhaps I had too rashly overleaped conventionalities ; and he, like St. John, saw impropriety in my inconsiderateness. I had indeed made my proposal from the idea that he wished and would ask me to be his wife : an expectation, not the less certain because unexpressed, had buoyed me up, that he would claim me at once as his own. But no hint to that effect escaped him, and his countenance becoming more overcast, I suddenly remembered that I might have been all wrong, and was perhaps playing the fool unwittingly ; and I began gently to withdraw myself from his arms — but he eagerly snatched me closer.

“No, no, Jane ; you must not go. No — I have touched you, heard you, felt the comfort of your presence — the sweetness of your consolation : I cannot give up these joys, I have little left in myself — I must have you. The world may laugh — may call me absurd, selfish — but it does not signify. My very soul demands you : it will be satisfied, or it will take deadly vengeance on its frame.”

“Well, sir, I will stay with you : I have said so.”

“Yes — but you understand one thing by staying with me ; and I understand another. You, perhaps, could make up your mind to be about my hand and chair — to wait on me as a kind little nurse (for you have an affectionate heart and a generous spirit, which prompt you to make sacrifices for those you pity), and that ought to suffice for me, no doubt. I suppose I should entertain none but fatherly feelings for you : do you think so ? Come — tell me.”

“I will think what you like, sir : I am content to be only your nurse, if you think it better.”

“But you cannot always be my nurse, Janet ; you are young — you must marry one day.”

“I don’t care about being married.”

“You should care, Janet : if I were what I once was, I would try to make you care, but — a sightless block !”

He relapsed again into gloom. I, on the contrary, became more cheerful, and took fresh courage ; these last words gave me an insight as to where the difficulty lay ; and as it was no difficulty with me, I felt quite relieved from my previous embarrassment. I resumed a livelier vein of conversation.

“It is time some one undertook to re-humanize you,” said I,

parting his thick and long uncut locks ; “for I see you are being metamorphosed into a lion or something of that sort. You have a ‘faux air’ of Nebuchadnezzar in the fields about you, that is certain : your hair reminds me of eagles’ feathers ; whether your nails are grown like birds’ claws or not, I have not yet noticed.”

“On this arm, I have neither hand nor nails,” he said, drawing the mutilated arm from his breast, and showing it to me. “It is a mere stump—a ghastly sight ! Don’t you think so, Jane ?”

“It is a pity to see it ; and a pity to see your eyes—and the scar of fire on your forehead : and the worst of it is, one is in danger of loving you too well for all this, and making too much of you.”

“I thought you would be revolted, Jane, when you saw my arm, and my cicatrized visage.”

“Did you ? Don’t tell me so, lest I should say something disparaging to your judgment. Now, let me leave you an instant, to make a better fire and have the hearth swept up. Can you tell when there is a good fire ?”

“Yes : with the right eye I see a glow—a ruddy haze.”

“And you see the candles ?”

“Very dimly—each is a luminous cloud.”

“Can you see me ?”

“No, my fairy : but I am only too thankful to hear and feel you.”

“When do you take supper ?”

“I never take supper.”

“But you shall have some to-night. I am hungry : so are you, I dare say, only you forget.”

Summoning Mary, I soon had the room in more cheerful order : I prepared him, likewise, a comfortable repast. My spirits were excited, and with pleasure and ease I talked to him during supper, and for a long time after. There was no harassing restraint, no repressing of glee and vivacity, with him ; for with him I was at perfect ease, because I knew I suited him : all I said or did seemed either to console or revive him. Delightful consciousness ! It brought to life and light my whole nature : in his presence I thoroughly lived ; and he lived in mine. Blind as he was, smiles played over his face, joy dawned on his forehead ; his lineaments softened and warmed.

After supper, he began to ask me many questions, of where I had been, what I had been doing, how I had found him out; but I gave him only very partial replies; it was too late to enter into particulars that night. Besides, I wished to touch no deep-thrilling cord—to open no fresh well of emotion in his heart: my sole present aim was to cheer him. Cheered, as I have said, he was: and yet but by fits. If a moment's silence broke the conversation, he would turn restless, touch me, then say, "Jane."

"You are altogether a human being, Jane? You are certain of that?"

"I conscientiously believe so, Mr. Rochester."

"Yet how, on this dark and doleful evening, could you so suddenly rise on my lone hearth? I stretched my hand to take a glass of water from a hireling, and it was given me by you: I asked a question, expecting John's wife to answer me, and your voice spoke at my ear."

"Because I had come in, in Mary's stead, with the tray."

"And there is enchantment in the very hour I am now spending with you. Who can tell what a dark, dreary, hopeless life I have dragged on for months past! Doing nothing, expecting nothing; merging night into day; feeling but the sensation of cold when I let the fire go out, of hunger when I forgot to eat; and then a ceaseless sorrow and, at times, a very delirium of desire to behold my Jane again. Yes: for her restoration I longed, far more than for that of my lost sight. How can it be that Jane is with me, and says she loves me? Will she not depart as suddenly as she came? To-morrow, I fear, I shall find her no more."

A commonplace, practical reply, out of the train of his own disturbed ideas, was, I was sure, the best and most reassuring for him in this frame of mind. I passed my finger over his eyebrows, and remarked that they were scorched, and that I would apply something which should make them grow as broad and as black as ever.

"Where is the use of doing me good in any way, beneficent spirit, when at some fatal moment you will again desert me—passing like a shadow, whither and how, to me unknown; and for me, remaining afterward undiscoverable?"

"Have you a pocket comb about you, sir?"

"What for, Jane?"

"Just to comb out this shaggy black mane. I find you

rather alarming, when I examine you close at hand: you talk of my being a fairy; but I'm sure you are more like a brownie."

"Am I hideous, Jane?"

"Very, sir; you always were, you know."

"Humph! The wickedness has not been taken out of you, wherever you have sojourned."

"Yet I have been with good people; far better than you: a hundred times better people: possessed of ideas and views you never entertained in your life: quite more refined and exalted."

"Who the deuce have you been with?"

"If you twist in that way you will make me pull the hair out of your head; and then I think you will cease to entertain doubts of my substantiality."

"Who have you been with, Jane?"

"You shall not get it out of me to-night, sir; you must wait till to-morrow; to leave my tale half told, will, you know, be a sort of security that I shall appear at your breakfast table to finish it. By the bye, I must mind not to rise on your hearth with only a glass of water, then: I must bring an egg at the least, to say nothing of fried ham."

"You mocking changeling — fairy born and human bred! You make me feel as I have not felt these twelve months. If Saul could have had you for his David, the evil spirit would have been exorcised without the aid of the harp."

"There, sit, you are red up and made decent. Now I'll leave you: I have been traveling these last three days, and I believe I am tired. Good night." . . .

Again, as he kissed me, painful thoughts darkened his aspect.

"My seared vision! My crippled strength!" he murmured, regretfully.

I caressed, in order to soothe him. I knew of what he was thinking, and wanted to speak for him; but dared not. As he turned aside his face a minute, I saw a tear slide from under the sealed eyelid, and trickle down the manly cheek. My heart swelled.

"I am no better than the old lightning-struck chestnut tree in Thornfield orchard," he remarked erelong. "And what right would that ruin have to bid a budding woodbine cover its decay with freshness?"

"You are no ruin, sir — no lightning-struck tree: you are green and vigorous. Plants will grow about your roots, whether



you ask them or not, because they take delight in your bountiful shadow; and as they grow they will lean toward you, and wind round you, because your strength offers them so safe a prop."

Again he smiled; I gave him comfort.

"You speak of friends, Jane?" he asked.

"Yes: of friends," I answered rather hesitatingly; for I knew I meant more than friends, but could not tell what other word to employ. He helped me!

"Ah! Jane. But I want a wife."

"Do you, sir?"

"Yes; is it news to you?"

"Of course: you said nothing about it before."

"Is it unwelcome news?"

"That depends on circumstances, sir — on your choice."

"Which you shall make for me, Jane. I will abide by your decision."

"Choose then, sir — *her who loves you best.*"

"I will at least choose — *her I love best.* Jane, will you marry me?"

"Yes, sir."

"A poor blind man, whom you will have to lead about by the hand?"

"Yes, sir."

"A crippled man, twenty years older than you, whom you will have to wait on?"

"Yes, sir."

"Truly, Jane?"

"Most truly, sir."

"Oh! my darling! God bless you and reward you!"

"Mr. Rochester, if ever I did a good deed in my life — if ever I thought a good thought — if ever I prayed a sincere and blameless prayer — if ever I wished a righteous wish — I am rewarded now. To be your wife, is, for me, to be as happy as I can be on earth."

"Because you delight in sacrifice."

"Sacrifice! What do I sacrifice? Famine for food, expectation for content. To be privileged to put my arms round what I value — to press my lips to what I love — to repose on what I trust — is that to make a sacrifice? If so, then certainly I delight in sacrifice."

"And to bear with my infirmities, Jane — to overlook my deficiencies."

"Which are none, sir, to me. I love you better now, when I can really be useful to you, than I did in your state of proud independence, when you disdained every part but that of the giver and protector."

"Hitherto I have hated to be helped—to be led henceforth, I feel I shall hate it no more. I did not like to put my hand into a hireling's, but it is pleasant to feel it circled by Jane's little fingers. I preferred utter loneliness to the constant attendance of servants; but Jane's soft ministry will be a perpetual joy. Jane suits me: do I suit her?"

"To the finest fiber of my nature, sir."

"The case being so, we have nothing in the world to wait for: we must be married instantly."

He looked and spoke with eagerness: his old impetuosity was rising.

"We must become one flesh without any delay, Jane: there is but the license to get—then we marry."

"Mr. Rochester, I have just discovered the sun is far declined from its meridian, and Pilot is actually gone home to his dinner. Let me look at your watch."

"Fasten it into your girdle, Janet, and keep it henceforward: I have no use for it."

"It is nearly four o'clock in the afternoon, sir. Don't you feel hungry?"

"The third day from this must be our wedding day, Jane. Never mind fine clothes and jewels, now: all that is not worth a fillip."

"The sun has dried up all the raindrops, sir. The breeze is still: it is quite hot."

"Do you know, Jane, I have your little pearl necklace at this moment fastened round my bronze serag under my cravat? I have worn it since the day I lost my only treasure, as a memento of her."

"We will go home through the wood: that will be the shadiest way."

## BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

BY CAROLINE NORTON.

[THE HON. MRS. NORTON (Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Sheridan), English poet and novelist, was the granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and was born in London, in 1808. In 1827 she married the Hon. George Chappel Norton, but the union proved an unfortunate one and a separation followed a few years later. She died June 14, 1877, shortly after her second marriage, to Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell. Among Mrs. Norton's works are the poems "Sorrows of Rosalie" and "The Undying One," and the novels "Lost and Saved," "Stuart of Dunleath," and "Old Sir Douglas."]

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,  
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's  
tears;

But a comrade stood beside him, while the life-blood ebbed away,  
And bent with pitying glances to hear what he might say.  
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,  
And he said: "I never more shall see my own — my native land!  
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,  
For I was born at Bingen — at Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd  
around,

To hear the mournful story in the pleasant vineyard ground,  
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,  
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun:  
And midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars,  
The death wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;  
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,  
And *one* had come from Bingen — fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,  
For I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a cage:  
For my father was a soldier, and even when a child,  
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;  
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,  
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword!  
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,  
On the cottage wall at Bingen — calm Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,  
When the troops come marching home again, with glad and gallant  
tread;

But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,  
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die.

And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name  
 To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;  
 And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and  
     mine),  
 For the honor of old Bingen — dear Bingen on the Rhine!

"There's another — not a sister. — In the happy days gone by  
 You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;  
 Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning, —  
 O friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest  
     mourning!

Tell her the last night of my life (for, ere the moon be risen,  
 My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison),  
 I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine  
 On the vine-clad hills of Bingen — fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along, — I heard, or seemed to hear,  
 The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;  
 And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,  
 The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;  
 And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friendly talk,  
 Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk;  
 And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly, in mine:  
 But we'll meet no more at Bingen — loved Bingen on the Rhine!"

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse, his gasp was childish weak;  
 His eyes put on a dying look — he sighed and ceased to speak;  
 His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled —  
 The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!  
 And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down  
 On the red sand of the battle field, with bloody corpses strown;  
 Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,  
 As it shone on distant Bingen — fair Bingen on the Rhine!



## THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

BY CAROLINE NORTON.

Word was brought to the Danish king  
     (Hurry!)  
 That the love of his heart lay suffering,  
 And pined for the comfort his voice would bring.  
     (Oh, ride as though you were flying!)  
 Better he loves each golden curl  
 On the brow of that Scandinavian girl,



Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl;  
And his rose of the isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed;  
(Hurry!)  
Each one mounting a gallant steed  
Which he kept for battle and days of need.  
(Oh, ride as though you were flying!)  
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;  
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;  
Bridles were slackened and girths were burst,  
But, ride as they would, the king rode first,  
For his rose of the isles lay dying!

His nobles are beaten one by one;  
(Hurry!)  
They have fainted and faltered and homeward gone;  
His little fair page now follows alone,  
For strength and for courage trying!  
The king looked back at that faithful child;  
Wan was the face that answering smiled;  
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,  
Then he dropped; and only the king rode in  
Where his rose of the isles lay dying!

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn;  
(Silence!)  
No answer came, but faint and forlorn  
An echo returned on the cold, gray morn,  
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.  
The castle portal stood grimly wide —  
None welcomed the king from that weary ride;  
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,  
The pale, sweet form of the welcomer lay,  
Who had yearned for his voice while dying.

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,  
Stood weary.  
The king returned from her chamber of rest,  
The thick sobs choking in his breast;  
And, that dumb companion eying,  
The tears gushed forth which he strove to check;  
He bowed his head on his charger's neck:  
"O steed, that every nerve didst strain —  
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain  
To the halls where my love lay dying!"

## THE FATAL NUPTIALS.

By EUGÈNE SUE.

(From "The Wandering Jew.")

[EUGÈNE SUE, author, was born in Paris, France, December 10, 1804, son of a naval surgeon. He was educated to his father's profession, and spent six years in the navy, retiring in 1830. He published: "Kernock, the Pirate" (1830), "History of the French Navy" (1835-1837), "History of the War Navies of all Nations" (1841), "The Mysteries of Paris" (1843), "The Wandering Jew" (1845), "Martin the Foundling" (1847), "The Seven Deadly Sins" (1847-1849), "The Mysteries of the People" (1849), "The Jouffroy Family" (1854), "The Secrets of the Confessional" (1858), and other works less important. He died at Annecy, Switzerland, July 3, 1857.]

THE morning after Dupont's mission to Prince Djalma, the latter was walking with hasty and impatient step up and down the little saloon, which communicated, as we already know, with the greenhouse from which Adrienne had entered when she first appeared to him. In remembrance of that day, he had chosen to dress himself as on the occasion in question: he wore the same tunic of white cashmere, with a cherry-colored turban, to match with his girdle; his gaiters of scarlet velvet, embroidered with silver, displayed the fine form of his leg, and terminated in small white morocco slippers, with red heels. Happiness has so instantaneous, and, as it were, material an influence upon young, lively, and ardent natures, that Djalma, dejected and despairing only the day before, was no longer like the same person. The pale, transparent gold of his complexion was no longer tarnished by a livid hue. His large eyes, of late obscured like black diamonds by a humid vapor, now shone with mild radiance in the center of their pearly setting; his lips, long pale, had recovered their natural color, which was rich and soft as the fine purple flowers of his country.

Ever and anon, pausing in his hasty walk, he stopped suddenly, and drew from his bosom a little piece of paper, carefully folded, which he pressed to his lips with enthusiastic ardor. Then, unable to restrain the expression of his happiness, he uttered a full and sonorous cry of joy, and with a bound he was in front of the plate glass which separated the saloon from the conservatory, in which he had first seen Mademoiselle de Cardoville. By a singular power of remembrance,

or marvelous hallucination of a mind possessed by a fixed idea, Djalma had often seen, or fancied he saw, the adored semblance of Adrienne appear to him through this sheet of crystal. The illusion had been so complete, that, with his eyes ardently fixed on the vision he invoked, he had been able, with the aid of a pencil dipped in carmine, to trace, with astonishing exactness, the profile of the ideal countenance which the delirium of his imagination had presented to his view. It was before these delicate lines of bright carmine that Djalma now stood in deep contemplation, after perusing, and reperusing, and raising twenty times to his lips the letter he had received the night before from the hands of Dupont. Djalma was not alone. Faringhea watched all the movements of the prince, with a subtle, attentive, and gloomy aspect. Standing respectfully in a corner of the saloon, the half-caste appeared to be occupied in unfolding and spreading out Djalma's sash, light, silky Indian web, the brown ground of which was almost entirely concealed by the exquisite gold and silver embroidery with which it was overlaid.

The countenance of the half-caste wore a dark and gloomy expression. He could not deceive himself. The letter from Mademoiselle de Cardoville, delivered by Dupont to Djalma, must have been the cause of the delight he now experienced, for, without doubt, he knew himself beloved. In that event, his obstinate silence toward Faringhea, ever since the latter had entered the saloon, greatly alarmed the half-caste, who could not tell what interpretation to put upon it. The night before, after parting with Dupont, he had hastened, in a state of anxiety easily understood, to look for the prince, in the hope of ascertaining the effect produced by Mademoiselle de Cardoville's letter. But he found the parlor door closed, and when he knocked, he received no answer from within. Then, though the night was far advanced, he had dispatched a note to Rodin, in which he informed him of Dupont's visit and its probable intention. Djalma had indeed passed the night in a tumult of happiness and hope, and a fever of impatience quite impossible to describe. Repairing to his bedchamber only toward the morning, he had taken a few moments of repose, and had then dressed himself without assistance.

Many times, but in vain, the half-caste had discreetly knocked at the door of Djalma's apartment. It was only in the early part of the afternoon that the prince had rung the bell to

order his carriage to be ready by half-past two. Faringhea having presented himself, the prince had given him the order without looking at him, as he might have done to any other of his servants. Was this suspicion, aversion, or mere absence of mind on the part of Djalma? Such were the questions which the half-caste put to himself with growing anguish; for the designs of which he was the most active and immediate instrument might all be ruined by the least suspicion in the prince.

"Oh! the hours—the hours—how slow they are!" cried the young Indian, suddenly, in a low and trembling voice.

"The day before yesterday, my lord, you said the hours were very long," observed Faringhea, as he drew near Djalma in order to attract his attention. Seeing that he did not succeed in this, he advanced a few steps nearer, and resumed: "Your joy seems very great, my lord; tell the cause of it to your poor and faithful servant, that he also may rejoice with you."

If he heard the words, Djalma did not pay any attention to them. He made no answer, and his large black eyes gazed upon vacancy. He seemed to smile admiringly on some enchanting vision, and he folded his two hands upon his bosom, in the attitude which his countrymen assume at the hour of prayer. After some instants of contemplation, he said, "What o'clock is it?" but he asked this question of himself, rather than of any third person.

"It will soon be two o'clock, my lord," said Faringhea.

Having heard this answer, Djalma seated himself, and hid his face in his hands, as if completely absorbed in some ineffable meditation. Urged on by his growing anxiety, and wishing at any cost to attract the attention of Djalma, Faringhea approached still nearer to him, and, almost certain of the effect of the words he was about to utter, said to him in a slow and emphatic voice: "My lord, I am sure that you owe the happiness which now transports you to Mademoiselle de Cardoville."

Hardly had this name been pronounced, than Djalma started from his chair, looked the half-breed full in the face, and exclaimed, as if only just aware of his presence, "Faringhea! you here! what is the matter?"

"Your faithful servant shares in your joy, my lord."

"What joy?"

"That which the letter of Mademoiselle de Cardoville has occasioned, my lord."



Djalma returned no answer, but his eyes shone with so much serene happiness that the half-caste recovered from his apprehensions. No cloud of doubt or suspicion obscured the radiant features of the prince. After a few moments of silence, Djalma fixed upon the half-caste a look half veiled with a tear of joy, and said to him, with the expression of one whose heart overflows with love and happiness: "Oh! such delight is good — great — like heaven! for it is heaven which ——"

"You deserve this happiness, my lord, after so many sufferings."

"What sufferings? Oh! yes. I formerly suffered at Java; but that was years ago."

"My lord, this great good fortune does not astonish me. What have I always told you? Do not despair; feign a violent passion for some other woman, and then this proud young lady ——"

At these words Djalma looked at the half-caste with so piercing a glance, that the latter stopped short; but the prince said to him with affectionate goodness, "Go on! I listen."

Then, leaning his chin upon his hand, and his elbow on his knee, he gazed so intently on Faringhea, and yet with such unutterable mildness, that even that iron soul was touched for a moment with a slight feeling of remorse.

"I was saying, my lord," he resumed, "that by following the counsels of your faithful slave, who persuaded you to feign a passionate love for another woman, you have brought the proud Mademoiselle de Cardoville to come to you. Did I not tell you it would be so?"

"Yes, you did tell me so," answered Djalma, still maintaining the same position, and examining the half-caste with the same fixed and mild attention.

The surprise of Faringhea increased; generally, the prince, without treating him with the least harshness, preserved the somewhat distant and imperious manners of their common country, and he had never before spoken to him with such extreme mildness. Knowing all the evil he had done the prince, and suspicious as the wicked must ever be, the half-caste thought for a moment that his master's apparent kindness might conceal a snare. He continued, therefore, with less assurance, "Believe me, my lord, this day, if you do but know how to profit by your advantages, will console you for all your troubles, which have indeed been great — for only yesterday,

though you are generous enough to forget it, only yesterday you suffered cruelly—but you were not alone in your sufferings. This proud young lady suffered also!”

“Do you think so?” said Djalma.

“Oh! it is quite sure, my lord. What must she not have felt, when she saw you at the theater with another woman! If she loved you only a little, she must have been deeply wounded in her self-esteem; if she loved you with passion, she must have been struck to the heart. At length, you see, wearied out with suffering, she has come to you.”

“So that, anyway, she must have suffered—and that does not move your pity?” said Djalma, in a constrained, but still very mild voice.

“Before thinking of others, my lord, I think of your distresses; and they touch me too nearly to leave me any pity for other woes,” added Faringhea, hypocritically, so greatly had the influence of Rodin already modified the character of the Phansegar.

“It is strange!” said Djalma, speaking to himself, as he viewed the half-caste with a glance still kind, but piercing.

“What is strange, my lord?”

“Nothing. But tell me, since your advice has hitherto prospered so well, what think you of the future?”

“Of the future, my lord?”

“Yes; in an hour I shall be with Mademoiselle de Cardoville.”

“That is a serious matter, my lord. The whole future will depend upon this interview.”

“That is what I was just thinking.”

“Believe me, my lord, women never love any so well as the bold man who spares them the embarrassment of a refusal.”

“Explain more fully.”

“Well, my lord, they despise the timid and languishing lover, who asks humbly for what he might take by force.”

“But to-day I shall meet Mademoiselle de Cardoville for the first time.”

“You have met her a thousand times in your dreams, my lord; and depend upon it, she has seen you also in her dreams, since she loves you. Every one of your amorous thoughts has found an echo in her heart. All your ardent adorations have been responded to by her. Love has not two languages, and, without meeting, you have said all that you had to say to each

other. Now, it is for you to act as her master, and she will be yours entirely."

"It is strange — very strange!" said Djalma, a second time, without removing his eyes from Faringhea's face.

Mistaking the sense which the prince attached to these words, the half-caste resumed: "Believe me, my lord, however strange it may appear, this is the wisest course. Remember the past. Was it by playing the part of a timid lover that you have brought to your feet this proud young lady, my lord? No, it was by pretending to despise her, in favor of another woman. Therefore, let us have no weakness. The lion does not woo like the poor turtledove. What cares the sultan of the desert for a few plaintive howls from the lioness, who is more pleased than angry at his rude and wild caresses? Soon submissive, fearful, and happy, she follows in the track of her master. Believe me, my lord — try everything — dare everything — and to-day you will become the adored sultan of this young lady, whose beauty all Paris admires."

After some minutes' silence, Djalma, shaking his head with an expression of tender pity, said to the half-caste, in his mild, sonorous voice: "Why betray me thus? Why advise me thus wickedly to use violence, terror, and surprise toward an angel of purity, whom I respect as my mother? Is it not enough for you to have been so long devoted to my enemies, whose hatred has followed me from Java?"

Had Djalma sprung upon the half-caste with bloodshot eye, menacing brow, and lifted poniard, the latter would have been less surprised, and perhaps less frightened, than when he heard the prince speak of his treachery in this tone of mild reproach.

He drew back hastily, as if about to stand on his guard. But Djalma resumed, with the same gentleness, "Fear nothing. Yesterday I should have killed you! But to-day happy love renders me too just, too merciful, for that. I pity you, without any feeling of bitterness — for you must have been very unhappy, or you could not have become so wicked."

"My lord!" said the half-caste, with growing amazement.

"Yes, you must have suffered much, and met with little mercy, poor creature, to have become so merciless in your hate, and proof against the sight of a happiness like mine. When I listened to you just now, and saw the sad perseverance of your hatred, I felt the deepest commiseration for you."

"I do not know, my lord — but ——" stammered the half-caste, and was unable to find words to proceed.

"Come, now — what harm have I ever done you?"

"None, my lord," answered Faringhea.

"Then why do you hate me thus? why pursue me with so much animosity? Was it not enough to give me the perfidious counsel to feign a shameful love for the young girl that was brought hither, and who quitted the house disgusted at the miserable part she was to play?"

"Your feigned love for that young girl, my lord," replied Faringhea, gradually recovering his presence of mind, "conquered the coldness of ——"

"Do not say that," resumed the prince, interrupting him with the same mildness. "If I enjoy this happiness, which makes me compassionate toward you, and raises me above myself, it is because Mademoiselle de Cardoville now knows that I have never for a moment ceased to love her as she ought to be loved, with adoration and reverence. It was your intention to have parted us forever, and you had nearly succeeded."

"If you think this of me, my lord, you must look upon me as your most mortal enemy."

"Fear nothing, I tell you. I have no right to blame you. In the madness of my grief, I listened to you and followed your advice. I was not only your dupe, but your accomplice. Only confess that, when you saw me at your mercy, dejected, crushed, despairing, it was cruel in you to advise the course that might have been most fatal to me."

"The ardor of my zeal may have deceived me, my lord."

"I am willing to believe it. And yet again to-day there were the same evil counsels. You had no more pity for my happiness than for my sorrow. The rapture of my heart inspires you with only one desire — that of changing this rapture into despair."

"I, my lord!"

"Yes, you. It was your intention to ruin me — to dishonor me forever in the eyes of Mademoiselle de Cardoville. Now, tell me — why this furious hate? what have I done to you?"

"You misjudge me, my lord — and ——"

"Listen to me. I do not wish you to be any longer wicked and treacherous. I wish to make you good. In our country, they charm serpents and tame the wildest tigers. You are a man with a mind to reason, a heart to love, and I will tame



you too by gentleness. This day has bestowed on me divine happiness; you shall have good cause to bless this day. What can I do for you? what would you have — gold? You shall have it. Do you desire more than gold? Do you desire a friend, to console you for the sorrows that made you wicked, and to teach you to be good? Though a king's son, I will be that friend — in spite of the evil — ay, because of the evil you have done me. Yes; I will be your sincere friend, and it shall be my delight to say to myself: 'The day on which I learned that my angel loved me, my happiness was great indeed — for, in the morning, I had an implacable enemy, and, ere night, his hatred was changed to friendship.' Believe me, Faringhea, misery makes crime, but happiness produces virtue. Be thou happy!"

At this moment the clock struck two. The prince started. It was time to go on his visit to Adrienne. The handsome countenance of Djalma, doubly embellished by the mild, ineffable expression with which it had been animated while he was talking to the half-caste, now seemed illumined with almost divine radiance.

Approaching Faringhea, he extended his hand with the utmost grace and courtesy, saying to him, "Your hand!"

The half-caste, whose brow was bathed with a cold sweat, whose countenance was pale and agitated, seemed to hesitate for an instant; then, overawed, conquered, fascinated, he offered his trembling hand to the prince, who pressed it and said to him in their country's fashion, "You have laid your hand honestly in a friend's; this hand shall never be closed against you. Faringhea, farewell! I now feel myself more worthy to kneel before my angel."

And Djalma went out, on his way to the appointment with Adrienne. In spite of his ferocity, in spite of the pitiless hate he bore to the whole human race, the dark secretary of Bowanee was staggered by the noble and element words of Djalma, and said to himself, with terror, "I have taken his hand. He is now sacred for me."

Then, after a moment's silence, a thought occurred to him, and he exclaimed, "Yes — but he will not be sacred for him who, according to the answer of last night, waits for him at the door of the house."

So saying, the half-caste hastened into the next room, which looked upon the street, and, raising a corner of the curtain,

muttered anxiously to himself, "The carriage moves off — the man approaches. Perdition! it is gone and I see no more."

By a singular coincidence of ideas, Adrienne, like Djalma, had wished to be dressed exactly in the same costume as at their interview in the house in the Rue Blanche. For the site of this solemn meeting, so important to her future happiness, Adrienne had chosen, with habitual tact, the grand drawing-room of Cardoville House, in which hung many family portraits. The most apparent were those of her father and mother. The room was large and lofty, and furnished, like those which preceded it, with all the imposing splendor of the age of Louis XIV. The ceiling, painted by Lebrun, to represent the Triumph of Apollo, displayed his bold designing and vigorous coloring, in the center of a wide cornice, magnificently carved and gilt, and supported at its angles by four large gilt figures representing the Seasons. Huge panels, covered with crimson damask, and set in frames, served as the background to the family portraits which adorned this apartment. It is easier to conceive than describe the thousand conflicting emotions which agitated the bosom of Mademoiselle de Cardoville as the moment approached for her interview with Djalma. Their meeting had been hitherto prevented by so many painful obstacles, and Adrienne was so well aware of the vigilant and active perfidy of her enemies, that even now she doubted of her happiness. Every instant, in spite of herself, her eyes wandered to the clock. A few minutes more, and the hour of the appointment would strike. It struck at last. Every reverberation was echoed from the depth of Adrienne's heart. She considered that Djalma's modest reserve had, doubtless, prevented his coming before the moment fixed by herself. Far from blaming this discretion, she fully appreciated it. But, from that moment, at the least noise in the adjoining apartments, she held her breath, and listened with the anxiety of expectation.

For the first few minutes which followed the hour at which she expected Djalma, Mademoiselle de Cardoville felt no serious apprehension, and calmed her impatience by the notion (which appears childish enough to those who have never known the feverish agitation of waiting for a happy meeting) that perhaps the clocks in the Rue Blanche might vary a little from those in the Rue d'Anjou. But when this supposed variation, conceivable enough in itself, could no longer explain a delay of

a quarter of an hour, of twenty minutes, of more, Adrienne felt her anxiety gradually increase. Two or three times the young girl rose, with palpitating heart, and went on tiptoe to listen at the door of the saloon. She heard nothing. The clock struck half-past three.

Unable to suppress her growing terror, and clinging to a last hope, Adrienne returned toward the fireplace, and rang the bell. After which she endeavored to compose her features, so as to betray no outward sign of emotion. In a few seconds, a gray-haired footman, dressed in black, opened the door, and waited in respectful silence for the orders of his mistress. The latter said to him, in a calm voice, "Andrew, request Hebe to give you the smelling bottle that I left on the chimney-piece in my room, and bring it me here." Andrew bowed; but just as he was about to withdraw to execute Adrienne's order, which was only a pretext to enable her to ask a question without appearing to attach much importance to it in her servant's eyes, already informed of the expected visit of the prince, Mademoiselle de Cardoville added, with an air of indifference, "Pray, is that clock right?"

Andrew drew out his watch and replied, as he cast his eyes upon it, "Yes, mademoiselle. I set my watch by the Tuileries. It is more than half-past three."

"Very well — thank you!" said Adrienne, kindly.

Andrew again bowed; but, before going out, he said to Adrienne, "I forgot to tell you, lady, that Marshal Simon called about an hour ago; but, as you were only to be at home to Prince Djalma, we told him that you received no company."

"Very well," said Adrienne. With another low bow, Andrew quitted the room, and all returned to silence.

For the precise reason that, up to the last minute of the hour previous to the time fixed for her interview with Djalma, the hopes of Adrienne had not been disturbed by the slightest shadow of doubt, the disappointment she now felt was the more dreadful. Casting a desponding look at one of the portraits placed above her, she murmured, with a plaintive and despairing accent, "Oh, mother!"

Hardly had Mademoiselle de Cardoville uttered the words than the windows were slightly shaken by a carriage rolling into the courtyard. The young lady started, and was unable to repress a low cry of joy. Her heart bounded at the thought of meeting Djalma, for this time she felt that he was really come.

She was quite as certain of it as if she had seen him. She resumed her seat, and brushed away a tear suspended from her long eyelashes. Her hand trembled like a leaf. The sound of several doors opening and shutting proved that the young lady was right in her conjecture. The gilded panels of the drawing-room door soon turned upon their hinges, and the prince appeared.

While a second footman ushered in Djalma, Andrew placed on a gilded table, within reach of his mistress, a little silver salver, on which stood the crystal smelling bottle.

Then he withdrew, and the door of the room was closed. The prince and Mademoiselle de Cardoville were left alone together.

The prince had slowly approached Mademoiselle de Cardoville. Notwithstanding the impetuosity of the Oriental's passions, his uncertain and timid step — timid, yet graceful — betrayed his profound emotion. He did not venture to lift his eyes to Adrienne's face ; he had suddenly become very pale, and his finely formed hands, folded over his bosom in the attitude of adoration, trembled violently. With head bent down, he remained standing at a little distance from Adrienne. This embarrassment, ridiculous in any other person, appeared touching in this prince of twenty years of age, endowed with an almost fabulous intrepidity, and of so heroic and generous a character, that no traveler could speak of the son of Kadja-sing without a tribute of admiration and respect. Sweet emotion ! chaste reserve ! doubly interesting if we consider that the burning passions of this youth were all the more inflammable because they had hitherto been held in check.

No less embarrassed than her cousin, Adrienne de Cardoville remained seated. Like Djalma, she cast down her eyes ; but the burning blush on her cheeks, the quick heaving of her virgin bosom, revealed an emotion that she did not even attempt to hide. Notwithstanding the powers of her mind, by turns gay, graceful, and witty — notwithstanding the decision of her proud and independent character, and her complete acquaintance with the manners of the world — Adrienne shared Djalma's simple and enchanting awkwardness, and partook of that kind of temporary weakness, beneath which these two pure, ardent, and loving beings appeared sinking — as if unable to support the boiling agitation of the senses, combined with the intoxicating



excitement of the heart. And yet their eyes had not met. Each seemed to fear the first electric shock of the other's glance—that invincible attraction of two impassioned beings—that sacred fire, which suddenly kindles the blood, and lifts two mortals from earth to heaven; for it is to approach the Divinity, to give one's self up with religious fervor to the most noble and irresistible sentiment that He has implanted within us—the only sentiment that, in His adorable wisdom, the Dispenser of all good has vouchsafed to sanctify, by endowing it with a spark of His own creative energy.

Djalma was the first to raise his eyes. They were moist and sparkling. The excitement of passionate love, the burning ardor of his age, so long repressed, the intense admiration in which he held ideal beauty, were all expressed in his look, mingled with respectful timidity, and gave to the countenance of this youth an undefinable, irresistible character. Yes, irresistible! for, when Adrienne encountered his glance, she trembled in every limb, and felt herself attracted by a magnetic power. Already her eyes were heavy with a kind of intoxicating languor, when, by a great effort of will and dignity, she succeeded in overcoming this delicious confusion, rose from her chair, and said to Djalma in a trembling voice, "Prince, I am happy to receive you here." Then, pointing to one of the portraits suspended above her, she added, as if introducing him to a living person, "Prince—my mother!"

With an instinct of rare delicacy, Adrienne had thus summoned her mother to be present at her interview with Djalma. It seemed a security for herself and the prince, against the seductions of a first interview—which was likely to be all the more perilous, that they both knew themselves madly loved, that they both were free, and had only to answer to Providence for the treasures of happiness and enjoyment with which He had so magnificently endowed them. The prince understood Adrienne's thoughts; so that, when the young lady pointed to the portrait, Djalma, by a spontaneous movement full of grace and simplicity, knelt down before the picture, and said to it in a gentle, but manly voice: "I will love and revere you as my mother. And, in thought, my mother too shall be present, and stand like you, beside your child!"

No better answer could have been given to the feeling which induced Mademoiselle de Cardoville to place herself, as it were, under the protection of her mother. From that moment,

confident in Djalma, confident in herself, the young lady felt more at her ease, and the delicious sense of happiness replaced those exciting emotions which had at first so violently agitated her.

Then, seating herself once more, she said to Djalma, as she pointed to the opposite chair: "Pray take a seat, my dear cousin; and allow me to call you so, for there is too much ceremony in the word 'prince'; and do you call me cousin also, for I find other names too grave. Having settled this point, we can talk together like old friends."

"Yes, 'cousin,'" answered Djalma, blushing.

"And, as frankness is proper between friends," resumed Adrienne, "I have first to make you a reproach," she added, with a half-smile.

The prince had remained standing, with his arm resting on the chimney-piece, in an attitude full of grace and respect.

"Yes, cousin," continued Adrienne, "a reproach, that you will perhaps forgive me for making. I had expected you a little sooner."

"Perhaps, cousin, you may blame me for having come so soon."

"What do you mean?"

"At the moment when I left home, a man, whom I did not know, approached my carriage, and said to me, with such an air of sincerity that I believed him: 'You are able to save the life of a person who has been a second father to you. Marshal Simon is in great danger, and, to rescue him, you must follow me on the instant ——'"

"It was a snare," cried Adrienne, hastily. "Marshal Simon was here scarcely an hour ago."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Djalma, joyfully, and as if he had been relieved from a great weight. "Then there will be nothing to sadden this happy day!"

"But, cousin," resumed Adrienne, "how came you not to suspect this emissary?"

"Some words which afterward escaped from him inspired me with doubts," answered Djalma: "but at first I followed him, fearing the marshal might be in danger — for I know that he also has enemies."

"Now that I reflect on it, you were quite right, cousin, for some new plot against the marshal was probable enough; and the least doubt was enough to induce you to go to him."

"I did so — even though you were waiting for me."

"It was a generous sacrifice ; and my esteem for you is increased by it, if it could be increased," said Adrienne, with emotion. "But what became of this man?"

"At my desire, he got into the carriage with me. Anxious about the marshal, and in despair at seeing the time wasted, that I was to have passed with you, cousin, I pressed him with all sorts of questions. Several times, he replied to me with embarrassment, and then the idea struck me that the whole might be a snare. Remembering all that they had already attempted, to ruin me in your opinion, I immediately changed my course. The vexation of the man who accompanied me then became so visible that I ought to have had no doubt upon the subject. Still, when I thought of Marshal Simon, I felt a kind of vague remorse, which you, cousin, have now happily set at rest."

"Those people are implacable !" said Adrienne ; "but our happiness will be stronger than their hate."

After a moment's silence, she resumed, with her habitual frankness : "My dear cousin, it is impossible for me to conceal what I have at heart. Let us talk for a few seconds of the past, which was made so painful to us, and then we will forget it forever, like an evil dream."

"I will answer you sincerely, at the risk of injuring myself," said the prince.

"How could you make up your mind to exhibit yourself in public with ——"

"With that young girl?" interrupted Djalma.

"Yes, cousin," replied Mademoiselle de Cardoville, and she waited for Djalma's answer with anxious curiosity.

"A stranger to the customs of this country," said Djalma, without any embarrassment, for he spoke the truth, "with a mind weakened with despair, and misled by the fatal counsels of a man devoted to my enemies, I believed, even as I was told, that, by displaying before you the semblance of another love, I should excite your jealousy, and thus ——"

"Enough, cousin ; I understand it all," said Adrienne, hastily, interrupting Djalma in her turn, that she might spare him a painful confession. "I too must have been blinded by despair, not to have seen through this wicked plot, especially after your rash and intrepid action. To risk death for the sake of my bouquet !" added Adrienne, shuddering at the mere

remembrance. "But one last question," she resumed, "though I am already sure of your answer. Did you receive a letter that I wrote to you, on the morning of the day in which I saw you at the theater?"

Djalma made no reply. A dark cloud passed over his fine countenance, and, for a second, his features assumed so menacing an expression, that Adrienne was terrified at the effect produced by her words. But this violent agitation soon passed away, and Djalma's brow became once more calm and serene.

"I have been more merciful than I thought," said the prince to Adrienne, who looked at him with astonishment. "I wished to come hither worthy of you, my cousin. I pardoned the man who, to serve my enemies, had given me all those fatal counsels. The same person, I am sure, must have intercepted your letter. Just now, at the memory of the evils he thus caused me, I, for a moment, regretted my clemency. But then, again, I thought of your letter of yesterday — and my anger is all gone."

"Then the sad time of fear and suspicion is over — suspicion, that made me doubt of your sentiments, and you of mine. Oh, yes! far removed from us be that fatal past!" cried Adrienne de Cardoville, with deep joy.

Then, as if she had relieved her heart from the last thought of sadness, she continued, "The future is all our own — the radiant future, without cloud or obstacle, pure in the immensity of its horizon, and extending beyond the reach of sight!"

It is impossible to describe the tone of enthusiastic hope which accompanied these words. But suddenly Adrienne's features assumed an expression of touching melancholy, and she added, in a voice of profound emotion, "And yet — at this hour — so many unfortunate creatures suffer pain!"

This simple touch of pity for the misfortunes of others. at the moment when the noble maiden herself attained to the highest point of happiness, had such an effect on Djalma that involuntarily he fell on his knees before Adrienne, clasped his hands together, and turned toward her his fine countenance, with an almost daring expression. Then, hiding his face in his hands, he bowed his head without speaking a single word. There was a moment of deep silence. Adrienne was the first to break it, as she saw a tear steal through the slender fingers of the prince.

"My friend! what is the matter?" she exclaimed, as, with



a movement rapid as thought, she stooped forward, and, taking hold of Djalma's hands, drew them from before his face. That face was bathed in tears.

"You weep!" cried Mademoiselle de Cardoville, so much agitated that she kept the hands of Djalma in her own; and, unable to dry his tears, the young Hindu allowed them to flow like so many drops of crystal over the pale gold of his cheeks.

"There is not in this wide world a happiness like to mine!" said the prince, in his soft, melodious voice, and with a kind of exhaustion; "therefore do I feel great sadness, and so it should be. You give me heaven—and were I to give you the whole earth, it would be but a poor return. Alas! what can man do for a divinity, but humbly bless and adore? He can never hope to return the gifts bestowed: and this makes him suffer—not in his pride—but in his heart!"

Djalma did not exaggerate. He said what he really felt; and the rather hyperbolical form, familiar to oriental nations, could alone express his thought. The tone of his regret was so sincere, his humility so gentle and full of simplicity, that Adrienne, also moved to tears, answered him with an effusion of serious tenderness, "My friend, we are both at the supreme point of happiness. Our future felicity appears to have no limits, and yet, though derived from different sources, sad reflections have come to both of us. It is, you see, that there are some sorts of happiness, which make you dizzy with their own immensity. For a moment, the heart, the mind, the soul, are incapable of containing so much bliss; it overflows and drowns us. Thus the flowers sometimes hang their heads, oppressed by the too ardent rays of the sun, which is yet their love and life. Oh, my friend! this sadness may be great, but it is also sweet!"

As she uttered these words, the voice of Adrienne grew fainter and fainter, and her head bowed lower, as if she were indeed sinking beneath the weight of her happiness. Djalma had remained kneeling before her, his hands in hers—so that as she thus bent forward, her ivory forehead and golden hair touched the amber-colored brow and ebon curls of Djalma. And the sweet silent tears of the two young lovers flowed together, and mingled as they fell on their clasped hands.

The mild light of a circular lamp of oriental alabaster, suspended from the ceiling by three silver chains, spreads a faint

luster through the bedchamber of Adrienne de Cardoville. The large ivory bedstead, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, is not at present occupied, and almost disappears beneath snowy curtains of lace and muslin, transparent and vapory as clouds. On the white marble mantelpiece, from beneath which the fire throws ruddy beams on the ermine carpet, is the usual basket filled with a bush of red camelias, in the midst of their shining green leaves. A pleasant aromatic odor, rising from a warm and perfumed bath in the next room, penetrates every corner of the bedchamber. All without is calm and silent. It is hardly eleven o'clock. The ivory door, opposite to that which leads to the bath room, opens slowly. Djalma appears. Two hours have elapsed since he committed a double murder, and believed that he had killed Adrienne in a fit of jealous fury.

The servants of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, accustomed to Djalma's daily visits, no longer announced his arrival, and admitted him without difficulty, having received no orders to the contrary from their mistress. He had never before entered the bedchamber, but, knowing that the apartment the lady occupied was on the first floor of the house, he had easily found it. As he entered that virgin sanctuary, his countenance was pretty calm, so well did he control his feelings; only a slight paleness tarnished the brilliant amber of his complexion. He wore that day a robe of purple cashmere, striped with silver—a color which did not show the stains of blood upon it. Djalma closed the door after him, and tore off his white turban, for it seemed to him as if a band of hot iron encircled his brow. His dark hair streamed around his handsome face. He crossed his arms upon his bosom, and looked slowly about him. When his eyes rested on Adrienne's bed, he started suddenly, and his cheek grew purple. Then he drew his hand across his brow, hung down his head, and remained standing for some moments in a dream, motionless as a statue.

After a mournful silence of a few seconds' duration, Djalma fell upon his knees, and raised his eyes to heaven. The Asiatic's countenance was bathed in tears and no longer expressed any violent passion. On his features was no longer the stamp of hate, or despair, or the ferocious joy of vengeance gratified. It was rather the expression of a grief at once simple and immense. For several minutes he was almost choked with sobs, and the tears ran freely down his cheeks.

"Dead! dead!" he murmured, in a half-stifled voice.

"She who this morning slept so peacefully in this chamber! And I have killed her. Now that she is dead, what is her treachery to me? I should not have killed her for that. She had betrayed me; she loved the man whom I slew — she loved him! Alas! I could not hope to gain the preference," added he, with a touching mixture of resignation and remorse; "I, poor, untaught youth — how could I merit her love? It was my fault that she did not love me; but, always generous, she concealed from me her indifference, that she might not make me too unhappy — and for that I killed her. What was her crime? Did she not meet me freely? Did she not open to me her dwelling? Did she not allow me to pass whole days with her? No doubt she tried to love me, and could not. I loved her with all the faculties of my soul, but my love was not such as she required. For that, I should not have killed her. But a fatal delusion seized me, and, after it was done, I woke as from a dream. Alas! it was not a dream: I have killed her. And yet — until this evening — what happiness I owed to her — what hope — what joy! She made my heart better, nobler, more generous. All came from her," added the Indian, with a new burst of grief. "That remained with me — no one could take from me that treasure of the past — that ought to have consoled me. But why think of it? I struck them both — her and the man — without a struggle. It was a cowardly murder — the ferocity of the tiger that tears its innocent prey!"

Djalma buried his face in his hands. Then, drying his tears, he resumed: "I know, clearly, that I mean to die also. But my death will not restore her to life!"

He rose from the ground, and drew from his girdle Faringha's bloody dagger; then, taking the little phial from the hilt, he threw the blood-stained blade upon the ermine carpet, the immaculate whiteness of which was thus slightly stained with red.

"Yes," resumed Djalma, holding the phial with a convulsive grasp, "I know well that I am about to die. It is right. Blood for blood; my life for hers. How happens it that my steel did not turn aside? How could I kill her? but it is done — and my heart is full of remorse, and sorrow, and inexpressible tenderness — and I have come here — to die!"

"Here, in this chamber," he continued, "the heaven of my burning visions!" And then he added, with a heartrending

accent, as he again buried his face in his hands, "Dead! dead!"

"Well! I too shall soon be dead," he resumed, in a firmer voice. "But, no! I will die slowly, gradually. A few drops of the poison will suffice; and, when I am quite certain of dying, my remorse will perhaps be less terrible. Yesterday, she pressed my hand when we parted. Who could have foretold me this?" The Indian raised the phial resolutely to his lips. He drank a few drops of the liquor it contained, and replaced it on a little ivory table close to Adrienne's bed.

"This liquor is sharp and hot," said he. "Now I am certain to die. Oh! that I may still have time to feast on the sight and perfume of this chamber—to lay my dying head on the couch where she has reposed."

Djalma fell on his knees beside the bed, and leaned against it his burning brow. At this moment, the ivory door, which communicated with the bath room, rolled gently on its hinges, and Adrienne entered. The young lady had just sent away her woman, who had assisted to undress her. She wore a long muslin wrapper of lustrous whiteness. Her golden hair, neatly arranged in little plaits, formed two bands, which gave to her sweet face an extremely juvenile air. Her snowy complexion was slightly tinged with rose color, from the warmth of the perfumed bath, which she used for a few seconds every evening. When she opened the ivory door, and placed her little naked foot, in its white satin slipper, upon the ermine carpet, Adrienne was dazzlingly beautiful. Happiness sparkled in her eyes, and adorned her brow. All the difficulties relative to her union with Djalma had now been removed. In two days she would be his. The sight of the nuptial chamber oppressed her with a vague and ineffable languor. The ivory door had been opened so gently, the lady's first steps were so soft upon the fur carpet, that Djalma, still leaning against the bed, had heard nothing. But suddenly a cry of surprise and alarm struck upon his ear. He turned round abruptly. Adrienne stood before him. With an impulse of modesty, Adrienne closed her nightdress over her bosom, and hastily drew back, still more afflicted than angry at what she considered a guilty attempt on the part of Djalma. Cruelly hurt and offended, she was about to reproach him with his conduct, when she perceived the dagger, which he had thrown down upon the ermine carpet. At the sight of this weapon, and the expression of fear and



stupor which petrified the features of Djalma, who remained kneeling, motionless, with his body thrown back, his hands stretched out, his eyes fixed and wildly staring — Adrienne, no longer dreading an amorous surprise, was seized with an indescribable terror, and instead of flying from the prince, advanced several steps toward him, and said, in an agitated voice, while she pointed to the kandjar, "My friend, why are you here? what ails you? why this dagger?"

Djalma made no answer. At first, the presence of Adrienne seemed to him a vision, which he attributed to the excitement of his brain, already (it might be) under the influence of the poison. But when the soft voice sounded in his ears — when his heart bounded with the species of electric shock which he always felt when he met the gaze of that woman so ardently beloved — when he had contemplated for an instant that adorable face, so fresh and fair, in spite of its expression of deep uneasiness — Djalma understood that he was not the sport of a dream, but that Mademoiselle de Cardoville was really before his eyes.

Then, as he began fully to grasp the thought that Adrienne was not dead, though he could not at all explain the prodigy of her resurrection, the Hindu's countenance was transfigured, the pale gold of his complexion became warm and red, his eyes (tarnished by tears of remorse) shone with new radiance, and his features, so lately contracted with terror and despair, expressed all the phases of the most ecstatic joy. Advancing, still on his knees, toward Adrienne, he lifted up to her his trembling hands; and, too deeply affected to pronounce a word, he gazed on her with so much amazement, love, adoration, gratitude, that the young lady, fascinated by those inexplicable looks, remained mute also, motionless also, and felt, by the precipitate beating of her heart, and by the shudder which ran through her frame, that there was here some dreadful mystery to be unfolded.

At last, Djalma, clasping his hands together, exclaimed with an accent impossible to describe, "Thou art not dead!"

"Dead!" repeated the young lady, in amazement.

"It was not thou, really not thou, whom I killed? God is kind and just!"

And as he pronounced these words with intense joy, the unfortunate youth forgot the victim whom he had sacrificed in error.

More and more alarmed, and again glancing at the dagger,

on which she now perceived marks of blood—a terrible evidence, in confirmation of the words of Djalma—Mademoiselle de Cardoville exclaimed: “You have killed some one, Djalma! Oh! what does he say? It is dreadful!”

“You are alive—I see you—you are here,” said Djalma, in a voice trembling with rapture. “You are here—beautiful! pure! for it was not you! Oh, no! had it been you, the steel would have turned back upon myself.”

“You have killed some one?” cried the young lady, beside herself with this unforeseen revelation, and clasping her hands in horror. “Why! whom did you kill?”

“I do not know. A woman that was like you—a man that I thought your lover—it was an illusion, a frightful dream—you are alive—you are here!”

And the Oriental wept for joy.

“A dream? but no, it is not a dream. There is blood upon that dagger!” cried the young lady, as she pointed wildly to the kandjar. “I tell you there is blood upon it!”

“Yes. I threw it down just now, when I took the poison from it, thinking that I had killed you.”

“The poison!” exclaimed Adrienne, and her teeth chattered convulsively. “What poison?”

“I thought I had killed you, and I came here to die.”

“To die? Oh! wherefore? who is to die?” cried the young lady, almost in delirium.

“I,” replied Djalma, with inexpressible tenderness, “I thought I had killed you—and I took poison.”

“You!” exclaimed Adrienne, becoming pale as death. “You!”

“Yes.”

“Oh! it is not true!” said the young lady, shaking her head.

“Look!” said the Asiatic. Mechanically, he turned toward the bed—toward the little ivory table, on which sparkled the crystal phial.

With a sudden movement, swifter than thought, swifter, it may be, than the will, Adrienne rushed to the table, seized the phial, and applied it eagerly to her lips.

Djalma had hitherto remained on his knees; but he now uttered a terrible cry, made one spring to the drinker’s side, and dragged away the phial, which seemed almost glued to her mouth.

“No matter! I have swallowed as much as you,” said Adrienne, with an air of gloomy triumph.

For an instant there followed an awful silence. Adrienne and Djalma gazed upon each other, mute, motionless, horror-struck. The young lady was the first to break this mournful silence, and said in a tone which she tried to make calm and steady, "Well! what is there extraordinary in this? You have killed, and death must expiate your crime. It is just. I will not survive you. That also is natural enough. Why look at me thus? This poison has a sharp taste — does it act quickly! Tell me, my Djalma."

The prince did not answer. Shuddering through all his frame, he looked down upon his hands. Faringhea had told the truth; a slight violet tint appeared already beneath the nails. Death was approaching, slowly, almost insensibly, but not the less certain. Overwhelmed with despair at the thought that Adrienne, too, was about to die, Djalma felt his courage fail him. He uttered a long groan, and hid his face in his hands. His knees shook under him, and he fell down upon the bed, near which he was standing.

"Already?" cried the young lady, in horror, as she threw herself on her knees at Djalma's feet. "Death already? Do you hide your face from me?"

In her fright, she pulled his hands from before his face. That face was bathed in tears.

"No, not yet," murmured he, through his sobs. "The poison is slow."

"Really!" cried Adrienne, with ineffable joy. Then, kissing the hands of Djalma, she added tenderly, "If the poison is slow, why do you weep?"

"For you! for you!" said the Indian, in a heartrending tone.

"Think not of me," replied Adrienne, resolutely. "You have killed, and we must expiate the crime. I know not what has taken place; but I swear by our love that you did not do evil for evil's sake. There is some horrible mystery in all this."

"On a pretense which I felt bound to believe," replied Djalma, speaking quickly, and panting for breath, "Faringhea led me to a certain house. Once there, he told me that you had betrayed me. I did not believe him, but I know not what strange dizziness seized upon me — and then, through a half obscurity, I saw you ——"

"Me!"

"No — not you — but a woman resembling you, dressed

like you, so that I believed the illusion — and then there came a man — and you flew to meet him — and I — mad with rage — stabbed her, stabbed him, saw them fall — and so came here to die. And now I find you only to cause your death. Oh, misery ! misery ! that you should die through me !”

And Djalma, this man of formidable energy, began again to weep with the weakness of a child. At sight of this deep, touching, passionate despair, Adrienne, with that admirable courage which women alone possess in love, thought only of consoling Djalma. By an effort of superhuman passion, as the prince revealed to her this infernal plot, the lady's countenance became so splendid with an expression of love and happiness, that the East Indian looked at her in amazement, fearing for an instant that he must have lost his reason.

“No more tears, my adored !” cried the young lady, exultingly. “No more tears — but only smiles of joy and love ! Our cruel enemies shall not triumph !”

“What do you say ?”

“They wished to make us miserable. We pity them. Our felicity shall be the envy of the world !”

“Adrienne — bethink you —”

“Oh ! I have all my senses about me. Listen to me, my adored ! I now understand it all. Falling into a snare which these wretches spread for you, you have committed murder. Now, in this country, murder leads to infamy, or the scaffold — and to-morrow — to-night, perhaps, you would be thrown into prison. But our enemies have said : ‘A man like Prince Djalma does not wait for infamy — he kills himself. A woman like Adrienne de Cardoville does not survive the disgrace or death of her lover — she prefers to die. Therefore a frightful death awaits them both,’ said the black-robed men ; ‘and that immense inheritance, which we covet —’”

“And for you — so young, so beautiful, so innocent — death is frightful, and these monsters triumph !” cried Djalma. “They have spoken the truth !”

“They have lied !” answered Adrienne. “Our death shall be celestial. This poison is slow — and I adore you, my Djalma !”

She spoke those words in a low voice, trembling with passionate love, and, leaning upon Djalma's knees, approached so near that he felt her warm breath upon his cheek. As he felt that breath, and saw the humid flame that darted from the



large, swimming eyes of Adrienne, whose half-opened lips were becoming of a still deeper and brighter hue, the Indian started — his young blood boiled in his veins — he forgot everything — his despair, and the approach of death, which as yet (as with Adrienne) only showed itself in a kind of feverish ardor. His face, like the young girl's, became once more splendidly beautiful.

"Oh, my lover! my husband! how beautiful you are!" said Adrienne, with idolatry. "Those eyes — that brow — those lips — how I love them! How many times has the remembrance of your grace and beauty, coupled with your love, unsettled my reason, and shaken my resolves — even to this moment, when I am wholly yours! Yes, Heaven wills that we should be united. Only this morning, I gave to the apostolic man, that was to bless our union, in thy name and mine, a royal gift — a gift that will bring joy and peace to the heart of many an unfortunate creature. Then what have we to regret, my beloved? Our immortal souls will pass away in a kiss, and ascend, full of love, to that God who is all love!"

"Adrienne!"

"Djalma!"

The light, transparent curtains fell like a cloud over that nuptial and funereal couch. Yes, funereal; for, two hours after, Adrienne and Djalma breathed their last sigh in a voluptuous agony.



## RAWDON CRAWLEY BECOMES A MAN.

By W. M. THACKERAY.

(From "Vanity Fair.")

[WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, English novelist and humorist, was born in Calcutta, India, July 19, 1811, and died December 24, 1863. He studied for an artist, but could not learn to draw, and after some years of struggle began to make a name in *Fraser's Magazine* by "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," "The Yellowplush Papers," etc. There followed "The Paris Sketch Book"; "The Book of Snobs," "Ballads of Policeman X," "Prize Novelists," etc., from *Punch*; and "The Rose and the Ring." "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Henry Esmond," and "The Newcomes," his four great masterpieces, all came in the six years 1848-1854. His lectures on "English Humorists" and "The Four Georges" followed; then "The Virginians" (sequel to "Esmond"), "Love the Widower," "Philip," and the unfinished "Denis

Duval," contributed to the *Cornhill Magazine*, which he edited 1859-1862, and which contained also "The Roundabout Papers."]

FRIEND RAWDON drove on then to Mr. Moss' mansion in Cursitor Street, and was duly inducted into that dismal place of hospitality. Morning was breaking over the cheerful house tops of Chancery Lane as the rattling cab woke up the echoes there. A little pink-eyed Jew boy, with a head as ruddy as the rising morn, let the party into the house, and Rawdon was welcomed to the ground-floor apartments by Mr. Moss, his traveling companion and host, who cheerfully asked him if he would like a glass of something warm after his drive.

The Colonel was not so depressed as some mortals would be, who, quitting a palace and a *placens uxor*, find themselves barred into a sponging house, for, if the truth must be told, he had been a lodger at Mr. Moss' establishment once or twice before. We have not thought it necessary in the previous course of this narrative to mention these trivial little domestic incidents: but the reader may be assured that they can't unfrequently occur in the life of a man who lives on nothing a year.

Upon his first visit to Mr. Moss, the Colonel, then a bachelor, had been liberated by the generosity of his Aunt; on the second mishap, little Becky, with the greatest spirit and kindness, had borrowed a sum of money from Lord Southdown, and had coaxed her husband's creditor (who was her shawl, velvet gown, lace pocket handkerchief, trinket, and gimcrack purveyor, indeed) to take a portion of the sum claimed, and Rawdon's promissory note for the remainder: so on both these occasions the capture and release had been conducted with the utmost gallantry on all sides, and Moss and the Colonel were therefore on the very best of terms.

"You'll find your old bed, Colonel, and everything comfortable," that gentleman said, "as I may honestly say. You may be pretty sure its kep aired, and by the best of company, too. It was slep in the night afore last by the Honorable Captaining Fannish, of the Fiftieth Dragoons, whose Mar took him out, after a fortnight, jest to punish him, she said. But, Law bless you, I promise you, he punished my champagne, and had a party ere every night—reglar tiptop swells, down from the clubs and the West End—Captain Ragg, the Honorable Deuceace, who lives in the Temple, and some fellers as knows

a good glass of wine, I warrant you. I've got a Doctor of Divinity upstairs, five gents in the Coffeeroom, and Mrs. Moss has a tably-dy-hoty at half-past five, and a little cards or music afterwards, when we shall be most happy to see you."

"I'll ring when I want anything," said Rawdon, and went quietly to his bedroom. He was an old soldier, we have said, and not to be disturbed by any little shocks of fate. A weaker man would have sent off a letter to his wife on the instant of his capture. "But what is the use of disturbing her night's rest?" thought Rawdon. "She won't know whether I am in my room or not. It will be time enough to write to her when she has had her sleep out, and I have had mine. It's only a hundred and seventy, and the deuce is in it if we can't raise that." And so, thinking about little Rawdon (whom he would not have known that he was in such a queer place), the Colonel turned into the bed lately occupied by Captain Famish, and fell asleep. It was ten o'clock when he woke up, and the ruddy-headed youth brought him, with conscious pride, a fine silver dressing case, wherewith he might perform the operation of shaving. Indeed, Mr. Moss' house, though somewhat dirty, was splendid throughout. There were dirty trays, and wine coolers *en permanence* on the sideboard, huge dirty gilt cornices, with dingy yellow satin hangings to the barred windows which looked into Cursitor Street — vast and dirty gilt picture frames surrounding pieces sporting and sacred, all of which works were by the greatest masters; and fetched the greatest prices, too, in the bill transactions, in the course of which they were sold and bought over and over again. The Colonel's breakfast was served to him in the same dingy and gorgeous plated ware. Miss Moss, a dark-eyed maid in curl papers, appeared with the teapot, and, smiling, asked the Colonel how he had slept? and she brought him in the *Morning Post*, with the names of all the great people who had figured at Lord Steyne's entertainment the night before. It contained a brilliant account of the festivities, and of the beautiful and accomplished Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's admirable personifications.

After a lively chat with this lady (who sat on the edge of the breakfast table in an easy attitude displaying the drapery of her stocking and an ex-white satin shoe, which was down at heel), Colonel Crawley called for pens and ink, and paper; and being asked how many sheets, chose one which was brought to him between Miss Moss' own finger and thumb. Many a sheet

had that dark-eyed damsel brought in ; many a poor fellow had scrawled and blotted hurried lines of entreaty, and paced up and down that awful room until his messenger brought back the reply. Poor men always use messengers instead of the post. Who has not had their letters, with the wafers wet, and the announcement that a person is waiting in the hall ?

Now on the score of his application, Rawdon had not many misgivings.

DEAR BECKY (Rawdon wrote), —

*I hope you slept well.* Don't be *frightened* if I don't bring you in your *coffy*. Last night as I was coming home smoaking, I met with an *accident*. I was *nabbed* by Moss of Cursitor Street — from whose *gilt and splendid parlor* I write this — the same that had me this time two years. Miss Moss brought in my tea — she is grown very *fat*, and, as usual, had *her stockens down at heal*.

It's Nathan's business — a hundred and fifty — with costs, hundred and seventy. Please send me my desk and some *cloths* — I'm in pumps and a white tye (something like Miss M.'s stockings) — I've seventy in it. And as soon as you get this, Drive to Nathan's — offer him seventy-five down, and ask *him to renew* — say I'll take wine — we may as well have some dinner sherry ; but not *picturs*, they're too dear.

If he won't stand it, take my ticker and such of your things as you can *spare*, and send them to Balls — we must, of coarse, have the sum to-night. It won't do to let it stand over, as to-morrow's Sunday ; the beds here are not very *clean*, and there may be other things out against me — I'm glad it ain't Rawdon's Saturday for coming home. God bless you.

Yours in haste,

R. C.

P.S. Make haste and come.

This letter, sealed with a wafer, was dispatched by one of the messengers who are always hanging about Mr. Moss' establishment ; and Rawdon, having seen him depart, went out in the courtyard, and smoked his cigar with a tolerably easy mind — in spite of the bars overhead ; for Mr. Moss' courtyard is railed in like a cage, lest the gentlemen who are boarding with him should take a fancy to escape from his hospitality.

Three hours, he calculated, would be the utmost time required, before Becky should arrive and open his prison doors : and he passed these pretty cheerfully in smoking, in reading



the paper, and in the coffeeroom with an acquaintance, Captain Walker, who happened to be there, and with whom he cut for sixpences for some hours, with pretty equal luck on either side.

But the day passed away and no messenger returned, — no Becky. Mr. Moss' tably-dy-hoty was served at the appointed hour of half-past five, when such of the gentlemen lodging in the house as could afford to pay for the banquet, came and partook of it in the splendid front parlor before described, and with which Mr. Crawley's temporary lodging communicated, when Miss M. (Miss Hem, as her papa called her) appeared without the curl papers of the morning, and Mrs. Hem did the honors of a prime boiled leg of mutton and turnips, of which the Colonel ate with a very faint appetite. Asked whether he would "stand" a bottle of champagne for the company, he consented, and the ladies drank to his 'ealth, and Mr. Moss in the most polite manner "looked towards him."

In the midst of this repast, however, the doorbell was heard, — young Moss of the ruddy hair rose up with the keys and answered the summons, and coming back, told the Colonel that the messenger had returned with a bag, a desk, and a letter, which he gave him. "No ceremoney, Colonel, I beg," said Mrs. Moss with a wave of her hand, and he opened the letter rather tremulously. — It was a beautiful letter, highly scented, on a pink paper, and with a light green seal.

MON PAUVRE CHER PETIT (Mrs. Crawley wrote), —

I could not sleep *one wink* for thinking of what had become of *my odious old monstre*: and only got to rest in the morning after sending for Mr. Blench (for I was in a fever), who gave me a composing draught and left orders with Finette that I should be disturbed *on no account*. So that my poor old man's messenger, who had *bien mairase mine*, Finette says, and *sentoit le Genièvre*, remained in the hall for some hours waiting my bell. You may fancy my state when I read your poor dear old ill-spelt letter.

Ill as I was, I instantly called for the carriage, and as soon as I was dressed (though I couldn't drink a drop of chocolate — I assure you I couldn't without my *monstre* to bring it to me), I drove *rentre à terre* to Nathan's. I saw him — I wept — I cried — I fell at his odious knees. Nothing would mollify the horrid man. He would have all the money, he said, or keep my poor monstre in prison. I drove home with the intention of paying that *triste visite chez mon oncle* (when every trinket I have should be at your disposal though they would not fetch a hundred pounds, for some, you know, are

with *ce cher oncle* already), and found Milor there with the Bulgarian old sheep-faced monstre, who had come to compliment me upon last night's performances. Paddington came in, too, drawling and lisping and twiddling his hair; so did Champignac, and his chef — everybody with *foison* of compliments and pretty speeches — plaguing poor me, who longed to be rid of them, and was thinking *every moment of the time of mon pauvre prisonnier*.

When they were gone, I went down on my knees to Milor; told him we were going to pawn everything, and begged and prayed him to give me two hundred pounds. He pish'd and psha'd in a fury — told me not to be such a fool as to pawn — and said he would see whether he could lend me the money. At last he went away, promising that he would send it me in the morning: when I will bring it to my poor old monstre with a kiss from his affectionate

BECKY.

I am writing in bed. Oh, I have such a headache and such a heartache!

When Rawdon read over this letter, he turned so red and looked so savage, that the company at the table d'hôte easily perceived that bad news had reached him. All his suspicions, which he had been trying to banish, returned upon him. She could not even go out and sell her trinkets to free him. She could laugh and talk about compliments paid to her, whilst he was in prison. Who had put him there? Wenham had walked with him. Was there . . . He could hardly bear to think of what he suspected. Leaving the room hurriedly, he ran into his own — opened his desk, wrote two hurried lines, which he directed to Sir Pitt or Lady Crawley, and bade the messenger carry them at once to Gaunt Street, bidding him to take a cab, and promising him a guinea if he was back in an hour.

In the note he besought his dear brother and sister, for the sake of God; for the sake of his dear child and his honor; to come to him and relieve him from his difficulty. He was in prison: he wanted a hundred pounds to set him free — he entreated them to come to him.

He went back to the dining room after dispatching his messenger, and called for more wine. He laughed and talked with a strange boisterousness, as the people thought. Sometimes he laughed madly at his own fears, and went on drinking for an hour; listening all the while for the carriage which was to bring his fate back.

At the expiration of that time, wheels were heard whirling

up to the gate — the young Janitor went out with his gate keys. It was a lady whom he let in at the bailiff's door.

"Colonel Crawley," she said, trembling very much. He, with a knowing look, locked the outer door upon her — then unlocked and opened the inner one, and calling out, "Colonel, you're wanted," led her into the back parlor, which he occupied.

Rawdon came in from the dining parlor, where all those people were carousing, into his back room; a flare of coarse light following him into the apartment where the lady stood, still very nervous.

"It is I, Rawdon," she said, in a timid voice, which she strove to render cheerful. "It is Jane." Rawdon was quite overcome by that kind voice and presence. He ran up to her — caught her in his arms — gasped out some inarticulate words of thanks, and fairly sobbed on her shoulder. She did not know the cause of his emotion.

The bills of Mr. Moss were quickly settled, perhaps to the disappointment of that gentleman, who had counted on having the Colonel as his guest over Sunday at least; and Jane, with beaming smiles and happiness in her eyes, carried away Rawdon from the bailiff's house, and they went homewards in the cab in which she had hastened to his release. "Pitt was gone to a parliamentary dinner," she said, "when Rawdon's note came, and so, dear Rawdon, I — I came myself;" and she put her kind hand in his. Perhaps it was well for Rawdon Crawley that Pitt was away at that dinner. Rawdon thanked his sister a hundred times, and with an ardor of gratitude which touched and almost alarmed that soft-hearted woman. "Oh," said he, in his rude, artless way, "you — you don't know how I'm changed since I've known you, and — and little Rawdy. I — I'd like to change somehow. You see I want — I want — to be ——" He did not finish the sentence, but she could interpret it. And that night after he left her, and as she sat by her own little boy's bed, she prayed humbly for that poor wayworn sinner.

Rawdon left her and walked home rapidly. It was nine o'clock at night. He ran across the streets, and the great squares of Vanity Fair, and at length came up breathless opposite his own house. He started back and fell against the railings, trembling as he looked up. The drawing-room windows

were blazing with light. She had said that she was in bed and ill. He stood there for some time, the light from the rooms on his pale face.

He took out his door key and let himself into the house. He could hear laughter in the upper rooms. He was in the ball dress in which he had been captured the night before. He went silently up the stairs, leaning against the banisters at the stair head. — Nobody was stirring in the house besides — all the servants had been sent away. Rawdon heard laughter within — laughter and singing. Becky was singing a snatch of the song of the night before; a hoarse voice shouted “Brava! Brava!” — it was Lord Steyne’s.

Rawdon opened the door and went in. A little table with a dinner was laid out — and wine and plate. Steyne was hanging over the sofa on which Becky sat. The wretched woman was in a brilliant full toilet, her arms and all her fingers sparkling with bracelets and rings; and the brilliants on her breast which Steyne had given her. He had her hand in his, and was bowing over it to kiss it, when Becky started up with a faint scream as she caught sight of Rawdon’s white face. At the next instant she tried a smile, a horrid smile, as if to welcome her husband: and Steyne rose up, grinding his teeth, pale, and with fury in his looks.

He, too, attempted a laugh — and came forward holding out his hand. “What, come back! How d’ye do, Crawley?” he said, the nerves of his mouth twitching as he tried to grin at the intruder.

There was that in Rawdon’s face which caused Becky to fling herself before him. “I am innocent, Rawdon,” she said; “before God, I am innocent.” She clung hold of his coat, of his hands; her own were all covered with serpents, and rings, and baubles. “I am innocent. — Say I am innocent,” she said to Lord Steyne.

He thought a trap had been laid for him, and was as furious with the wife as with the husband. “You innocent! Damn you,” he screamed out. “You innocent! Why, every trinket you have on your body is paid for by me. I have given you thousands of pounds which this fellow has spent, and for which he has sold you. Innocent, by —! You’re as innocent as your mother, the ballet girl, and your husband the bully. Don’t think to frighten me as you have done others. Make way, sir, and let me pass;” and Lord Steyne seized up his hat,



and, with flame in his eyes, and looking his enemy fiercely in the face, marched upon him, never for a moment doubting that the other would give way.

But Rawdon Crawley springing out, seized him by the neck-cloth, until Steyne, almost strangled, writhed, and bent under his arm. "You lie, you dog!" said Rawdon. "You lie, you coward and villain!" And he struck the Peer twice over the face with his open hand, and flung him bleeding to the ground. It was all done before Rebecca could interpose. She stood there trembling before him. She admired her husband, strong, brave, and victorious.

"Come here," he said. — She came up at once.

"Take off those things." — She began, trembling, pulling the jewels from her arms, and the rings from her shaking fingers, and held them all in a heap, quivering and looking up at him. "Throw them down," he said, and she dropped them. He tore the diamond ornament out of her breast and flung it at Lord Steyne. It cut him on his bald forehead. Steyne wore the scar to his dying day.

"Come upstairs," Rawdon said to his wife. "Don't kill me, Rawdon," she said. He laughed savagely. — "I want to see if that man lies about the money as he has about me. Has he given you any?"

"No," said Rebecca, "that is —"

"Give me your keys," Rawdon answered, and they went out together.

Rebecca gave him all the keys but one: and she was in hopes that he would not have remarked the absence of that. It belonged to the little desk which Amelia had given her in early days, and which she kept in a secret place. But Rawdon flung open boxes and wardrobes, throwing the multifarious trumpery of their contents here and there, and at last he found the desk. The woman was forced to open it. It contained papers, love letters many years old — all sorts of small trinkets and woman's memoranda. And it contained a pocketbook with bank notes. Some of these were dated ten years back, too, and one was quite a fresh one — a note for a thousand pounds which Lord Steyne had given her.

"Did he give you this?" Rawdon said.

"Yes," Rebecca answered.

"I'll send it to him to-day," Rawdon said (for day had dawned again, and many hours had passed in this search),

"and I will pay Briggs, who was kind to the boy, and some of the debts. You will let me know where I shall send the rest to you. You might have spared me a hundred pounds, Becky, out of all this — I have always shared with you."

"I am innocent," said Becky. And he left her without another word.

What were her thoughts when he left her? She remained for hours after he was gone, the sunshine pouring into the room, and Rebecca sitting alone on the bed's edge. The drawers were all opened and their contents scattered about, — dresses and feathers, scarfs and trinkets, a heap of tumbled vanities lying in a wreck. Her hair was falling over her shoulders; her gown was torn where Rawdon had wrenched the brilliants out of it. She heard him go downstairs a few minutes after he left her, and the door slamming and closing on him. She knew he would never come back. He was gone forever. Would he kill himself? — she thought — not until after he had met Lord Steyne. She thought of her long past life, and all the dismal incidents of it. Ah, how dreary it seemed, how miserable, lonely, and profitless! Should she take laudanum, and end it, too — have done with all hopes, schemes, debts, and triumphs? The French maid found her in this position — sitting in the midst of her miserable ruins with clasped hands and dry eyes. The woman was her accomplice and in Steyne's pay. "Mon Dieu, Madame, what has happened?" she asked.

What *had* happened? Was she guilty or not? She said not; but who could tell what was truth which came from those lips; or if that corrupt heart was in this case pure? All her lies and her schemes, all her selfishness and her wiles, all her wit and genius had come to this bankruptcy. The woman closed the curtains, and with some entreaty and show of kindness persuaded her mistress to lie down on the bed. Then she went below and gathered up the trinkets which had been lying on the floor since Rebecca dropped them there at her husband's orders and Lord Steyne went away.

## A GODSEND IN BOHEMIA.

By HENRI MURGER.

(From "Scènes de la Vie de Bohême": translated for this work by Forrest Morgan.)

[HENRI MURGER was born at Paris in 1822, son of a tailor and janitor. Cut off by his father at fifteen for choosing letters rather than a lawyer's office, he was for a time secretary to Count Tolstoy, a Russian nobleman there, and later lived for some years on scraps of journalistic and literary work, often hungry and without lodgings. The newspaper sketches portraying and coloring this life, collected in 1848 as "Scènes de la Vie de Bohême," made him famous and comfortable: he wrote for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and produced the stories "Claude and Marianne" (1851), "The Lost Rendezvous" and "The Latin Quarter" (1852), "Adeline Protat" (1853), "The Water Drinkers" (1854, a darker companion to the "Vie de Bohême"), "The Red Sabot" (1859), and the unfinished "Rogueries of an Ingénue," besides a volume of verse called "Winter Nights." He died in 1861.]

SCHAUNARD and Marcel, who had been valiantly pitching into work since morning, suddenly suspended their labor.

"Holy Moses! how hungry it makes one!" said Schaunard. And he added carelessly, "Isn't this breakfast day?"

Marcel seemed greatly astonished at this question, more than ever inopportune.

"Since when has there been breakfast two days running?" said he. "Yesterday was Thursday."

And he finished his answer by tracing with his mahl-stick this ordinance of the Church:—

"On Friday thou shalt eat no meat,  
Nor aught else that resembles it."

Schaunard found nothing to reply, and seated himself at his picture, which represented a plain inhabited by a red tree and a blue tree shaking branches with each other. Transparent allusion to the sweets of friendship, and which none the less had a highly philosophical effect.

At this moment the porter knocked at the door. He brought a letter for Marcel.

"Three sous," he said.

"Sure?" responded the artist. "Very well, you may owe them."

And he shut the door in the porter's face.

Marcel had taken the letter and broken the seal. At the first words, he began executing acrobat flings in the studio,

and struck up at the top of his voice the following well-known ditty, which indicated with him the acme of jubilation : —

“There were four young blades in our part of the town,  
And all four with sickness were taken down :  
They toted them off to the hospital ward —  
Ord ! ord ! ord ! ord !”

“Oh well, yes,” said Schaunard, carrying it on : —

“They put them into a great big bed,  
Two at the foot and two at the head.

We know *that*.”

Marcel resumed : —

“A dear little Sister of Charity came —  
Ame ! ame ! ame ! ame !”

“If you don’t keep still,” said Schaunard, who already felt symptoms of mental derangement, “I’ll play the *allegro* of my symphony on ‘The Influence of Blue in Art.’”

And he approached his piano.

This menace produced the effect of a drop of cold water falling into a boiling liquid.

Marcel grew calm as if by magic.

“Hold up !” said he, passing the letter to his friend.  
“Look.”

It was an invitation to dine with a deputy, an enlightened patron of the arts, and in particular of Marcel, who had made a picture of his country villa.

“It is for to-day,” said Schaunard. “Too bad the ticket would not be good for two. But here is a point, I fancy — your deputy is on the government side : you cannot, you ought not to accept ; your principles forbid you to go and eat bread steeped in the sweat of the people’s brows.”

“Bah !” said Marcel, “my deputy is Centre Left [moderate liberal] ; he voted against the government the other day. Besides, he is to get me an order, and he has promised to introduce me into society ; and besides, do you mind, no matter if it is Friday, I feel as hungry as a bear, and I am going to dine to-day, that’s flat.”

“There are other obstacles,” resumed Schaunard, who could not help being a little jealous of the good fortune that had fallen to his friend. “You can’t dine out in a red jacket and a longshoreman’s cap.”



"I am going to borrow Rodolphe's or Colline's coat."

"Fatuous youth! do you forget that it is past the twentieth, and that at this epoch the coats of those gentlemen are spouted and surspouted?"

"I shall find a black coat, at least, between now and five o'clock," said Marcel.

"I put in three weeks finding one when I went to my cousin's wedding, and that was early in January."

"Well, then, I shall go this way," retorted Marcel, with a stage strut. "It shall not be said that a miserable question of etiquette debarred me from taking my first step in society."

"Speaking of that," interrupted Schaunard, who took much pleasure in mortifying his friend, "how about boots?"

Marcel left the house in a state of agitation impossible to describe. At the end of two hours he returned, loaded with a false collar.

"There's everything I could find," he said piteously.

"It was no job to scour about for so little," said Schaunard: "there's paper here to make a dozen out of."

"But," said Marcel, tearing his hair, "we must have some things, deuce take it!"

And he began a long ransacking of every corner of the two rooms.

After an hour's search, he realized a costume thus composed:—

A pair of plaid pantaloons,

A gray hat,

A red necktie,

A blue waistcoat,

Two boots,

A glove formerly white,

A black glove.

"That will make two black gloves on a pinch," said Schaunard. "But when you are dressed you will have the look of a solar spectrum. To be sure, when one is a colorist—"

During this time Marcel was trying on the boots.

Fatality! They were both for the same foot.

The desperate artist just then perceived, in a corner, an old boot they had put their used-up bladders in. He seized upon it.

"From the sublime to the ridiculous," said his sarcastic companion: "this one has a pointed toe and the other a square one."

"That won't be noticed — I shall black them up."

"Good idea! You lack nothing but the dress coat now to be in correct form."

"Oh!" said Marcel, gnawing his fists,

"To have one I would give ten years of life  
And my right hand, seest thou."

They heard another knock at the door. Marcel opened it.

"M. Schaunard?" said a stranger, halting on the threshold.

"That is my name," replied the painter, asking him in.

"Sir," said the unknown, who bore one of those honest faces that typify the provincial, "my cousin has spoken a great deal to me about your talent for making portraits; and being on the point of taking a voyage to the colonies, where I am sent as a delegate by the refiners of the city of Nantes, I want to leave a memento of myself to my family. That is why I have come to find you."

"O Holy Providence!" murmured Schaunard. "Marcel, give the gentleman a seat —"

"M. Blancheron," resumed the stranger; "Blancheron of Nantes, delegate of the sugar industry, ex-maire of V——, captain in the National Guard, and author of a pamphlet on the sugar question."

"I am highly honored at having been chosen by you," said the artist, bowing to the refiners' delegate. "How would you like your portrait taken?"

"In miniature, like that," responded M. Blancheron, indicating a portrait on the wall; for to the delegate, as to many others, any painting that does not cover the side of a house is a miniature — there is nothing between.

This simplicity gave Schaunard the measure of the worthy man he was dealing with, especially when the latter added that he wished his portrait painted with the finest colors.

"I never employ any others," said Schaunard. "Of what size does the gentleman desire his portrait?"

"That big," responded M. Blancheron, pointing to a No. 20 canvas. "But what will be the price of that?"

"From fifty to sixty francs; fifty without the hands, sixty with."

"Thunder! my cousin told me about thirty francs."

"That is according to the season," said the painter: "colors are much dearer at some periods than others."

"Really ! then it's just like sugar ?"

"Precisely."

"Then go on for fifty francs," said M. Blancheron.

"You are wrong : for ten francs more you will have the hands, in which I will place your pamphlet on the sugar question, which will raise your reputation."

"By George, you are right !"

"Thunderation !" said Schaunard to himself : "if he goes on it will make me explode, and I shall hurt him with one of my fragments."

"Did you notice ?" Marcel whispered to him.

"What ?"

"He has a black coat."

"I catch on — I get your idea. Let me manage."

"Well, sir," said the delegate, "when do we begin ? There mustn't be any delay, for I start very shortly."

"I am going to take a little trip myself : day after tomorrow I leave Paris. So if you choose, we will begin at once. One good sitting will set the work well forward."

"But it's coming on night, and you can't paint by lamp-light," said M. Blancheron.

"My studio is equipped so that one can work there at all hours," rejoined the painter. "If you will take off your coat and assume the proper attitude, we will begin."

"Take off my coat ! What for ?"

"Didn't you tell me you designed the portrait for your family ?"

"To be sure."

"Well, then, you ought to be represented in your indoor wear — in your dressing-gown. That is the custom in other cases."

"But I have no dressing-gown here."

"I have one myself. This contingency was foreseen," said Schaunard, handing his sitter a rag embellished with daubs of paint, which at first made the honest provincial hesitate.

"This is a very singular garment," he said.

"And very precious," responded the painter. "It was a present from a Turkish Vizier to Horace Vernet, who gave it to me for my own. I was his pupil."

"You were a pupil of Vernet ?" said Blancheron.

"Yes, sir, I take pride in that. Oh, the devil !" he murmured to himself, "I am denying my gods."

"Well you may, young man," rejoined the delegate, donning the dressing-gown of so noble an ancestry.

"Hang up the gentleman's coat in the wardrobe," said Schaunard to his friend, with a significant wink.

"Oh, I say," murmured Marcel, pouncing on his prey and nodding toward Blancheron, "he is too good! If you could only keep a piece of him —!"

"I'll try; but never mind that now — dress yourself quick, and skip out. Be back by ten o'clock, and I'll hold on to him till then. Above all, bring me something in your pockets."

"I'll bring you a pineapple," said Marcel, taking himself off.

He dressed himself in haste; the coat fitted him like a glove. Then he left by the other door of the studio.

Schaunard set to work. When night had fully settled down, M. Blancheron heard it strike six and recollected that he had not dined. He made that remark to the painter.

"I am in the same fix; but to oblige you I will let it go for this evening, for all I was invited to a house in the Faubourg Saint Germain," ["on Fifth Avenue"] said Schaunard. "But we mustn't disarrange ourselves: that would imperil the resemblance."

He applied himself to his work.

"After all," he suddenly broke out, "we can dine without disarranging ourselves. There is a capital restaurant downstairs, which will send up anything we like."

And Schaunard awaited the effect of his multiplied *we's*.

"I share your idea," said M. Blancheron, "and in return I should be pleased to have you do me the honor of being my guest at table."

Schaunard bowed.

"Come now," he said to himself, "this is a good fellow, a veritable godsend. Will you order the dishes?" he said to his Amphitryon.

"You will oblige me by taking that trouble," responded the other, politely.

"You will repent it, Nicholas,"

sang the painter as he descended the stairs four at a time.

He entered the restaurant, went up to the counter, and drew up a *ménu* the reading of which made the Vatel of the shop turn pale.



"Claret as usual."

"Who is to pay for it?"

"Probably not I," said Schaunard, "but an uncle of mine you will see up there--a notable connoisseur. So try to distinguish yourself, and let us be served in half an hour, and above all in porcelain."

At eight o'clock M. Blancheron already felt the need of pouring into the bosom of a friend his ideas on the sugar industry, and recited to Schaunard the pamphlet he had written.

The latter accompanied him on the piano.

At ten, M. Blancheron and his friend had danced the galop together and called each other "dear boy."

At eleven they swore never to part, and were each to make a will reciprocally bequeathing their property to one another.

At midnight, Marcel returned, and found them locked in each other's arms; they were drowned in tears. And there was already half an inch of water in the studio. Marcel stumbled against the table, and saw the magnificent ruins of a superb feast. He examined the bottles; they were entirely empty.

He tried to awaken Schaunard, but the latter threatened to kill him if he offered to tear from him M. Blancheron, of whom he was making a pillow.

"Ingrate!" said Marcel, pulling from his pocket a handful of nuts. "This to me, who have brought him some dinner!"

### THE ACTUAL OCCURRENCE.

By ALEXANDER SCHANNE.

[The following is given in the memoirs of Schanne, the "Schaunard" of the "*Vie de Bohême*," as the real episode on which the above chapter was founded. The hero, Espérance Blanchon, was a youth who had inherited from his father a respectable fortune gained as a pork-butcher.]

Murger was sharing my studio in the Rue de la Harpe. One morning we were trying to warm up some coffee by lighting pieces of paper, when there was a knock at the door. It was a young fellow with a letter of introduction from a student friend of mine, who had assured him that I was a good painter. He told me he was going on a long journey, and did not want to start without leaving his portrait for his mother. He was between twenty-five and thirty, and was pitted with smallpox to such a degree that if a handful of peas had been

thrown in his face, not one would have fallen to the ground. While he took a seat in the medical easy-chair, I passed behind the rich tapestry that hid my bed and the entrance to the garret which served as a kitchen, and went to join Murger, who would otherwise perhaps have drunk all the coffee himself. We agreed that on my returning to the studio I should make an eloquent patter speech to my client, and that at each pause in it, Murger, hidden behind the tapestry, should play on the tambourine.

Accordingly, I returned to the scene of action and remarked, "Your lucky star did not deceive you, sir, when it guided your steps to this sanctuary of art." ("Broum, broum, broum," from Murger, who, in pursuance of our agreement, was strumming with wetted thumb on the tympanum of his instrument.) "Pay no attention," I resumed, "it is a poor friend of mine with a very bad cold, who is amusing himself by reciting verses. You will recognize Ponsard's style. But know that you are in the studio of the painter-in-ordinary to Queen Pomaré, who is so much talked about just now." ("Broum.") "I am intrusted by her Majesty with the task of allegorically depicting seven theological virtues, instead of three, a number recognized as inadequate to balance the seven deadly sins." ("Broum, broum.") "You see in what line I exercise my talents. If, then, you have not a pure conscience, a spotless soul, it will be useless to persist in your project of having me paint you. I would not guarantee the likeness, not even a vague family resemblance—you might turn my oil!" Somewhat bewildered, he replied, "I will do my best to—" ("Broum, broum.") "Is your friend no better?" he added. "No," I replied, "those verses from 'Lucrèce' are so chilly. But we are losing time in vain discourse: let us seek a position suitable to a No. 20 canvas, and one that I can reproduce with my finest colors. The head a little less forward, if you please, more ease about the body. Please endue yourself with one of those looks that express all the joys of youth joined to those of a heart without remorse. Look pleasant, confound it, or I won't begin."

Murger now issued from his hiding-place and said in his natural voice, "Surely the gentleman does not dream of being painted in a swallow-tail." "Isn't it the fashion?" asked Espérance Blanchon. I divined that Murger felt the need of a dress coat to go and take tea that evening at an influential

critic's. We pleaded in favor of a frock coat on account of its draping in fuller folds. Murger offered his, which was at once transferred to the gentleman's back. This done, nothing was heard in the studio, usually so noisy, but the scratching of the charcoal on the canvas. At half-past five the sun failed us. But it was vital not to let *Espérance Blanchon* go, as he would have taken away his coat, so we kept him to dinner. He at first declined our gracious offer — which did not suit us ; but he ended by accepting it on the express condition that he should find the money, and that in order to put us quite at our ease, the expense should be strictly confined to the sum represented by my day's work. Thus it was a payment already due, and not an advance, that he made. Murger spread himself around the town, and returned with a caravan of bakers, meat-cooks and butlers, bearing eatables and drinkables. He had also stuffed his pockets with several pounds of candles. It was indeed his mania and his luxury to give himself what he called a "feast of light." The Russian prince's forty francs at the time he received them passed away largely in private illuminations. This man who only worked at night had none the less a passion for light, and most intense light, believing that to see clearly with the eyes added to the lucidity of the mind.

We dined cheerfully despite the scant supply of crockery, and dessert was further enlivened by the expected arrival of *Mimi* and *Phémie Teinturière*. Murger was still in a swallow-tail, as his frock coat continued to drape our young pork-butcher in his folds. He profited by this to slip away and go to the tea party of the not less well appointed than influential critic ; and I remained with the task of entertaining the guests, and above all of gaining time — for *Espérance* might take the notion to go off at any moment, and how in that case could we give him back his coat ? Ten struck, and then eleven, and no Murger. My piano was of great assistance, and the ladies also devoted themselves : *Mimi* waltzed and *Phémie* sang. Still Murger did not return. Midnight had struck, and the bottles were empty.

Happily my "Symphony on the Influence of Blue in Art" was ready in my head and at the ends of my fingers ; an excellent piece under the circumstances, because it lasts a long time. I attacked the fragment of it entitled "The Elephant's March," with copious verbal explanations, to which the young pork-

butcher listened with amazement — the elephant being an incomprehensible animal to him, since it is unknown in his trade.

"I begin," said I, "by warning you that we are in C minor, a key with three flats. I do not spare flats to give you pleasure. How many avaricious composers would you not meet in life who would only put in one or two at most ! But see what a picture. The elephants slowly advance, one pure white at the head of them, bearing under a magnificent dais the corpse of an Indian maiden. The sun flames on the horizon ; it is hot, very hot. Here, to convey this idea, I pass into the major key, as you would have been the first to advise me. Now the moon rises, and I return to the minor ; that was self-evident. Do you mark the horrid noise of the tigers in the jungle, and do you hear the Indian poet singing in lines of thirty-two feet the virtues of the dead young girl ? In a European orchestra it would be the oboë which would be intrusted with this discourse. Here an uncle of the maiden blows his nose loudly ; unfortunately the exact note, which is found in the scale of the bassoon, does not exist on the piano. The elephants still advance, thrum, thrum, thrum. But is not some one knocking at the door ?"

I went and opened it. Murger at last. But the situation was not so embarrassing as might have been believed ; for Espérance Blanchon was in so little a hurry to leave us that he would not go away at all, and even asked leave to sleep on our sofa.

The next day I had to resume my brushes, to again earn the means for a little fête that was in preparation. The same thing happened on the ensuing days ; only my sitter put me to a great deal of labor and trouble, for under the influence of his potations the tint of his skin kept continually changing, passing from a kind of green inclining to violet to a sort of yellow tinged with gray. Hence the portrait advanced very little. "There are really months when one is not in working humor," said I to Murger, who in his book has altered "months" to "years." Finally Espérance, who had never laughed so much in his life, would not leave us. We could see that he was endeavoring to distract his thoughts. We asked ourselves, during a brief absence of his, whether a criminal was not concealed beneath this lamblike exterior. Some words that



escaped him reassured us : he had lost one dear to him — a victim, through nursing him, of the terrible malady that had so disfigured him.

All this was very well ; but a notice to quit in due form came from my landlord. My neighbor on the floor below, a lithographer, complained of no longer being able to go to sleep, and the doorkeeper had backed up his protest. We had therefore two enemies to be revenged on. *Espérance Blanchon* undertook to deal with the lithographer. He had the patience to copy off from the bills stuck up in that quarter the names of every one advertising for lost property. Then he wrote to them in terms something like this : “ Sir (or Madam), you wish to recover your dog (or your parrot, your bracelet, etc.). You will find it at M. X.’s, lithographer, 50 Rue de la Harpe. Insist on having it back, for you will have to do with a man who, without being positively dishonest, will begin by saying he does not know what you mean. Yours, etc.” The following morning there began at the lithographer’s a din of bell-rings and strong language, which I cannot reproduce by any known method of typography. We might, in our turn, have complained of a noise that hindered us from exercising our liberal professions, but we disdained such a mean revenge. As to the doorkeeper, I brought back from a country excursion a dozen hideous toads, and let them loose in the courtyard at one o’clock in the morning. Then we lowered a sponge, soaked in alcohol and set on fire, at the end of a wire from our window on the fifth floor, and gave the doorkeeper a sight of such a will-o’-the-wisp as is scarcely ever seen save at the opera in “ Robert the Devil.” We heard a cry of terror as the lodge was lit up. In the morning *Murger* went down and asked *Madam Cerberus* whether she had any letters for him. Without replying, she told him how the house was haunted by ghosts who made punch at night and were not ashamed to get drunk with toads ; adding that it was unbearable, and that he and his friends were lucky in having notice to leave. During the five nights we remained there the lodge remained lit up all night.

But *Espérance Blanchon* had arrived at the last hour of pleasure that was to strike for him in this world. His portrait, being finished, was varnished, framed, packed, and forwarded to his mother. He then left us ; and as we heard nothing more of him, we made inquiries, after a time, and learned that he had written to a member of his family that he was to be looked

for at the bottom of a pond at Plessis Piquet. Murger and I at once went to Plessis Piquet, and saw Father Cens, the inn-keeper. He had seen the poor fellow come along in a deluge of rain, holding up an umbrella as though to protect Murger's frock coat, which he still wore. Father Cens thought, and rightly, that he recognized one of his customers; and great was his surprise when he saw him, instead of turning to the left, resolutely walk into the pond with his umbrella still up. It was impossible, in that deserted locality, to do anything to hinder the suicide. Some days later a man-servant of his mother's came, and had the body placed in a coffin to be taken away to Normandy. Nothing more was ever known. But with all this, Murger remained in a tail-coat, and was thus condemned to show himself in this ceremonious get-up under the most commonplace circumstances of life, such as buying four sous' worth of tobacco or taking a cassis [black-currant ratafia] and water at Trousseville's drinking-shop.



## THE OLD SCOTTISH CAVALIER.

By W. E. AYTOUN. .

[WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUN was born at Edinburgh in 1813, and graduated from its university. Though called to the bar, he practiced little, and early became a man of letters, joining the staff of *Blackwood's* in 1844. From 1845 to 1864 he was professor of literature in the University of Edinburgh, and died in 1865. The "Bon Gaultier Ballads," written in the 40's, were published in 1855; the "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," his best work, in 1849. He wrote many other poems and stories, and a novel, "Norman Sinclair."]

COME listen to another song,  
Should make your heart beat high,  
Bring crimson to your forehead,  
And the luster to your eye; —  
It is a song of olden time,  
Of days long since gone by,  
And of a baron stout and bold  
As e'er wore sword on thigh!  
Like a brave old Scottish cavalier,  
All of the olden time!

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## THE OLD SCOTTISH CAVALIER.

He kept his castle in the north,  
Hard by the thundering Spey ;  
And a thousand vassals dwelt around,  
All of his kindred they.  
And not a man of all that clan  
Had ever ceased to pray  
For the Royal race they loved so well,  
Though exiled far away  
From the steadfast Scottish cavaliers,  
All of the olden time !

His father drew the righteous sword  
For Scotland and her claims,  
Among the loyal gentlemen  
And chiefs of ancient names,  
Who swore to fight or fall beneath  
The standard of King James,  
And died at Killiecrankie Pass,  
With the glory of the Graemes ;  
Like a true old Scottish cavalier  
All of the olden time !

He never owned the foreign rule,  
No master he obeyed,  
But kept his clan in peace at home,  
From foray and from raid ;  
And when they asked him for his oath,  
He touched his glittering blade,  
And pointed to his bonnet blue,  
That bore the white cockade :  
Like a leal old Scottish cavalier,  
All of the olden time !

At length the news ran through the land, —  
The Prince had come again !  
That night the fiery cross was sped  
O'er mountain and through glen ;  
And our old baron rose in might,  
Like a lion from his den,  
And rode away across the hills  
To Charlie and his men,  
With the valiant Scottish cavaliers,  
All of the olden time !

He was the first that bent the knee  
When the Standard waved abroad,

He was the first that charged the foe  
 On Preston's bloody sod;  
 And ever, in the van of fight,  
 The foremost still he trod,  
 Until on bleak Culloden's heath  
 He gave his soul to God,  
 Like a good old Scottish cavalier,  
 All of the olden time!

O, never shall we know again  
 A heart so stout and true,—  
 The olden times have passed away  
 And weary are the new:  
 The fair white rose has faded  
 From the garden where it grew,  
 And no fond tears save those of heaven,  
 The glorious bed bedew  
 Of the last old Scottish cavalier,  
 All of the olden time!



## CON CREGAN'S LEGACY.

By CHARLES LEVER.

(From "The Confessions of Con Cregan.")

[CHARLES JAMES LEVER: Irish novelist; born at Dublin, August 31, 1806. He was educated for the medical profession, studying first at Trinity College and then on the Continent. After taking his degree at Göttingen, he practiced in Ireland, and at Brussels as physician to the British legation, and, on his resignation of that post, became editor of the *Dublin University Magazine*. Appointed vice consul at Spezia (1857), he was transferred to Trieste (1867), and died there, June 1, 1872. Under the pseudonym of Cornelius O'Dowd he wrote articles on miscellaneous subjects for *Blackwood's Magazine*, and became celebrated as the author of humorous novels, chiefly descriptive of Irish life and character, such as "Harry Lorrequer," "Charles O'Malley," "Jack Hinton," "Tom Burke of Ours," "Sir Jasper Carew," "Con Cregan," "Arthur O'Leary," and "That Boy of Norcott's."]

· WHEN we shall have become better acquainted, my worthy reader, there will be little necessity for my insisting upon a fact which, at this early stage of our intimacy, I deem it requisite to mention; namely, that my native modesty and bashfulness are only second to my veracity, and that while the latter quality in a manner compels me to lay an occasional



stress upon my own goodness of heart, generosity, candor, and so forth, I have, notwithstanding, never introduced the subject without a pang,—such a pang as only a sensitive and diffident nature can suffer or comprehend; there now, not another word of preface or apology!

I was born in a little cabin on the borders of Meath and King's County: it stood on a small triangular bit of ground, beside a crossroad; and although the place was surveyed every ten years or so, they were never able to say to which county we belonged, there being just the same number of arguments for one side as for the other—a circumstance, many believed, that decided my father in his original choice of the residence; for while, under the “disputed boundary question,” he paid no rates or county cess, he always made a point of voting at both county elections! This may seem to indicate that my parent was of a naturally acute habit; and indeed the way he became possessed of the bit of ground will confirm that impression.

There was nobody of the rank of gentry in the parish, nor even “squireen”; the richest being a farmer, a snug old fellow, one Henry McCabe, that had two sons, who were always fighting between themselves which was to have the old man's money. Peter, the elder, doing everything to injure Mat, and Mat never backward in paying off the obligation. At last Mat, tired out in the struggle, resolved he would bear no more. He took leave of his father one night, and next day set off for Dublin, and 'listed in the “Buffs.” Three weeks after, he sailed for India; and the old man, overwhelmed by grief, took to his bed, and never arose from it after.

Not that his death was any way sudden, for he lingered on for months longer; Peter always teasing him to make his will, and be revenged on “the dirty spalpeen” that disgraced the family: but old Harry as stoutly resisting, and declaring that whatever he owned should be fairly divided between them.

These disputes between them were well known in the neighborhood. Few of the country people passing the house at night but had overheard the old man's weak reedy voice, and Peter's deep hoarse one, in altercation. When, at last—it was on a Sunday night—all was still and quiet in the house; not a word, not a footstep, could be heard, no more than if it were uninhabited, the neighbors looked knowingly at each other, and wondered if the old man were worse—if he were dead!

It was a little after midnight that a knock came to the door of our cabin. I heard it first, for I used to sleep in a little snug basket near the fire ; but I didn't speak, for I was frightened. It was repeated still louder, and then came a cry — "Con Cregan ; Con, I say, open the door ! I want you." I knew the voice well ; it was Peter M'Cabe's ; but I pretended to be fast asleep, and snored loudly. At last my father unbolted the door, and I heard him say, "Oh, Mr. Peter, what's the matter ? is the ould man worse ?"

"Faix that's what he is ! for he's dead !"

"Glory be his bed ! when did it happen ?"

"About an hour ago," said Peter, in a voice that even I from my corner could perceive was greatly agitated. "He died like an ould haythen, Con, and never made a will !"

"That's bad," says my father, for he was always a polite man, and said whatever was pleasing to the company.

"It is bad," said Peter ; "but it would be worse if we couldn't help it. Listen to me now, Corny, I want ye to help me in this business ; and here's five guineas in goold, if ye do what I bid ye. You know that ye were always reckoned the image of my father, and before he took ill ye were mistaken for each other every day of the week."

"Anan !" said my father ; for he was getting frightened at the notion, without well knowing why.

"Well, what I want is, for ye to come over to the house, and get into the bed."

"Not beside the corpse ?" said my father, trembling.

"By no means, but by yourself ; and you're to pretend to be my father, and that ye want to make yer will before ye die ; and then I'll send for the neighbors, and Billy Scanlan the schoolmaster, and ye'll tell him what to write, laving all the farm and everything to me, — ye understand. And as the neighbors will see ye, and hear yer voice, it will never be believed but that it was himself that did it."

"The room must be very dark," says my father.

"To be sure it will, but have no fear ! Nobody will dare to come nigh the bed ; and ye'll only have to make a cross with yer pen under the name."

"And the priest ?" said my father.

"My father quarreled with him last week about the Easter dues : and Father Tom said he'd not give him the 'rites' : and that's lucky now ! Come along now, quick, for we've

no time to lose: it must be all finished before the day breaks."

My father did not lose much time at his toilet, for he just wrapped his big coat 'round him, and slipping on his brogues, left the house. I sat up in the basket and listened till they were gone some minutes; and then, in a costume as light as my parent's, set out after them, to watch the course of the adventure. I thought to take a short cut, and be before them; but by bad luck I fell into a bog hole, and only escaped being drowned by a chance. As it was, when I reached the house, the performance had already begun.

I think I see the whole scene this instant before my eyes, as I sat on a little window with one pane, and that a broken one, and surveyed the proceeding. It was a large room, at one end of which was a bed, and beside it a table, with physic bottles, and spoons, and teacups; a little farther off was another table, at which sat Billy Scanlan, with all manner of writing materials before him. The country people sat two, sometimes three, deep round the walls, all intently eager and anxious for the coming event. Peter himself went from place to place, trying to smother his grief, and occasionally helping the company to whisky — which was supplied with more than accustomed liberality.

All my consciousness of the deceit and trickery could not deprive the scene of a certain solemnity. The misty distance of the half-lighted room; the highly wrought expression of the country people's faces, never more intensely excited than at some moment of this kind; the low, deep-drawn breathings, unbroken save by a sigh or a sob — the tribute of affectionate sorrow to some lost friend, whose memory was thus forcibly brought back: these, I repeat it, were all so real, that, as I looked, a thrilling sense of awe stole over me, and I actually shook with fear.

A low faint cough, from the dark corner where the bed stood, seemed to cause even a deeper stillness; and then in a silence where the buzzing of a fly would have been heard, my father said, "Where's Billy Scanlan? I want to make my will!"

"He's here, father!" said Peter, taking Billy by the hand and leading him to the bedside.

"Write what I bid ye, Billy, and be quick; for I haven't a long time afore me here. I die a good Catholic, though Father O'Rafferty won't give me the 'rites'!"

A general chorus of muttered "Oh! musha, musha," was now heard through the room; but whether in grief over the sad fate of the dying man, or the unflinching severity of the priest, is hard to say.

"I die in peace with all my neighbors and all mankind!"

Another chorus of the company seemed to approve these charitable expressions.

"I bequeath unto my son, Peter,—and never was there a better son, or a decenter boy!—have you that down? I bequeath unto my son, Peter, the whole of my two farms of Killimundoonery and Knocksheboora, with the fallow meadows behind Lynch's house, the forge, and the right of turf on the Dooran bog. I give him, and much good may it do him, Lanty Cassarn's acre, and the Luary field, with the limekiln; and that reminds me that my mouth is just as dry; let me taste what ye have in the jug." Here the dying man took a very hearty pull, and seemed considerably refreshed by it. "Where was I, Billy Scanlan?" says he; "oh, I remember, at the limekiln; I leave him—that's Peter, I mean—the two potato gardens at Noonan's Well; and it is the elegant fine crops grows there."

"Ain't you gettin' wake, father, darlin'?" says Peter, who began to be afraid of my father's loquaciousness; for, to say the truth, the punch got into his head, and he was greatly disposed to talk.

"I am, Peter, my son," says he; "I am getting wake; just touch my lips again with the jug. Ah, Peter, Peter, you watered the drink!"

"No, indeed, father; but it's the taste is lavin' you," says Peter; and again a low chorus of compassionate pity murmured through the cabin.

"Well, I'm nearly done now," says my father: "there's only one little plot of ground remaining; and I put it on you, Peter,—as ye wish to live a good man, and die with the same easy heart I do now,—that ye mind my last words to ye here. Are ye listening? Are the neighbors listening? Is Billy Scanlan listening?"

"Yes, sir. Yes, father. We're all minding," chorused the audience.

"Well, then, it's my last will and testament, and may—give me over the jug,"—here he took a long drink—"and may that blessed liquor be poison to me if I'm not as eager



about this as every other part of my will; I say, then, I bequeath the little plot at the crossroads to poor Con Cregan; for he has a heavy charge, and is as honest and as hard-working a man as ever I knew. Be a friend to him, Peter, dear; never let him want while ye have it yourself; think of me on my deathbed whenever he asks ye for any trifle. Is it down, Billy Scanlan? the two acres at the cross to Con Cregan, and his heirs *in secula seclorum*. Ah, blessed be the saints! but I feel my heart lighter after that," says he; "a good work makes an easy conscience; and now I'll drink all the company's good health, and many happy returns——"

What he was going to add, there's no saying; but Peter, who was now terribly frightened at the lively tone the sick man was assuming, hurried all the people away into another room, to let his father die in peace.

When they were all gone, Peter slipped back to my father, who was putting on his brogues in a corner: "Con," says he, "ye did it all well; but sure that was a joke about the two acres at the cross."

"Of course it was, Peter," says he; "sure it was all a joke for the matter of that: won't I make the neighbors laugh hearty to-morrow when I tell them all about it!"

"You wouldn't be mean enough to betray me?" says Peter, trembling with fright.

"Sure ye wouldn't be mean enough to go against yer father's dying words?" says my father; "the last sentence ever he spoke;" and here he gave a low wicked laugh, that made myself shake with fear.

"Very well, Con!" says Peter, holding out his hand; "a bargain's a bargain; yer a deep fellow, that's all!" and so it ended; and my father slipped quietly home over the bog, mighty well satisfied with the legacy he left himself.

And thus we became the owners of the little spot known to this day as Con's Acre; of which, more hereafter.

## FOR HOME AND FIRESIDE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

(From "The Princess.")

THY voice is heard through rolling drums,  
 That beat to battle where he stands;  
 Thy face across his fancy comes,  
 And gives the battle to his hands;  
 A moment, while the trumpets blow,  
 He sees his brood about thy knee;  
 The next, like fire he meets the foe,  
 And strikes him dead for thine and thee.



## ELLEN AT THE FARM.

BY SUSAN WARNER.

(From "The Wide, Wide World.")

[SUSAN WARNER: A popular American novelist; born in New York city, July 11, 1819. Under the pen name of "Elizabeth Wetherell" she published "The Wide, Wide World" (1850), which had a sale of 250,000 copies in the United States, and was widely read in England. Among her later works are: "Queechy," "The Hills of the Shatemuc," "The Old Helmet," "Melbourne House," "Wych Hazel," and "My Desire." She died at Highland Falls, N.Y., 1885.]

CLOUDS and rain and cold winds kept Ellen within doors for several days. This did not better the state of matters between herself and her aunt. Shut up with her in the kitchen from morning till night, with the only variety of the old lady's company part of the time, Ellen thought neither of them improved upon acquaintance. Perhaps they thought the same of her; she was certainly not in her best mood. With nothing to do, the time hanging very heavy on her hands, disappointed, unhappy, frequently irritated, Ellen became at length very ready to take offense, and nowise disposed to pass it over or smooth it away. She seldom showed this in words, it is true, but it rankled in her mind. Listless and brooding, she sat day after day, comparing the present with the past, wishing vain wishes, indulging bootless regrets, and looking upon her aunt and grandmother with an eye of more settled

aversion. The only other person she saw was Mr. Van Brunt, who came in regularly to meals; but he never said anything unless in answer to Miss Fortune's questions and remarks about the farm concerns. These did not interest her; and she was greatly wearied with the sameness of her life. She longed to go out again; but Thursday, and Friday, and Saturday, and Sunday passed, and the weather still kept her close prisoner. Monday brought a change, but though a cool, drying wind blew all day, the ground was too wet to venture out.

On the evening of that day, as Miss Fortune was setting the table for tea, and Ellen sitting before the fire, feeling weary of everything, the kitchen door opened, and a girl somewhat larger and older than herself came in. She had a pitcher in her hand, and marching straight up to the tea table, she said:—

"Will you let granny have a little milk to-night, Miss Fortune? I can't find the cow. I'll bring it back to-morrow."

"You hain't lost her, Nancy?"

"Have, though," said the other; "she's been away these two days."

"Why didn't you go somewhere nearer for milk?"

"Oh! I don't know—I guess your'n is the sweetest," said the girl, with a look Ellen did not understand.

Miss Fortune took the pitcher and went into the pantry. While she was gone, the two children improved the time in looking very hard at each other. Ellen's gaze was modest enough, though it showed a great deal of interest in the new object; but the broad, searching stare of the other seemed intended to take in all there was of Ellen from her head to her feet, and keep it, and find out what sort of a creature she was at once. Ellen almost shrank from the bold black eyes, but they never wavered, till Miss Fortune's voice broke the spell.

"How's your grandmother, Nancy?"

"She's tolerable, ma'am, thank you."

"Now, if you don't bring it back to-morrow, you won't get any more in a hurry," said Miss Fortune, as she handed the pitcher back to the girl.

"I'll mind it," said the latter, with a little nod of her head, which seemed to say there was no danger of her forgetting.

"Who is that, Aunt Fortune?" said Ellen, when she was gone.

"She is a girl that lives up on the mountain yonder." •

"But what's her name?"

"I had just as lief you wouldn't know her name. She ain't a good girl. Don't you never have anything to do with her."

Ellen was in no mind to give credit to all her aunt's opinions, and she set this down as, in part at least, coming from ill humor.

The next morning was calm and fine, and Ellen spent nearly the whole of it out of doors. She did not venture near the ditch, but in every other direction she explored the ground, and examined what stood or grew upon it as thoroughly as she dared. Towards noon she was standing by the little gate at the back of the house, unwilling to go in, but not knowing what more to do, when Mr. Van Brunt came from the lane with a load of wood. Ellen watched the oxen toiling up the ascent, and thought it looked like very hard work; she was sorry for them.

"Isn't that a very heavy load?" she asked of their driver, as he was throwing it down under the apple tree.

"Heavy? Not a bit of it. It ain't nothing at all to 'em. They'd take twice as much any day with pleasure."

"I shouldn't think so," said Ellen; "they don't look as if there was much pleasure about it. What makes them lean over so against each other when they are coming uphill?"

"Oh, that's just a way they've got. They're so fond of each other, I suppose. Perhaps they've something particular to say, and want to put their heads together for the purpose."

"No," said Ellen, half laughing, "it can't be that; they wouldn't take the very hardest time for that; they would wait till they got to the top of the hill; but there they stand just as if they were asleep, only their eyes are open. Poor things!"

"They're not very poor, anyhow," said Mr. Van Brunt; "there ain't a finer yoke of oxen to be seen than them are, nor in better condition."

He went on throwing the wood out of the cart, and Ellen stood looking at him.

"What'll you give me if I'll make you a scup one of these days?" said Mr. Van Brunt.

"A scup!" said Ellen.

"Yes—a scup! how would you like it?"

"I don't know what it is," said Ellen.

"A scup!—maybe you don't know it by that name; some folks call it a swing."



"A swing! Oh, yes," said Ellen, "now I know. Oh, I like it very much."

"Would you like to have one?"

"Yes, indeed, I should, very much."

"Well, what'll you give me, if I'll fix you out?"

"I don't know," said Ellen, "I have nothing to give; I'll be very much obliged to you, indeed."

"Well, now, come, I'll make a bargain with you: I'll engage to fix up a scup for you, if you'll give me a kiss."

Poor Ellen was struck dumb. The good-natured Dutchman had taken a fancy to the little pale-faced, sad-looking stranger, and really felt very kindly disposed toward her, but she neither knew, nor at the moment cared, about that. She stood motionless, utterly astounded at his unheard-of proposal, and not a little indignant; but when, with a good-natured smile upon his round face, he came near to claim the kiss he no doubt thought himself sure of, Ellen shot from him like an arrow from a bow. She rushed to the house, and bursting open the door, stood with flushed face and sparkling eyes in the presence of her astonished aunt.

"What in the world is the matter?" exclaimed that lady.

"He wanted to kiss me!" said Ellen, scarce knowing whom she was talking to, and crimsoning more and more.

"Who wanted to kiss you?"

"That man out there."

"What man?"

"The man that drives the oxen."

"What! Mr. Van Brunt?" And Ellen never forgot the loud ha! ha! which burst from Miss Fortune's wide-open mouth.

"Well, why didn't you let him kiss you?"

The laugh, the look, the tone, stung Ellen to the very quick. In a fury of passion she dashed away out of the kitchen, and up to her own room. And there, for a while, the storm of anger drove over her with such violence that conscience had hardly time to whisper. Sorrow came in again as passion faded, and gentler but very bitter weeping took the place of convulsive sobs of rage and mortification, and then the whispers of conscience began to be heard a little. "Oh, mamma! mamma!" cried poor Ellen in her heart, "how miserable I am without you! I never can like Aunt Fortune—it's of no use—I never can like her; I hope I shan't get to hate her!—and that isn't

right. I am forgetting all that is good, and there's nobody to put me in mind. Oh, mamma ! if I could lay my head in your lap for a minute !” Then came thoughts of her Bible and hymn book, and the friend who had given it ; sorrowful thoughts they were ; and at last, humbled and sad, poor Ellen sought that great Friend she knew she had displeased, and prayed earnestly to be made a good child ; she felt and owned she was not one now.

It was long after midday when Ellen rose from her knees. Her passion was all gone ; she felt more gentle and pleasant than she had done for days ; but at the bottom of her heart resentment was not all gone. She still thought she had cause to be angry, and she could not think of her aunt's look and tone without a thrill of painful feeling. In a very different mood, however, from that in which she had flown upstairs two or three hours before, she now came softly down, and went out by the front door, to avoid meeting her aunt. She had visited that morning a little brook which ran through the meadow on the other side of the road. It had great charms for her ; and now crossing the lane and creeping under the fence, she made her way again to its banks. At a particular spot, where the brook made one of its sudden turns, Ellen sat down upon the grass, and watched the dark water, — whirling, brawling over the stones, hurrying past her, with ever the same soft pleasant sound, and she was never tired of it. She did not hear footsteps drawing near, and it was not till some one was close beside her, and a voice spoke almost in her ears, that she raised her startled eyes and saw the little girl who had come the evening before for a pitcher of milk.

“What are you doing ?” said the latter.

“I'm watching for fish,” said Ellen.

“Watching for fish !” said the other, rather disdainfully.

“Yes,” said Ellen, — “there, in that little quiet place, they come sometimes ; I've seen two.”

“You can look for fish another time. Come now and take a walk with me.”

“Where ?” said Ellen.

“Oh, you shall see. Come ! I'll take you all about and show you where people live ; you hain't been anywhere yet, have you ?”

“No,” said Ellen, — “and I should like very much to go, but —”

She hesitated. Her aunt's words came to mind, that *this* was not a good girl, and that she must have nothing to do with her; but she had not more than half believed them, and she could not possibly bring herself now to go in and ask Miss Fortune's leave to take this walk. "I am sure," thought Ellen, "she would refuse me, if there was no reason in the world." And then the delight of rambling through the beautiful country, and being for a while in other company than that of her Aunt Fortune and the old grandmother! The temptation was too great to be withstood.

"Well, what are you thinking about?" said the girl; "what's the matter? won't you come?"

"Yes," said Ellen, "I'm ready. Which way shall we go?"

With the assurance from the other that she would show her plenty of ways, they set off down the lane; Ellen with a secret fear of being seen and called back, till they had gone some distance, and the house was hid from view. Then her pleasure became great. The afternoon was fair and mild, the footing pleasant, and Ellen felt like a bird out of a cage. She was ready to be delighted with every trifle; her companion could not by any means understand or enter into her bursts of pleasure at many a little thing which she of the black eyes thought not worthy of notice. She tried to bring Ellen back to higher subjects of conversation.

"How long have you been here?" she asked.

"Oh, a good while," said Ellen, — "I don't know exactly; it's a week, I believe."

"Why do you call that a good while?" said the other.

"Well, it seems a good while to me," said Ellen, sighing: "it seems as long as four, I am sure."

"Then you don't like to live here much, do you?"

"I had rather be at home, of course."

"How do you like your Aunt Fortune?"

"How do I like her?" said Ellen, hesitating, — "I think she's good-looking, and very smart."

"Yes, you needn't tell me she's smart, — everybody knows that; that ain't what I ask you; — how do you *like* her?"

"How do I like her?" said Ellen again; "how can I tell how I shall like her? I haven't lived with her but a week yet."

"You might just as well ha' spoke out," said the other, somewhat scornfully; — "do you think I don't know you half

hate her already? and it'll be whole hating in another week more. When I first heard you'd come, I guessed you'd have a sweet time with her."

"Why?" said Ellen.

"Oh, don't ask me why," said the other, impatiently, "when you know as well as I do. Every soul that speaks of you says 'Poor child!' and 'I'm glad I ain't her.' You needn't try to come cunning over me. I shall be too much for you, I tell you."

"I don't know what you mean," said Ellen.

"Oh, no, I suppose you don't," said the other, in the same tone, — "of course you don't; I suppose you don't know whether your tongue is your own or somebody's else. You think Miss Fortune is an angel, and so do I; to be sure she is!"

Not very well pleased with this kind of talk, Ellen walked on for a while in grave silence. Her companion meantime recollected herself; when she spoke again, it was with an altered tone.

"How do you like Mr. Van Brunt?"

"I don't like him at all," said Ellen, reddening.

"Don't you!" said the other, surprised, — "why, everybody likes him. What don't you like him for?"

"I don't like him," repeated Ellen.

"Ain't Miss Fortune queer to live in the way she does?"

"What way?" said Ellen.

"Why, without any help, — doing all her own work, and living all alone, when she's so rich as she is."

"Is she rich?" asked Ellen.

"Rich! I guess she is! she's one of the very best farms in the country, and money enough to have a dozen help, if she wanted 'em. Van Brunt takes care of the farm, you know."

"Does he?" said Ellen.

"Why, yes, of course he does; didn't you know that? what did you think he was at your house all the time for?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Ellen. "And are those Aunt Fortune's oxen that he drives?"

"To be sure they are. Well, I do think you *are* green, to have been there all this time, and not found that out. Mr. Van Brunt does just what he pleases over the whole farm, though; hires what help he wants, manages everything; and then he has his share of all that comes off it. I tell you what — you'd



better make friends with Van Brunt, for if anybody can help you when your aunt gets one of her ugly fits, it's him; she don't care to meddle with him much."

Leaving the lane, the two girls took a footpath leading across the fields. The stranger was greatly amused here with Ellen's awkwardness in climbing fences. Where it was a possible thing, she was fain to crawl under; but once or twice that could not be done, and having with infinite difficulty mounted to the top rail, poor Ellen sat there in a most tottering condition, uncertain on which side of the fence she should tumble over, but seeing no other possible way of getting down. The more she trembled the more her companion laughed, standing aloof meanwhile, and insisting she should get down by herself. Necessity enabled her to do this at last, and each time the task became easier; but Ellen secretly made up her mind that her new friend was not likely to prove a very good one.

As they went along, she pointed out to Ellen two or three houses in the distance, and gave her not a little gossip about the people who lived in them; but all this Ellen scarcely heard, and cared nothing at all about. She had paused by the side of a large rock standing alone by the wayside, and was looking very closely at its surface.

"What is this curious brown stuff," said Ellen, "growing all over the rock?—like shriveled and dried-up leaves? Isn't it curious? part of it stands out like a leaf, and part of it sticks fast; I wonder if it grows here, or what it is."

"Oh, never mind," said the other; "it always grows on the rocks everywhere; I don't know what it is, and, what's more, I don't care. 'Tain't worth looking at. Come!"

Ellen followed her. But presently the path entered an open woodland, and now her delight broke forth beyond bounds.

"Oh, how pleasant this is! how lovely this is! Isn't it beautiful?" she exclaimed.

"Isn't *what* beautiful? I do think you are the queerest girl, Ellen."

"Why, everything," said Ellen. . . . "I do think this is the loveliest place I ever did see. Are there any flowers here in the spring?"

"I don't know—yes, lots of 'em."

"Pretty ones?" said Ellen.

"*You'd* think so, I suppose; I never look at 'em."

"Oh, how lovely that will be!" said Ellen, clasping her hands; "how pleasant it must be to live in the country!"

"Pleasant, indeed!" said the other; "I think it's hateful. — You'd think so, too, if you lived where I do. It makes me mad at granny every day because she won't go to Thirlwall. Wait till we get out of the wood, and I'll show you where I live. You can't see it from here."

Shocked a little at her companion's language, Ellen again walked on in sober silence. Gradually the ground became more broken, sinking rapidly from the side of the path, and rising again in a steep bank on the other side of a narrow dell; both sides were thickly wooded, but stripped of green, now, except where here and there a hemlock flung its graceful branches abroad and stood in lonely beauty among its leafless companions. Now the gurgling of waters was heard.

"Where is that?" said Ellen, stopping short.

"Way down, down, at the bottom there. It's the brook."

"What brook? Not the same that goes by Aunt Fortune's?"

"Yes, it's the very same. It's the crookedest thing you ever saw. It runs over there," said the speaker, pointing with her arm, "and then it takes a turn and goes that way, and then it comes round so, and then it shoots off in that way again and passes by your house; and after that the dear knows where it goes, for I don't. But I don't suppose it could run straight if it was to try to."

"Can't we get down to it?" asked Ellen.

"To be sure we can, unless you're as afraid of steep banks as you are of fences."

Very steep indeed it was, and strewn with loose stones; but Ellen did not falter here, and though once or twice in imminent danger of exchanging her cautious stepping for one long roll to the bottom, she got there safely on her two feet. When there, everything was forgotten in delight. It was a wild little place. The high, close sides of the dell left only a little strip of sky overhead; and at their feet ran the brook, much more noisy and lively here than where Ellen had before made its acquaintance; leaping from rock to rock, eddying round large stones, and boiling over the small ones, and now and then pouring quietly over some great trunk of a tree that had fallen across its bed and dammed up the whole stream. Ellen could scarcely contain herself at the magnificence of many of the waterfalls,

the beauty of the little quiet pools where the water lay still behind some large stone, and the variety of graceful tiny cascades.

"Look here, Nancy!" cried Ellen, "that's the Falls of Niagara — do you see? — that large one; oh, that is splendid! And this will do for Trenton Falls — what a fine foam it makes — isn't it a beauty? — and what shall we call this? I don't know what to call it; I wish we could name them all. But there's no end to them. Oh, just look at that one! that's too pretty not to have a name; what shall it be?"

"Black Falls," suggested the other.

"Black," said Ellen, dubiously, "why? — I don't like that."

"Why, the water's all dark and black, don't you see?"

"Well," said Ellen, "let it be Black, then; but I don't like it. Now remember, — this is Niagara, — that is Black, — and this is Trenton, — and what is this?"

"If you are a going to name them all," said Nancy, "we shan't get home to-night; you might as well name all the trees; there's a hundred of 'em, and more. I say, Ellen! suppos'n we follow the brook instead of climbing up yonder again; it will take us out to the open fields by and by."

"Oh, do let's!" said Ellen; "that will be lovely."

It proved a rough way; but Ellen still thought and called it "lovely." Often by the side of the stream there was no footing at all, and the girls picked their way over the stones, large and small, wet and dry, which strewn its bed, — against which the water foamed and fumed and fretted, as if in great impatience. It was ticklish work getting along over these stones; now tottering on an unsteady one; now slipping on a wet one; — and every now and then making huge leaps from rock to rock, which there was no other method of reaching, at the imminent hazard of falling in. But they laughed at the danger; sprang on in great glee, delighted with the exercise and the fun; didn't stay long enough anywhere to lose their balance, and enjoyed themselves amazingly. There was many a hairbreadth escape; many an *almost* sousing; but that made it all the more lively. The brook formed, as Nancy had said, a constant succession of little waterfalls, its course being quite steep and very rocky; and in some places there were pools quite deep enough to have given them a thorough wetting, to say no more, if they had missed their footing and

tumbled in. But this did not happen. In due time, though with no little difficulty, they reached the spot where the brook came forth from the wood into the open day, and thence making a sharp turn to the right, skirted along by the edge of the trees, as if unwilling to part company with them.

"I guess we'd better get back into the lane now," said Miss Nancy; "we're a pretty good long way from home."

They left the wood and the brook behind them, and crossed a large stubble field; then got over a fence into another. They were in the midst of this when Nancy stopped Ellen, and bade her look up toward the west, where towered a high mountain, no longer hid from their view by the trees.

"I told you I'd show you where I live," said she. "Look up now, — clear to the top of the mountain, almost, and a little to the right; — do you see that little mite of a house there? Look sharp, — it's a'most as brown as the rock, — do you see it? — it's close by that big pine tree, but it don't look big from here — it's just by that little dark spot near the top."

"I see it," said Ellen, — "I see it now; do you live 'way up there?"

"That's just what I do; and that's just what I wish I didn't. But granny likes it; she will live there. I'm blessed if I know what for, if it ain't to plague me. Do you think you'd like to live up on the top of a mountain like that?"

"No, I don't think I should," said Ellen. "Isn't it very cold up there?"

"Cold! you don't know anything about it. The wind comes there, I tell you! enough to cut you in two; I have to take and hold on to the trees sometimes to keep from being blowed away. And then granny sends me out every morning before it's light, no matter how deep the snow is, to look for the cow; — and it's so bitter cold I expect nothing else but I'll be froze to death some time."

"Oh," said Ellen, with a look of horror, "how can she do so?"

"Oh, she don't care," said the other; "she sees my nose freeze off every winter, and it don't make no difference."

"Freeze your nose off!" said Ellen.

"To be sure," said the other, nodding gravely — "every winter; it grows out again when the warm weather comes."

"And is that the reason why it is so little?" said Ellen, innocently, and with great curiosity.



"Little!" said the other, crimsoning in a fury, — "what do you mean by that? it's as big as yours any day, I can tell you."

Ellen involuntarily put her hand to her face, to see if Nancy spoke true. Somewhat reassured to find a very decided ridge where her companion's nose was rather wanting in the line of beauty, she answered in her turn: —

"It's no such thing, Nancy! you oughtn't to say so; you know better."

"I *don't* know better! I *ought* to say so!" replied the other, furiously. "If I had your nose, I'd be glad to have it freeze off; I'd a sight rather have none. I'd pull it every day, if I was you, to make it grow."

"I shall believe what Aunt Fortune said of you was true," said Ellen. She had colored very high, but she added no more and walked on in dignified silence. Nancy stalked before her in silence that was meant to be dignified too, though it had not exactly that air. By degrees each cooled down, and Nancy was trying to find out what Miss Fortune had said of her, when on the edge of the next field they met the brook again. After running a long way to the right, it had swept round, and here was flowing gently in the opposite direction. But how were they ever to cross it? The brook ran in a smooth current between them and a rising bank on the other side, so high as to prevent their seeing what lay beyond. There were no stepping stones now. The only thing that looked like a bridge was an old log that had fallen across the brook, or perhaps had at some time or other been put there on purpose, and that lay more than half in the water; what remained of its surface was green with moss and slippery with slime. Ellen was sadly afraid to trust herself on it; but what to do? — Nancy soon settled the question as far as she was concerned. Pulling off her thick shoes, she ran fearlessly upon the rude bridge; her clinging bare feet carried her safely over, and Ellen soon saw her re-shoeing herself in triumph on the opposite side; but thus left behind and alone, her own difficulty increased.

"Pull off your shoes, and do as I did," said Nancy.

"I can't," said Ellen; "I'm afraid of wetting my feet; I know mamma wouldn't let me."

"Afraid of wetting your feet!" said the other; "what a chickaninny you are! Well, if you try to come over with your shoes on you'll fall in, I tell you; and then you'll wet more

than your feet. But come along somehow, for I won't stand waiting here much longer."

Thus urged, Ellen set out upon her perilous journey over the bridge. Slowly and fearfully, and with as much care as possible, she set step by step upon the slippery log. Already half of the danger was passed, when, reaching forward to grasp Nancy's outstretched hand, she missed it,—*perhaps* that was Nancy's fault,—poor Ellen lost her balance and went in head foremost. The water was deep enough to cover her completely as she lay, though not enough to prevent her getting up again. She was greatly frightened, but managed to struggle up first to a sitting posture, and then to her feet, and then to wade out to the shore,—though, dizzy and sick, she came near falling back again more than once. The water was very cold; and, thoroughly sobered, poor Ellen felt chill enough in body and mind too; all her fine spirits were gone; and not the less because Nancy's had risen to a great pitch of delight at her misfortune. The air rang with her laughter; she likened Ellen to every ridiculous thing she could think of. Too miserable to be angry, Ellen could not laugh, and would not cry, but she exclaimed in distress:—

"Oh, what shall I do! I am so cold!"

"Come along," said Nancy; "give me your hand; we'll run right over to Mrs. Van Brunt,—'tain't far—it's just over here. There," said she, as they got to the top of the bank, and came within sight of a house standing only a few fields off, "there it is! Run, Ellen, and we'll be there directly."

"Who is Mrs. Van Brunt?" Ellen contrived to say, as Nancy hurried her along.

"Who is she?—run, Ellen!—why, she's just Mrs. Van Brunt—your Mr. Van Brunt's mother, you know,—make haste, Ellen—we had rain enough the other day; I'm afraid it wouldn't be good for the grass if you stayed too long in one place;—hurry! I'm afraid you'll catch cold,—you got your feet wet after all, I'm sure."

Run they did; and a few minutes brought them to Mrs. Van Brunt's door. The little brick walk leading to it from the courtyard gate was as neat as a pin; so was everything else the eye could rest on; and when Nancy went in poor Ellen stayed *her* foot at the door, unwilling to carry her wet shoes and dripping garments any further. She could hear, however, what was going on.

"Hillo! Mrs. Van Brunt," shouted Nancy, — "where are you? — oh! — Mrs. Van Brunt, are you out of water? — 'cos if you are I've brought you a plenty; the person that has it don't want it; she's just at the door; she wouldn't bring it in till she knew you wanted it. Oh, Mrs. Van Brunt, don't look so or you'll kill me with laughing. Come and see! come and see!"

The steps within drew near the door, and first Nancy showed herself and then a little old woman, not very old either, of very kind, pleasant countenance.

"What is all this?" said she, in great surprise. "Bless me! poor little dear! what is this?"

"Nothing in the world but a drowned rat, Mrs. Van Brunt, don't you see?" said Nancy.

"Go home, Nancy Vawse! go home," said the old lady; "you're a regular bad girl. I do believe this is some mischief o' yourn, go right off home; it's time you were after your cow a great while ago."

As she spoke, she drew Ellen in, and shut the door.

"Poor little dear," said the old lady, kindly, "what has happened to you? Come to the fire, love, you're trembling with the cold. Oh, dear, dear! you're soaking wet; this is all along of Nancy, somehow, I know; how was it, love? Ain't you Miss Fortune's little girl? Never mind, don't talk, darling; there ain't one bit of color in your face, not one bit."

Good Mrs. Van Brunt had drawn Ellen to the fire, and all this while she was pulling off as fast as possible her wet clothes. Then sending a girl who was in waiting for clean towels, she rubbed Ellen dry from head to foot, and wrapping her in a blanket, left her in a chair before the fire, while she went to seek something for her to put on. Ellen had managed to tell who she was, and how her mischance had come about, but little else, though the kind old lady had kept on pouring out words of sorrow and pity during the whole time. She came trotting back directly with one of her own short gowns, the only thing that she could lay hands on that was anywhere near Ellen's length. Enormously big it was for her, but Mrs. Van Brunt wrapped it round and round, and the blanket over it again, and then she bustled about till she had prepared a tumbler of hot drink, which she said was to keep Ellen from catching cold. It was anything but agreeable, being made from some bitter herb, and sweetened with molasses; but Ellen swallowed it, as she would anything else

at such kind hands, and the old lady carried her herself into a little room opening out of the kitchen, and laid her in a bed that had been warmed for her. Excessively tired and weak as she was, Ellen scarcely needed the help of the hot herb tea to fall into a very deep sleep; perhaps it might not have lasted so very long as it did, but for that. Afternoon changed for evening, evening grew quite dark, still Ellen did not stir; and after every little journey into the bedroom to see how she was doing, Mrs. Van Brunt came back saying how glad she was to see her sleeping so finely. Other eyes looked on her for a minute, — kind and gentle eyes; though Mrs. Van Brunt's were kind and gentle too; once a soft kiss touched her forehead, — there was no danger of waking her.

It was perfectly dark in the little bedroom, and had been so a good while, when Ellen was aroused by some noise, and then a rough voice she knew very well. Feeling faint and weak, and not more than half awake yet, she lay still and listened. She heard the outer door opened and shut, and then the voice said: —

“So, mother, you’ve got my stray sheep here, have you?”

“Ay, ay,” said the voice of Mrs. Van Brunt; “have you been looking for her? how did you know she was here?”

“Looking for her! ay, looking for her ever since sundown. She has been missing at the house since some time this forenoon. I believe her aunt got a bit scared about her; anyhow I did. She’s a queer little chip as ever I see.”

“She’s a dear little soul, I know,” said his mother; “you needn’t say nothin’ agin’ her, I ain’t a going to believe it.”

“No more am I — I’m the best friend she’s got if she only knowed it; but don’t you think,” said Mr. Van Brunt, laughing, “I asked her to give me a kiss this forenoon, and if I’d been an owl she couldn’t ha’ been more scared; she went off like a streak, and Miss Fortune said she was as mad as she could be, and that’s the last of her.”

“How did you find her out?”

“I met that mischievous Vawse girl, and I made her tell me; she had no mind to at first. It’ll be the worse for Ellen if she takes to that wicked thing.”

“She won’t. Nancy had been taking her a walk, and worked it so as to get her into the brook, and then she brought her here, just as dripping wet as she could be. I gave her something hot and put her to bed, and she’ll do, I reckon; but I tell you it



gave me queer feelings to see the poor little thing just as white as ashes, and all of a tremble, and looking so sorrowful too. She's sleeping finely now ; but it ain't right to see a child's face look so ; — it ain't right," repeated Mrs. Van Brunt, thoughtfully. — "You hain't had supper, have yous ?"

"No, mother, and I must take that young one back. Ain't she awake yet ?"

"I'll see directly ; but she ain't going home, nor you neither, 'Brahm, till you've got your supper ; it would be a sin to let her. She shall have a taste of my splitters this very night ; I've been makin' them o' purpose for her. So you may just take off your hat and sit down."

"You mean to let her know where to come when she wants good things, mother. Well, I won't say splitters ain't worth waiting for."

Ellen heard him sit down, and then she guessed from the words that passed that Mrs. Van Brunt and her little maid were busied in baking the cakes ; she lay quiet.

"You're a good friend, 'Brahm," began the old lady again, "nobody knows that better than me ; but I hope that poor little thing has got another one to-day that'll do more for her than you can."

"What, yourself, mother ? I don't know about that."

"No, no ; do you think I mean myself ? — there, turn it quick, Sally ! — Miss Alice has been here."

"How ? this evening ?"

"Just a little before dark, on her gray pony. She came in for a minute, and I took her — that'll burn, Sally ! — I took her in to see the child while she was asleep, and I told her all you told me about her. She didn't say much, but she looked at her very sweet, as she always does, and I guess, — there — now I'll see after my little sleeper."

And presently Mrs. Van Brunt came to the bedside with a light, and her arm full of Ellen's dry clothes. Ellen felt as if she could have put her arms around her kind old friend and hugged her with all her heart ; but it was not her way to show her feelings before strangers. She suffered Mrs. Van Brunt to dress her in silence, only saying with a sigh, "How kind you are to me, ma'am !" to which the old lady replied with a kiss, and telling her she mustn't say a word about that.

The kitchen was bright with firelight and candlelight ; the tea table looked beautiful with its piles of white splitters, be-

sides plenty of other and more substantial things ; and at the corner of the hearth sat Mr. Van Brunt.

"So," said he, smiling, as Ellen came in and took her stand at the opposite corner, — "so I drove you away this morning? You ain't mad with me yet, I hope."

Ellen crossed directly over to him, and putting her little hand in his great rough one, said, "I'm *very* much obliged to you, Mr. Van Brunt, for taking so much trouble to come and look after me."

She said it with a look of gratitude and trust that pleased him very much.

"Trouble, indeed!" said he, good-humoredly, "I'd take twice as much any day for what you wouldn't give me this forenoon. But never fear, Miss Ellen, I ain't a going to ask you that again."

He shook the little hand ; and from that time Ellen and her rough charioteer were firm friends.

Mrs. Van Brunt now summoned them to table ; and Ellen was well feasted with the splitters, which were a kind of rich shortcake baked in irons, very thin and crisp, and then split in two and buttered, whence their name. A pleasant meal was that. Whatever an epicure might have thought of the tea, to Ellen in her famished state it was delicious ; and no epicure could have found fault with the cold ham and the butter and the cakes ; but far better than all was the spirit of kindness that was there. Ellen feasted on that more than on anything else. If her host and hostess were not very polished, they could not have been outdone in their kind care of her and kind attention to her wants. And when the supper was at length over, Mrs. Van Brunt declared a little color had come back to the pale cheeks. The color came back in good earnest a few minutes after, when a great tortoise-shell cat walked into the room. Ellen jumped down from her chair, and presently was bestowing the tenderest caresses upon pussy, who stretched out her head and purred as if she liked them very well.

"What a nice cat!" said Ellen.

"She has five kittens," said Mrs. Van Brunt.

"Five kittens!" said Ellen. "Oh, may I come sometime and see them?"

"You shall see 'em right away, dear, and come as often as you like, too. Sally, just take a basket, and go fetch them kittens here."

Upon this, Mr. Van Brunt began to talk about its being time to go, if they were going. But his mother insisted that Ellen should stay where she was; she said she was not fit to go home that night, that she oughtn't to walk a step, and that 'Brahm should go and tell Miss Fortune the child was safe and well, and would be with her early in the morning. Mr. Van Brunt shook his head two or three times, but finally agreed, to Ellen's great joy.



## THE BOY AT MUGBY.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

[For biographical sketch, see page 193.]

I AM the boy at Mugby. That's about what I am.

You don't know what I mean? What a pity! But I think you do. I think you must. Look here. I am the boy at what is called the refreshment room at Mugby Junction, and what's proudest boast is that it never yet refreshed a mortal being.

Up in a corner of the down refreshment room at Mugby Junction, in the height of twenty-seven cross draughts (I've often counted 'em while they brush the First Class hair twenty-seven ways), behind the bottles, among the glasses, bounded on the nor'west by the beer, stood pretty far to the right of a metallic object that's at times the tea urn and at times the soup tureen, according to the nature of the last twang imparted to its contents which are the same groundwork, fended off from the traveler by a barrier of stale sponge cakes erected atop of the counter, and lastly exposed sideways to the glare of our missis' eye—you ask a boy so sitiwated, next time you stop in a hurry at Mugby, for anything to drink; you take particular notice that he'll try to seem not to hear you, that he'll appear in an absent manner to survey the line through a transparent medium composed of your head and body, and that he won't serve you as long as you can possibly bear it. That's me.

What a lark it is! We are the model establishment, we are, at Mugby. Other refreshment rooms send their imperfect

young ladies up to be finished off by our missis. For some of the young ladies, when they're new to the business, come into it mild! Ah! Our missis, she soon takes that out of 'em. Why, I originally come into the business meek myself. But our missis, she soon took that out of me.

What a delightful lark it is! I look upon us refreshmenters as ockipying the only proudly independent footing on the line. There's Papers, for instance — my honorable friend, if he will allow me to call him so — him as belongs to Smith's bookstall. Why, he no more dares to be up to our refreshmenting games than he dares to jump atop of a locomotive with her steam at full pressure, and cut away upon her alone, driving himself, at limited mail speed. Papers, he'd get his head punched at every compartment, first, second, and third, the whole length of the train, if he was to venture to imitate my demeanor. It's the same with the porters, the same with the guards, the same with the ticket clerks, the same the whole way up to the secretary, traffic manager, or very chairman. There ain't a one among 'em on the nobly independent footing we are. Did you ever catch one of them, when you wanted anything of him, making a system of surveying the line through a transparent medium of your head and body? I should hope not.

You should see our bandolining room at Mugby Junction. It's led to by the door behind the counter, which you'll notice usually stands ajar, and it's the room where our missis and our young ladies bandolines their hair. You should see 'em at it, betwixt trains, bandolining away, as if they was anointing themselves for the combat. When you're telegraphed you should see their noses all a going up with scorn, as if it was a part of the working of the same Cooke and Wheatstone electrical machinery. You should hear our missis give the word, "Here comes the beast to be fed!" and then you should see 'em indignantly skipping across the line, from the up to the down, or wicer warsar, and begin to pitch the stale pastry into the plates, and chuck the sawdust sandwiches under the glass covers, and get out the — ha! ha! ha! — the sherry — oh, my eye! my eye! — for your refreshment.

It's only in the isle of the brave and land of the free (by which, of course, I mean to say Britannia) that refreshmenting is so effective, so 'olesome, so constitutional a check upon the public. There was a foreigner, which having politely, with his hat off, beseeched our young ladies and our missis for "a leetel



gloss hoff prarndee," and having had the line surveyed through him by all, and no other acknowledgment, was a proceeding at last to help himself, as seems to be the custom in his own country, when our missis, with her hair almost a coming unbandolined with rage, and her eyes omitting sparks, flew at him, cotched the decanter out of his hand, and said, "Put it down! I won't allow that!" The foreigner turned pale, stepped back with his arms stretched out in front of him, his hands clasped, and his shoulders, riz, and exclaimed: "Ah! Is it possible, this! That these disdaineous females and this ferocious old woman are placed here by the administration, not only to empoison the voyagers, but to affront them! Great Heaven! How arrives it? The English people. Or is he then a slave? Or idiot?" Another time, a merry, wide-awake American gent had tried the sawdust and spit it out, and had tried the sherry and spit that out, and had tried in vain to sustain exhausted natur upon butter-scotch, and had been rather extra bandolined and line-surveyed through, when as the bell was ringing and he paid our missis, he says, very loud and good-tempered: "I tell yew what 'tis, marm. I la'af. Theer! I la'af. I dew. I oughter ha' seen most things, for I hail from the onlimited side of the Atlantic Ocean, and I haive traveled right slick over the limited, head on through Jeerusalem and the East and likewise France and Italy, Europe, Old World, and am now upon the track to the chief European village, but such an institution as yew and yewer young ladies and yewer fixin's solid and liquid, afore the glorious tarnal I never did see yet! And if I hain't found the eighth wonder of monarchical creation in finding yew and yewer young ladies and yewer fixin's solid and liquid, all as aforesaid, established in a country where the people air not absolute loonaticks, I am extra double darned with a nip and frizzle to the innermostest grit! Wheerfur—theer!—I la'af! I dew, marm. I la'af!" And so he went, stamping and shaking his sides, along the platform all the way to his own compartment.

I think it was her standing up agin the foreigner as giv' our missis the idea of going over to France, and droring a comparison betwixt refreshmenting as followed among the frog eaters and refreshmenting as triumphant in the isle of the brave and land of the free (by which, of course, I mean to say agin Britannia). Our young ladies, Miss Whiff, Miss Piff, and Mrs. Sniff, was unanimous opposed to her going: for, as

they says to our missis one and all, it is well bekknown to the hendes of the herith as no other nation except Britain has a idea of anythink, but above all of business. Why then should you tire yourself to prove what is already proved? Our missis, however (being a teaser at all pints), stood out grim obstinate, and got a return pass by Southeastern Tidal, to go right through, if such should be her dispositions, to Marseilles.

Sniff is husband to Mrs. Sniff, and is a regular insignificant cove. He looks arter the sawdust department in a back room, and is sometimes, when we are very hard put to it, let behind the counter with a corkscrew; but never when it can be helped, his demeanor toward the public being disgusting servile. How Mrs. Sniff ever come so far to lower herself as to marry him, I don't know; but I suppose he does, and I should think he wished he didn't, for he leads a awful life. Mrs. Sniff couldn't be much harder with him if he was public. Similarly, Miss Whiff and Miss Piff, taking the tone of Mrs. Sniff, they shoullder Sniff about when he is let in with a corkscrew, and they whisk things out of his hands when in his servility he is a going to let the public have 'em, and they snap him up when in the crawling baseness of his spirit he is a going to answer a public question, and they dror more tears into his eyes than ever the mustard does which he all day long lays on to the sawdust. (But it ain't strong.) Once, when Sniff had the repulsiveness to reach across to get the milk pot to hand over for a baby, I see our missis in her rage catch him by both his shoulders, and spin him out into the bandolining room.

But Mrs. Sniff — how different! She's the one! She's the one as you'll notice to be always looking another way from you when you look at her. She's the one with the small waist buckled in tight in front, and with the lace cuffs at her wrists, which she puts on the edge of the counter before her, and stands a smoothing while the public foams. This smoothing the cuffs and looking another way while the public foams is the last accomplishment taught to the young ladies as come to Mugby to be finished by our missis; and it's always taught by Mrs. Sniff.

When our missis went away upon her journey, Mrs. Sniff was left in charge. She did hold the public in check most beautiful! In all my time, I never see half so many cups of tea given without milk to people as wanted it with, nor half so many cups of tea with milk given to people as wanted it with.

out. When foaming ensued, Mrs. Sniff would say: "Then you'd better settle it among yourselves, and change with one another." It was a most highly delicious lark. I enjoyed the refreshmenting business more than ever, and so glad I had took to it when young.

Our missis returned. It got circulated among the young ladies, and it as it might be penetrated to me through the crevices of the bandolining room, that she had orrors to reveal, if revelations so contemptible could be dignified with the name. Agitation become wakened. Excitement was up in the stirrups. Expectation stood a-tiptoe. At length it was put forth that on our slackest evening in the week, and at our slackest time of that evening betwixt trains, our missis would give her views of foreign refreshmenting in the bandolining room.

It was arranged tasteful for the purpose. The bandolining table and glass was hid in a corner, a armchair was elevated on a packing case for our missis' ockipation, a table and a tumbler of water (no sherry in it, thankee) was placed beside it. Two of the pupils, the season being autumn and hollyhocks and dahlias being in, ornamented the wall with three devices in those flowers. On one might be read, "May Albion Never Learn;" on another, "Keep the Public Down;" on another, "Our Refreshmenting Charter." The whole had a beautiful appearance, with which the beauty of the sentiments corresponded.

On our missis' brow was wrote severity as she ascended the fatal platform. (Not that that was anythink new.) Miss Whiff and Miss Piff sat at her feet. Three chairs from the waiting room might have been perceived by a average eye in front of her, on which the pupils was accommodated. Behind them, a very close observer might have discerned a boy. Myself.

"Where," said our missis, glancing gloomily around, "is Sniff?"

"I thought it better," answered Mrs. Sniff, "that he should not be let come in. He is such an ass."

"No doubt," assented our missis. "But for that reason is it not desirable to improve his mind?"

"Oh, nothing will ever improve him," said Mrs. Sniff.

"However," pursued our missis, "call him in, Ezekiel."

I called him in. The appearance of the low-minded cove was hailed with disapprobation from all sides, on account of

his having brought his corkscrew with him. He pleaded "the force of habit."

"The force!" said Mrs. Sniff. "Don't let us have you talking about force, for gracious' sake. There! Do stand still where you are, with your back against the wall."

He is a smiling piece of vacancy, and he smiled in the mean way in which he will even smile at the public if he gets a chance (language can say no meaner of him), and he stood upright near the door with the back of his head agin' the wall, as if he was waiting for somebody to come and measure his height for the army.

"I should not enter, ladies," said our missis, "on the revolting disclosures I am about to make, if it was not in the hopes that they will cause you to be yet more implacable in the exercise of the power you wield in a constitutional country, and yet more devoted to the constitutional motto which I see before me"—it was behind her, but the words sounded better so—"May Albion Never Learn!"

Here the pupils as had made the motto admired it, and cried, "Hear! Hear! Hear!" Sniff, showing an inclination to join in chorus, got himself frowned down by every brow.

"The baseness of the French," pursued our missis, "as displayed in the fawning nature of their refreshmenting, equals, if not surpasses, anythink as we ever heard of the baseness of the celebrated Bonaparte."

Miss Whiff, Miss Piff, and me, we dored a heavy breath, equal to saying, "We thought as much!" Miss Whiff and Miss Piff seeming to object to my droring mine along with theirs, I drored another to aggravate 'em.

"Shall I be believed," says our missis, with flashing eyes, "when I tell you that no sooner had I set my foot upon that treacherous shore——"

Here Sniff, either bursting out mad, or thinking aloud, says, in a low voice: "Feet. Plural, you know."

The cowering that come upon him when he was spurned by all eyes, added to his being beneath contempt, was sufficient punishment for a cove so groveling. In the midst of a silence rendered more impressive by the turned-up female noses with which it was pervaded, our missis went on:—

"Shall I be believed when I tell you that no sooner had I landed," this word with a killing look at Sniff, "on that treacherous shore than I was ushered into a refreshment room where



there were—I do not exaggerate—actually eatable things to eat?”

A groan burst from the ladies. I not only did myself the honor of jining, but also of lengthening it out.

“Where there were,” our missis added, “not only eatable things to eat, but also drinkable things to drink!”

A murmur, swelling almost into a scream, ariz. Miss Piff trembling with indignation, called out, “Name!”

“I will name,” said our missis. “There was roast fowls, hot and cold; there was smoking roast veal surrounded with browned potatoes; there was hot soup with (again I ask shall I be credited?) nothing bitter in it, and no flour to choke off the consumer; there was a variety of cold dishes set off with jelly; there was salad; there was—mark me!—*fresh* pastry, and that of a light construction; there was a luscious show of fruit; there was bottles and decanters of sound small wine, of every size, and adapted to every pocket; the same odious statement will apply to brandy; and these were set out upon the counter so that all could help themselves.”

Our missis’ lips so quivered that Mrs. Sniff, though scarcely less convulsed than she were, got up and held the tumbler to them.

“This,” proceeds our missis, “was my first unconstitutional experience. Well would it have been if it had been my last and worst. But no. As I proceeded further into that enslaved and ignorant land, its aspect became more hideous. I need not explain to this assembly the ingredients and formation of the British refreshment sangwich?”

Universal laughter—except from Sniff, who, as sangwich cutter, shook his head in a state of the utmost dejection as he stood with it agin’ the wall.

“Well!” said our missis, with dilated nostrils. “Take a fresh, crisp, long, crusty penny loaf made of the whitest and best flour. Cut it longwise through the middle. Insert a fair and nicely fitting slice of ham. Tie a smart piece of ribbon round the middle of the whole to bind it together. Add at one end a neat wrapper of clean white paper by which to hold it. And the universal French refreshment sangwich busts on your disgusted vision.”

A cry of “Shame!” from all—except Sniff, who rubbed his stomach with a soothing hand.

“I need not,” said our missis, “explain to this assembly

the usual formation and fitting of the British refreshment room?"

No, no, and laughter. Sniff agin shaking his head in low spirits agin' the wall.

"Well," said our missis, "what would you say to a general decoration of everythink, to hangings (sometimes elegant), to easy velvet furniture, to abundance of little tables, to abundance of little seats, to brisk bright waiters, to great convenience, to a pervading cleanliness and tastefulness positively addressing the public, and making the beast thinking itself worth the pains?"

Contemptuous fury on the part of all the ladies. Mrs. Sniff looking as if she wanted somebody to hold her, and everybody else looking as if they'd rather not.

"Three times," said our missis, working herself into a truly terrimenjious state — "three times did I see these shameful things, only between the coast and Paris, and not counting either: at Hazebroucke, at Arras, at Amiens. But worse remains. Tell me what would you call a person who should propose in England that there should be kept, say at our own model Mugby Junction, pretty baskets, each holding an assorted cold lunch and dessert for one, each at a certain fixed price, and each within a passenger's power to take away, to empty in the carriage at perfect leisure, and to return at another station fifty or a hundred miles further on?"

There was disagreement what such a person should be called. Whether revolutionist, atheist, Bright (I said him), or un-English. Miss Piff screeched her shrill opinion last in the words: "A malignant maniac!"

"I adopt," says our missis, "the brand set upon such a person by the righteous indignation of my friend Miss Piff. A malignant maniac. Know, then, that that malignant maniac has sprung from the congenial soil of France, and that his malignant madness was in unchecked action on this same part of my journey."

I noticed that Sniff was a rubbing his hands, and that Mrs. Sniff had got her eye upon him. But I did not take more particular notice, owing to the excited state in which the young ladies was, and to feeling myself called upon to keep it up with a howl.

"On my experience south of Paris," said our missis, in a deep tone, "I will not expatiate. Too loathsome were the task! But fancy this. Fancy a guard coming round, with

the train at full speed, to inquire how many for dinner. Fancy his telegraphing forward the numbers of diners. Fancy every one expected, and the table elegantly laid for the complete party. Fancy a charming dinner, in a charming room, and the head cook, concerned for the honor of every dish, superintending in his clean white jacket and cap. Fancy the beast traveling six hundred miles on end, very fast and with great punctuality, yet being taught to expect all this to be done for it ! ”

A spirited chorus of “ The beast ! ”

I noticed that Sniff was agin a rubbing his stomach with a soothing hand, and that he had drored up one leg. But agin I didn’t take particular notice, looking on myself as called upon to stimulate public feeling. It being a lark besides.

“ Putting everything together,” said our missis, “ French refreshmenting comes to this, and oh, it comes to a nice total ! First : eatable things to eat and drinkable things to drink.”

A groan from the young ladies, kep’ up by me.

“ Second : convenience, and even elegance.”

Another groan from the young ladies, kep’ up by me.

“ Third : moderate charges.”

This time a groan from me, kep’ up by the young ladies.

“ Fourth : and here,” says our missis, “ I claim your augriest sympathy — attention, common civility, nay, even politeness ! ”

Me and the young ladies regularly raging mad all together.

“ And I cannot in conclusion,” says our missis, with her spitefulest sneer, “ give you a completer pictur of that despica-ble nation (after what I have related) than assuring you that they wouldn’t bear our constitutional ways and noble independence at Mugby Junction for a single month, and that they would turn us to the right-about and put another system in our places as soon as look at us ; perhaps sooner, for I do not believe they have the good taste to care to look at us twice.”

The swelling tumult was arrested in its rise. Sniff, bore away by his servile disposition, had drored up his leg with a higher and a higher relish, and was now discovered to be waving his corkscrew over his head. It was at this moment that Mrs. Sniff, who had kep’ her eye upon him like the fabled obelisk, descended on her victim. Our missis followed them both out, and cries was heard in the sawdust department.

You come into the down refreshment room at the Junction making believe you don’t know me, and I’ll pint you out with

my right thumb over my shoulder which is our missis, and which is Miss Whiff, and which is Miss Piff, and which is Mrs. Sniff. But you won't get a chance to see Sniff, because he disappeared that night. Whether he perished, tore to pieces, I cannot say ; but his corkscrew alone remains to bear witness to the servility of his disposition.

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## SOMETHING.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

[HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, Danish story-teller, was born in Odense, April 2, 1805. Of so poor a family that he had to go out begging, he was intended for a tailor, but strove hard to be an actor ; he was finally sent to a grammar school at state expense. He had a passion for travel, and his first book was a thumb-nail travel sketch ; it was followed by "The Improvisator," "O. T.," and "Only a Fiddler," prose romances. He wrote other books of travel, many poems, and some dramas ; but his title to remembrance is his mass of fairy tales, in which a vividly realizing imagination is accompanied by great humor, satire, fine spiritual perception, and acutely practical sense.]

"I WANT to be something !" said the eldest of five brothers. "I want to do something in the world. I don't care how humble my position may be in society, if I only effect some good, for that will really be something. I'll make bricks, for they are quite indispensable things, and then I shall truly have done something."

"But that *something* will not be enough !" quoth the second brother. "What you intend doing is just as much as nothing at all. It is journeyman's work, and can be done by a machine. No, I would rather be a bricklayer at once, for that is something real ; and that's what I will be. That brings rank : as a bricklayer one belongs to a guild, and is a citizen, and has one's own flag and one's own house of call. Yes, and if all goes well, I will keep journeymen. I shall become a master bricklayer, and my wife will be a master's wife — that is what I call something."

"That's nothing at all !" said the third. "That is beyond the pale of the guild, and there are many of those in a town that stand far above the mere master artisan. You may be an honest man ; but as a 'master' you will after all only belong to those who are ranked among common men. I know something better than that. I will be an architect, and will thus enter



into the territory of art and speculation. I shall be reckoned among those who stand high in point of intellect. I shall certainly have to serve up from the pickax, so to speak ; so I must begin as a carpenter's apprentice, and must go about as an assistant, in a cap, though I am accustomed to wear a silk hat. I shall have to fetch beer and spirits for the common journey-men, and they will call me 'thou,' and that is insulting ! But I shall imagine to myself that the whole thing is only acting, and a kind of masquerade. To-morrow—that is to say, when I have served my time—I shall go my own way, and the others will be nothing to me. I shall go to the academy, and get instructions in drawing, and shall be called an architect. *That's something!* I may get to be called 'sir,' and even 'worshipful sir,' or even get a handle at the front or at the back of my name, and shall go on building and building, just as those before me have built. That will always be a thing to remember, and that's what *I* call something ! ”

“ But *I* don't care at all for *that* something,” said the fourth. “ I won't sail in the wake of others, and be a copyist. I will be a genius, and will stand up greater than all the rest of you together. I shall be the creator of a new style, and will give the plan of a building suitable to the climate and material of the country, for the nationality of the people, for the development of the age—and an additional story for my own genius.”

“ But supposing the climate and the material are bad,” said the fifth, “ that would be a disastrous circumstance, for these two exert a great influence. Nationality, moreover, may expand itself until it becomes affectation, and the development of the century may run wild with your work, as youth often runs wild. I quite realize the fact that none of you will be anything real, however much you may believe in yourselves. But, do what you like, I will not resemble you : I shall keep on the outside of things, and criticise whatever you produce. To every work there is attached something that is not right—something that has gone wrong, and I will ferret that out and find fault with it ; and *that* will be doing *something!* ”

And he kept his word ; and everybody said concerning this fifth brother : “ There is certainly something in him ; he has a good head, but he does nothing.” And by that very means they thought *something* of him !

Now, you see, this is only a little story ; but it will never end as long as the world lasts.

But what became of the five brothers? Why, this is *nothing* and not *something*.

Listen, it is a capital story.

The eldest brother, he who manufactured bricks, soon became aware of the fact that every brick, however small it might be, produced for him a little coin, though this coin was only copper; and many copper pennies laid one upon the other can be changed into a shining dollar; and wherever one knocks with such a dollar in one's hand, whether at the baker's, or the butcher's, or the tailor's — wherever it may be, the door flies open, and the visitor is welcomed, and gets what he wants. You see that is what comes of bricks. Some of these belonging to the eldest brother certainly crumbled away, or broke in two, but there was a use even for these.

On the high rampart, the wall that kept out the sea, Margaret, the poor woman, wished to build herself a little house. All the faulty bricks were given to her, and a few perfect ones into the bargain, for the eldest brother was a good-natured man, though he certainly did not achieve anything beyond the manufacture of bricks. The poor woman put together the house for herself. It was little and narrow, and the single window was quite crooked. The door was too low, and the thatched roof might have shown better workmanship. But after all it was a shelter; and from the little house you could look far across the sea, whose waves broke plainly against the protecting rampart on which it was built. The salt billows spurted their spray over the whole house, which was still standing when he who had given the bricks for its erection had long been dead and buried.

The second brother knew better how to build a wall, for he had served an apprenticeship to it. When he had served his time and passed his examination, he packed his knapsack and sang the journeyman's song: —

“While I am young I'll wander, from place to place I'll roam,  
And everywhere build houses, until I come back home:  
And youth will give me courage, and my true love won't forget;  
Hurrah, then, for a workman's life! I'll be a master yet!”

And he carried his idea into effect. When he had come home and become a master, he built one house after another in the town. He built a whole street; and when the street was

finished and become an ornament to the place, the houses built a house for him in return, that was to be his own. But how can houses build a house? If you ask them they will not answer you, but people will understand what is meant by the expression, and say, "Certainly, it was the street that built his house for him." It was little, and the floor was covered with clay; but when he danced with his bride upon this clay floor, it seemed to become polished oak; and from every stone in the wall sprang forth a flower, and the room was gay, as if with the costliest paper hanger's work. It was a pretty house, and in it lived a happy pair. The flag of the guild fluttered before the house, and the journeymen and apprentices shouted hurrah! Yes, he certainly was *something*! And at last he died; and *that* was something too.

Now came the architect, the third brother, who had been at first a carpenter's apprentice, had worn a cap, and served as an errand boy, but had afterward gone to the academy, and risen to become an architect, and to be called "honored sir." Yes, if the houses of the street had built a house for the brother who had become a bricklayer, the street now received its name from the architect, and the handsomest house in it became his property. *That* was something, and *he* was something; and he had a long title before and after his name. His children were called *gentle*! children, and when he died his widow was "a widow of rank," and *that* is something! and his name always remained at the corner of the street, and lived on in the mouth of every one as the street's name — and *that* was something!

Now came the genius of the family, the fourth brother, who wanted to invent something new and original, and an additional story on the top of it for himself. But the top story tumbled down, and he came tumbling down with it, and broke his neck. Nevertheless, he had a splendid funeral, with guild flags and music, poems in the papers, and flowers strewn on the paving stones in the street: and three funeral orations were held over him, each one longer than the last, which would have rejoiced him greatly, for he always liked it when people talked about him; a monument also was erected over his grave. It was only one story high, but still it was *something*.

Now he was dead, like the three other brothers; but the last, the one who was a critic, outlived them all; and that was quite right, for by this means he got the last word, and it was of great importance to him to have the last word. The people

always said he had a good head of his own. At last his hour came, and he died, and came to the gates of Paradise. There souls always enter two and two, and he came up with another soul that wanted to get into Paradise too; and who should this be but old Dame Margaret from the house upon the sea wall.

"I suppose this is done for the sake of contrast, that I and this wretched soul should arrive here at exactly the same time," said the critic. "Pray who are you, my good woman?" he asked. "Do you want to get in here too?"

And the old woman courtesied as well as she could; she thought it must be St. Peter himself talking to her.

"I'm a poor old woman of a very humble family," she replied. "I'm old Margaret that lived in the house on the sea wall."

"Well, and what have you done? What have you accomplished down there?"

"I have really accomplished nothing at all in the world: nothing that I can plead to have the doors here opened to me. It would be a real mercy to allow me to slip in through the gate."

"In what manner did you leave the world?" asked he, just for the sake of saying something; for it was wearisome work standing there and saying nothing.

"Why, I really don't know how I left it. I was sick and miserable during my last years, and could not well bear creeping out of bed, and going out suddenly into the frost and cold. It was a hard winter, but I have got out of it all now. For a few days the weather was quite calm, but very cold, as your honor must very well know. The sea was covered with ice as far as one could look. All the people from the town walked out upon the ice, and I think they said there was a dance there and skating. There was beautiful music and a great feast there too; the sound came into my poor little room, where I lay ill. And it was toward the evening; the moon had risen beautifully, but was not yet in its full splendor. I looked from my bed out over the wide sea, and far off, just where the sea and sky join, a strange white cloud came up. I lay looking at the cloud, and I saw a little black spot in the middle of it, that grew larger and larger; and now I knew what it meant, for I am old and experienced, though this token is not often seen. I knew it, and a shuddering came upon me. Twice in my life I have seen the



same thing ; and I knew there would be an awful tempest, and a spring flood, which would overwhelm the poor people who were drinking and dancing and rejoicing — young and old, the whole city had issued forth : who was to warn them, if no one saw what was coming yonder, or knew, as I did, what it meant. I was dreadfully alarmed, and felt more lively than I had done for a long time. I crept out of bed, and got to the window, but could not crawl any farther, I was so exhausted. But I managed to open the window. I saw the people outside running and jumping about on the ice ; I could see the beautiful flags that waved in the wind. I heard the boys shouting ‘ Hurrah ! ’ and the servant men and maids singing. There were all kinds of merriment going on. But the white cloud with the black spot ! I cried as loud as I could, but no one heard me ; I was too far from the people. Soon the storm would burst, and the ice would break, and all who were upon it would be lost without remedy. They could not hear me, and I could not come out to them. Oh, if I could only bring them ashore ! Then kind Heaven inspired me with the thought of setting fire to my bed, and rather to let the house burn down, than that all those people should perish miserably. I succeeded in lighting up a beacon for them. The red flame blazed up on high, and I escaped out of the door, but fell down exhausted on the threshold, and could get no farther. The flames rushed out toward me, flickered through the window, and rose high above the roof. All the people on the ice yonder beheld it and ran as fast as they could to give aid to a poor old woman who, they thought, was being burned to death. Not one remained behind. I heard them coming ; but I also became aware of a rushing sound in the air ; I heard a rumbling like the sound of heavy artillery ; the spring flood was lifting the covering of ice, which presently burst and cracked into a thousand fragments. But the people succeeded in reaching the sea wall — I saved them all ! But I fancy I could not bear the cold and the fright, and so I came up here to the gates of Paradise. I am told they are opened to poor creatures like me — and now I have no house left down upon the rampart : not that I think this will give me admission here.”

Then the gates of heaven were opened, and the angel led the old woman in. She left a straw behind her, a straw that had been **in** her bed when she set it on fire to save the lives of many ; and **this** straw had been changed into the purest gold — into

gold that grew and grew, and spread out into beauteous leaves and flowers.

"Look, this is what the poor woman brought," said the angel to the critic. "What dost *thou* bring? I know that thou hast accomplished nothing — thou hast not made so much as a single brick. Ah, if thou couldst only return, and effect at least as much as that! Probably the brick, when thou hadst made it, would not be worth much; but if it were made with a good will, it would at least be *something*. But thou canst not go back, and I can do nothing for thee!"

Then the poor soul, the old dame who had lived on the dike, put in a petition for him. She said: —

"His brother gave me the bricks and the pieces out of which I built up my house, and that was a great deal for a poor woman like me. Could not all those bricks and pieces be counted as a single brick in his favor? It was an act of mercy. He wants it now; and is not this a very fountain of mercy?"

Then the angel said: —

"Thy brother, him whom thou hast regarded as the least among you all, he whose honest industry seemed to thee as the most humble, hath given thee this heavenly gift. Thou shalt not be turned away. It shall be vouchsafed to thee to stand here without the gate, and to reflect, and repent of thy life down yonder; but thou shalt not be admitted until thou hast in earnest accomplished *something*."

"I could have said that in better words!" thought the critic, but he did not find fault aloud; and for him, after all, that was "SOMETHING"!



## THE EAGLE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

HE CLASPS the crag with crooked hands;  
Close to the sun, in lonely lands,  
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;  
He watches from his mountain walls,  
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

## DIMMESDALE AND CHILLINGWORTH.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

(From "The Scarlet Letter.")

[For biographical sketch, see page 121.]

"I PRAY you, good sir," said he, "who is this woman?—and wherefore is she here set up to public shame?"

"You must needs be a stranger in this region, friend," answered the townsman, looking curiously at the questioner and his savage companion, "else you would surely have heard of Mistress Hester Prynne, and her evil doings. She hath raised a great scandal, I promise you, in godly Master Dimmesdale's church."

"You say truly," replied the other. "I am a stranger, and have been a wanderer, sorely against my will. I have met with grievous mishaps by sea and land, and have been long held in bonds among the heathen folk, to the southward; and am now brought hither by this Indian, to be redeemed out of my captivity. Will it please you, therefore, to tell me of Hester Prynne's,—have I her name rightly?—of this woman's offenses, and what has brought her to yonder scaffold?"

"Truly, friend; and methinks it must gladden your heart, after your troubles and sojourn in the wilderness," said the townsman, "to find yourself, at length, in a land where iniquity is searched out, and punished in the sight of rulers and people; as here in our godly New England. Yonder woman, sir, you must know, was the wife of a certain learned man, English by birth, but who had long dwelt in Amsterdam, whence, some good time ago, he was minded to cross over and cast in his lot with us of the Massachusetts. To this purpose, he sent his wife before him, remaining himself to look after some necessary affairs. Marry, good sir, in some two years, or less, that the woman has been a dweller here in Boston, no tidings have come of this learned gentleman, Master Prynne; and his young wife, look you, being left to her own misguidance——"

"Ah!—aha!—I conceive you," said the stranger, with a bitter smile. "So learned a man as you speak of should have learned this too in his books. And who, by your favor, sir, may be the father of yonder babe—it is some three or four months old, I should judge—which Mistress Prynne is holding in her arms?"

"Of a truth, friend, that matter remaineth a riddle; and

the Daniel who shall expound it is yet a wanting," answered the townsman. "Madam Hester absolutely refuseth to speak, and the magistrates have laid their heads together in vain. Peradventure the guilty one stands looking on at this sad spectacle, unknown of man, and forgetting that God sees him."

"The learned man," observed the stranger, with another smile, "should come himself, to look into the mystery."

"It behooves him well, if he be still in life," responded the townsman. "Now, good sir, our Massachusetts magistracy, bethinking themselves that this woman is youthful and fair, and doubtless was strongly tempted to her fall,—and that, moreover, as is most likely, her husband may be at the bottom of the sea,—they have not been bold to put in force the extremity of our righteous law against her. The penalty thereof is death. But in their great mercy and tenderness of heart, they have doomed Mistress Prynne to stand only a space of three hours on the platform of the pillory, and then and thereafter, for the remainder of her natural life, to wear a mark of shame upon her bosom."

"A wise sentence!" remarked the stranger, gravely bowing his head. "Thus she will be a living sermon against sin, until the ignominious letter be engraved upon her tombstone. It irks me, nevertheless, that the partner of her iniquity should not, at least, stand on the scaffold by her side. But he will be known! — he will be known! — he will be known!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Slowly as the minister walked, he had almost gone by, before Hester Prynne could gather voice enough to attract his observation. At length, she succeeded.

"Arthur Dimmesdale!" she said, faintly at first; then louder, but hoarsely. "Arthur Dimmesdale!"

"Who speaks?" answered the minister.

Gathering himself quickly up, he stood more erect, like a man taken by surprise in a mood to which he was reluctant to have witnesses. Throwing his eyes anxiously in the direction of the voice, he indistinctly beheld a form under the trees, clad in garments so somber, and so little relieved from the gray twilight into which the clouded sky and the heavy foliage had darkened the noontide, that he knew not whether it were a woman or a shadow. It may be, that his pathway through life was haunted thus, by a specter that had stolen out from among his thoughts.



He made a step nigher, and discovered the scarlet letter.

"Hester! Hester Prynne!" said he. "Is it thou? Art thou in life?"

"Even so!" she answered. "In such life as has been mine these seven years past! And thou, Arthur Dimmesdale, dost thou yet live?"

It was no wonder that they thus questioned one another's actual and bodily existence, and even doubted of their own. So strangely did they meet, in the dim wood, that it was like the first encounter, in the world beyond the grave, of two spirits who had been intimately connected in their former life, but now stood coldly shuddering, in mutual dread,—as not yet familiar with their state, nor wonted to the companionship of disembodied beings. Each a ghost, and awe-stricken at the other ghost! They were awe-stricken likewise at themselves; because the crisis flung back to them their consciousness, and revealed to each heart its history and experience, as life never does, except at such breathless epochs. The soul beheld its features in the mirror of the passing moment. It was with fear, and tremulously, and, as it were, by a slow, reluctant necessity, that Arthur Dimmesdale put forth his hand, chill as death, and touched the chill hand of Hester Prynne. The grasp, cold as it was, took away what was dreariest in the interview. They now felt themselves, at least, inhabitants of the same sphere.

Without a word more spoken, —neither he nor she assuming the guidance, but with an unexpressed consent,—they glided back into the shadow of the woods whence Hester had emerged, and sat down on the heap of moss where she and Pearl had before been sitting. When they found voice to speak, it was, at first, only to utter remarks and inquiries such as any two acquaintance might have made, about the gloomy sky, the threatening storm, and, next, the health of each. Thus they went onward, not boldly, but step by step, into the themes that were brooding deepest in their hearts. So long estranged by fate and circumstances, they needed something slight and casual to run before, and throw open the doors of intercourse, so that their real thoughts might be led across the threshold.

After a while, the minister fixed his eyes on Hester Prynne's.

"Hester," said he, "hast thou found peace?"

She smiled drearily, looking down upon her bosom.

"Hast thou?" she asked.

"None! — nothing but despair!" he answered. "What else could I look for, being what I am, and leading such a life as mine? Were I an atheist, — a man devoid of conscience, — a wretch with coarse and brutal instincts, — I might have found peace, long ere now. Nay, I never should have lost it! But, as matters stand with my soul, whatever of good capacity there originally was in me, all of God's gifts that were the choicest have become the ministers of spiritual torment. Hester, I am most miserable!"

"The people reverence thee," said Hester. "And surely thou workest good among them! Doth this bring thee no comfort?"

"More misery, Hester! — only the more misery!" answered the clergyman, with a bitter smile. "As concerns the good which I may appear to do, I have no faith in it. It must needs be a delusion. What can a ruined soul, like mine, effect towards the redemption of other souls? — or a polluted soul towards their purification? And as for the people's reverence, would that it were turned to scorn and hatred! Canst thou deem it, Hester, a consolation, that I must stand up in my pulpit, and meet so many eyes turned upward to my face, as if the light of heaven were beaming from it! — must see my flock hungry for the truth, and listening to my words as if a tongue of Pentecost were speaking! — and then look inward, and discern the black reality of what they idolize? I have laughed, in bitterness and agony of heart, at the contrast between what I seem and what I am! And Satan laughs at it!"

"You wrong yourself in this," said Hester, gently. "You have deeply and sorely repented. Your sin is left behind you, in the days long past. Your present life is not less holy, in very truth, than it seems in people's eyes. Is there no reality in the penitence thus sealed and witnessed by good works? And wherefore should it not bring you peace?"

"No, Hester, no!" replied the clergyman. "There is no substance in it! It is cold and dead, and can do nothing for me! Of penance, I have had enough! Of penitence, there has been none! Else, I should long ago have thrown off these garments of mock holiness, and have shown myself to mankind as they will see me at the judgment seat. Happy are you, Hester, that wear the scarlet letter openly upon your bosom! Mine burns in secret! Thou little knowest what a relief it is,

after the torment of a seven years' cheat, to look into an eye that recognizes me for what I am! Had I one friend, — or were it my worst enemy! — to whom, when sickened with the praises of all other men, I could daily betake myself, and be known as the vilest of all sinners, methinks my soul might keep itself alive thereby. Even thus much of truth would save me! But, now, it is all falsehood! — all emptiness! — all death!"

Hester Prynne looked into his face, but hesitated to speak. Yet, uttering his long-restrained emotions so vehemently as he did, his words here offered her the very point of circumstances in which to interpose what she came to say. She conquered her fears, and spoke.

"Such a friend as thou hast even now wished for," said she, "with whom to weep over thy sin, thou hast in me, the partner of it!" — Again she hesitated, but brought out the words with an effort. — "Thou hast long had such an enemy, and dwellest with him, under the same roof!"

The minister started to his feet, gasping for breath, and clutching at his heart, as if he would have torn it out of his bosom.

"Ha! What sayest thou!" cried he. "An enemy! And under mine own roof! What mean you?"

Hester Prynne was now fully sensible of the deep injury for which she was responsible to this unhappy man, in permitting him to lie for so many years, or, indeed, for a single moment, at the mercy of one whose purposes could not be other than malevolent. The very contiguity of his enemy, beneath whatever mask the latter might conceal himself, was enough to disturb the magnetic sphere of a being so sensitive as Arthur Dimmesdale. There had been a period when Hester was less alive to this consideration; or, perhaps, in the misanthropy of her own trouble, she left the minister to bear what she might picture to herself as a more tolerable doom. But of late, since the night of his vigil, all her sympathies towards him had been both softened and invigorated. She now read his heart more accurately. She doubted not, that the continual presence of Roger Chillingworth, — the secret poison of his malignity, infecting all the air about him, — and his authorized interference, as a physician, with the minister's physical and spiritual infirmities, — that these bad opportunities had been turned to a cruel purpose. By means of them, the sufferer's conscience had been kept in an irritated state, the tendency of which was, not to

cure by wholesome pain, but to disorganize and corrupt his spiritual being. Its result, on earth, could hardly fail to be insanity, and hereafter, that eternal alienation from the Good and True, of which madness is perhaps the earthly type.

Such was the ruin to which she had brought the man, once, — nay, why should we not speak it? — still so passionately loved! Hester felt that the sacrifice of the clergyman's good name, and death itself, as she had already told Roger Chillingworth, would have been infinitely preferable to the alternative which she had taken upon herself to choose. And now, rather than have had this grievous wrong to confess, she would gladly have lain down on the forest leaves, and died there, at Arthur Dimmesdale's feet.

"O Arthur," she cried, "forgive me! In all things else, I have striven to be true! Truth was the one virtue which I might have held fast, and did hold fast, through all extremity; save when thy good, — thy life, — thy fame, — were put in question! Then I consented to a deception. But a lie is never good, even though death threaten on the other side! Dost thou not see what I would say? That old man! — the physician! — he whom they call Roger Chillingworth! — he was my husband!"

The minister looked at her, for an instant, with all that violence of passion, which — intermixed, in more shapes than one, with his higher, purer, softer qualities — was, in fact, the portion of him which the Devil claimed, and through which he sought to win the rest. Never was there a blacker or a fiercer frown than Hester now encountered. For the brief space that it lasted, it was a dark transfiguration. But his character had been so much enfeebled by suffering, that even its lower energies were incapable of more than a temporary struggle. He sank down on the ground, and buried his face in his hands.

"I might have known it," murmured he. "I did know it! Was not the secret told me, in the natural recoil of my heart, at the first sight of him, and as often as I have seen him since? Why did I not understand? O Hester Prynne, thou little, little knowest all the horror of this thing! And the shame! — the indelicacy! — the horrible ugliness of this exposure of a sick and guilty heart to the very eye that would gloat over it! Woman, woman, thou art accountable for this! I cannot forgive thee!"

"Thou shalt forgive me!" cried Hester, flinging herself



on the fallen leaves beside him. "Let God punish! Thou shalt forgive!"

With sudden and desperate tenderness, she threw her arms around him, and pressed his head against her bosom,—little caring though his cheek rested on the scarlet letter. He would have released himself, but strove in vain to do so. Hester would not set him free, lest he should look her sternly in the face. All the world had frowned on her,—for seven long years had it frowned upon this lonely woman,—and still she bore it all, nor ever once turned away her firm, sad eyes. Heaven, likewise, had frowned upon her, and she had not died. But the frown of this pale, weak, sinful, and sorrow-stricken man was what Hester could not bear and live!

"Wilt thou yet forgive me?" she repeated, over and over again. "Wilt thou not frown? Wilt thou forgive?"

"I do forgive you, Hester," replied the minister, at length, with a deep utterance, out of an abyss of sadness, but no anger. "I freely forgive you now. May God forgive us both! We are not, Hester, the worst sinners in the world. There is one worse than even the polluted priest! That old man's revenge has been blacker than my sin. He has violated, in cold blood, the sanctity of a human heart. Thou and I, Hester, never did so!"

"Never, never!" whispered she. "What we did had a consecration of its own. We felt it so! We said so to each other! Hast thou forgotten it?"

"Hush, Hester!" said Arthur Dimmesdale, rising from the ground. "No; I have not forgotten!"

They sat down again, side by side, and hand clasped in hand, on the mossy trunk of the fallen tree. Life had never brought them a gloomier hour; it was the point whither their pathway had so long been tending, and darkening ever, as it stole along;—and yet it inclosed a charm that made them linger upon it, and claim another, and another, and, after all, another moment. The forest was obscure around them, and creaked with a blast that was passing through it. The boughs were tossing heavily above their heads; while one solemn old tree groaned dolefully to another, as if telling the sad story of the pair that sat beneath, or constrained to forebode evil to come.

And yet they lingered. How dreary looked the forest track that led backward to the settlement, where Hester Prynne must

take up again the burden of ignominy, and the minister the hollow mockery of his good name! So they lingered an instant longer. No golden light had ever been so precious as the gloom of this dark forest. Here, seen only by his eyes, the scarlet letter need not burn into the bosom of the fallen woman! Here, seen only by her eyes, Arthur Dimmesdale, false to God and man, might be, for one moment, true!

He started at a thought that suddenly occurred to him.

"Hester," cried he, "here is a new horror! Roger Chillingworth knows your purpose to reveal his true character. Will he continue, then, to keep our secret? What will now be the course of his revenge?"

"There is a strange secrecy in his nature," replied Hester, thoughtfully; "and it has grown upon him by the hidden practices of his revenge. I deem it not likely that he will betray the secret. He will doubtless seek other means of satiating his dark passion."

"And I!—how am I to live longer, breathing the same air with this deadly enemy?" exclaimed Arthur Dimmesdale, shrinking within himself, and pressing his hand nervously against his heart, — a gesture that had grown involuntary with him. "Think for me, Hester! Thou art strong. Resolve for me!"

"Thou must dwell no longer with this man," said Hester, slowly and firmly. "Thy heart must be no longer under his evil eye!"

"It were far worse than death!" replied the minister. "But how to avoid it? What choice remains to me? Shall I lie down again on these withered leaves, where I cast myself when thou didst tell me what he was? Must I sink down there, and die at once?"

"Alas, what a ruin has befallen thee!" said Hester, with the tears gushing into her eyes. "Wilt thou die for very weakness? There is no other cause!"

"The judgment of God is on me," answered the conscience-stricken priest. "It is too mighty for me to struggle with!"

"Heaven would show mercy," rejoined Hester, "hadst thou but the strength to take advantage of it."

"Be thou strong for me!" answered he. "Advise me what to do."

"Is the world, then, so narrow?" exclaimed Hester Prynne, fixing her deep eyes on the minister's and instinctively exer-

cising a magnetic power over a spirit so shattered and subdued that it could hardly hold itself erect. "Doth the universe lie within the compass of yonder town, which only a little time ago was but a leaf-strewn desert, as lonely as this around us? Whither leads yonder forest track? Backward to the settlement, thou sayest! Yes; but onward, too. Deeper it goes, and deeper, into the wilderness, less plainly to be seen at every step: until, some few miles hence, the yellow leaves will show no vestige of the white man's tread. There thou art free! So brief a journey would bring thee from a world where thou hast been most wretched, to one where thou mayest still be happy! Is there not shade enough in all this boundless forest to hide thy heart from the gaze of Roger Chillingworth?"

"Yes, Hester; but only under the fallen leaves!" replied the minister, with a sad smile.

"Then there is the broad pathway of the sea!" continued Hester. "It brought thee hither. If thou so choose, it will bear thee back again. In our native land, whether in some remote rural village or in vast London, — or, surely, in Germany, in France, in pleasant Italy, — thou wouldst be beyond his power and knowledge! And what hast thou to do with all these iron men, and their opinions? They have kept thy better part in bondage too long already!"

"It cannot be!" answered the minister, listening as if he were called upon to realize a dream. "I am powerless to go! Wretched and sinful as I am, I have had no other thought than to drag on my earthly existence in the sphere where Providence hath placed me. Lost as my own soul is, I would still do what I may for other human souls! I dare not quit my post, though an unfaithful sentinel, whose sure reward is death and dishonor, when his dreary watch shall come to an end!"

"Thou art crushed under this seven years' weight of misery," replied Hester, fervently resolved to buoy him up with her own energy. "But thou shalt leave it all behind thee! It shall not cumber thy steps, as thou treadest along the forest path; neither shalt thou freight the ship with it, if thou prefer to cross the sea. Leave this wreck and ruin here where it hath happened. Meddle no more with it! Begin all anew! Hast thou exhausted possibility in the failure of this one trial? Not so! The future is yet full of trial and success. There is happiness to be enjoyed! There is good to be done! Exchange this false life of thine for a true one. Be, if thy spirit summon

thee to such a mission, the teacher and apostle of the red men. Or, — as is more thy nature, — be a scholar and a sage among the wisest and the most renowned of the cultivated world. Preach! Write! Act! Do anything, save to lie down and die! Give up this name of Arthur Dimmesdale, and make thyself another, and a high one, such as thou canst wear without fear or shame. Why shouldst thou tarry so much as one other day in the torments that have so gnawed into thy life! — that have made thee feeble to will and to do! — that will leave thee powerless even to repent! Up, and away!”

“O Hester!” cried Arthur Dimmesdale, in whose eyes a fitful light, kindled by her enthusiasm, flashed up and died away, “thou tellest of running a race to a man whose knees are tottering beneath him! I must die here! There is not the strength or courage left me to venture into the wide, strange, difficult world, alone!”

It was the last expression of the despondency of a broken spirit. He lacked energy to grasp the better fortune that seemed within his reach.

He repeated the word.

“Alone, Hester!”

“Thou shalt not go alone!” answered she, in a deep whisper. Then, all was spoken!

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As the ranks of military men and civil fathers moved onward, all eyes were turned towards the point where the minister was seen to approach among them. The shout died into a murmur, as one portion of the crowd after another obtained a glimpse of him. How feeble and pale he looked, amid all his triumph! The energy—or say, rather, the inspiration which had held him up, until he should have delivered the sacred message that brought its own strength along with it from heaven—was withdrawn, now that it had so faithfully performed its office. The glow, which they had just before beheld burning on his cheek, was extinguished, like a flame that sinks down hopelessly among the late-decaying embers. It seemed hardly the face of a man alive, with such a deathlike hue; it was hardly a man with life in him, that tottered on his path so nervelessly, yet tottered, and did not fall!

One of his clerical brethren,—it was the venerable John



Wilson, — observing the state in which Mr. Dimmesdale was left by the retiring wave of intellect and sensibility, stepped forward hastily to offer his support. The minister tremulously, but decidedly, repelled the old man's arm. He still walked onward, if that movement could be so described, which rather resembled the wavering effort of an infant, with its mother's arms in view, outstretched to tempt him forward. And now, almost imperceptible as were the latter steps of his progress, he had come opposite the well-remembered but weather-darkened scaffold, where, long since, with all that dreary lapse of time between, Hester Prynne had encountered the world's ignominious stare. There stood Hester, holding little Pearl by the hand! And there was the scarlet letter on her breast! The minister here made a pause, although the music still played the stately and rejoicing march to which the procession moved. It summoned him onward, — onward to the festival! — but here he made a pause.

Bellingham, for the last few moments, had kept an anxious eye upon him. He now left his own place in the procession, and advanced to give assistance, — judging, from Mr. Dimmesdale's aspect, that he must otherwise inevitably fall. But there was something in the latter's expression that warned back the magistrate, although a man not readily obeying the vague intimations that pass from one spirit to another. The crowd, meanwhile, looked on with awe and wonder. This earthly faintness was, in their view, only another phase of the minister's celestial strength; nor would it have seemed a miracle too high to be wrought for one so holy, had he ascended before their eyes, waxing dimmer and brighter, and fading at last into the light of heaven.

He turned towards the scaffold, and stretched forth his arms.

"Hester," said he, "come hither! Come, my little Pearl!"

It was a ghastly look with which he regarded them; but there was something at once tender and strangely triumphant in it. The child, with the birdlike motion which was one of her characteristics, flew to him, and clasped her arms about his knees. Hester Prynne — slowly, as if impelled by inevitable fate, and against her strongest will, likewise drew near, but paused before she reached him. At this instant, old Roger Chillingworth thrust himself through the crowd, — or, perhaps,

so dark, disturbed, and evil was his look, he rose up out of some nether region,—to snatch back his victim from what he sought to do! Be that as it might, the old man rushed forward, and caught the minister by the arm.

“Madman, hold! what is your purpose?” whispered he. “Wave back that woman! Cast off this child! All shall be well! Do not blacken your fame, and perish in dishonor! I can yet save you! Would you bring infamy on your sacred profession?”

“Ha, tempter! Methinks thou art too late!” answered the minister, encountering his eye, fearfully, but firmly. “Thy power is not what it was! With God’s help, I shall escape thee now!”

He again extended his hand to the woman of the scarlet letter.

“Hester Prynne,” cried he, with a piercing earnestness, “in the name of Him, so terrible and so merciful, who gives me grace, at this last moment, to do what—for my own heavy sin and miserable agony—I withheld myself from doing seven years ago, come hither now, and twine thy strength about me! Thy strength, Hester; but let it be guided by the will which God hath granted me! This wretched and wronged old man is opposing it with all his might!—with all his own might, and the fiend’s! Come, Hester, come! Support me up yonder scaffold!”

The crowd was in a tumult. The men of rank and dignity, who stood more immediately around the clergyman, were so taken by surprise, and so perplexed as to the purport of what they saw,—unable to receive the explanation which most readily presented itself, or to imagine any other,—that they remained silent and inactive spectators of the judgment which Providence seemed about to work. They beheld the minister, leaning on Hester’s shoulder, and supported by her arm around him, approach the scaffold, and ascend its steps; while still the little hand of the sin-born child was clasped in his. Old Roger Chillingworth followed, as one intimately connected with the drama of guilt and sorrow in which they had all been actors, and well entitled, therefore, to be present at its closing scene.

“Hadst thou sought the whole earth over,” said he, looking darkly at the clergyman, “there was no one place so secret,—no high place nor lowly place, where thou couldst have escaped me,—save on this very scaffold!”

"Thanks be to Him who hath led me hither!" answered the minister.

Yet he trembled, and turned to Hester with an expression of doubt and anxiety in his eyes, not the less evidently betrayed, that there was a feeble smile upon his lips.

"Is not this better," murmured he, "than what we dreamed of in the forest?"

"I know not! I know not!" she hurriedly replied. "Better? Yea; so we may both die, and little Pearl die with us!"

"For thee and Pearl, be it as God shall order," said the minister; "and God is merciful! Let me now do the will which he hath made plain before my sight. For, Hester, I am a dying man. So let me make haste to take my shame upon me!"

Partly supported by Hester Prynne, and holding one hand of little Pearl's, the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale turned to the dignified and venerable rulers; to the holy ministers, who were his brethren; to the people, whose great heart was thoroughly appalled, yet overflowing with tearful sympathy, as knowing that some deep life matter—which, if full of sin, was full of anguish and repentance likewise—was now to be laid open to them. The sun, but little past its meridian, shone down upon the clergyman, and gave a distinctness to his figure, as he stood out from all the earth, to put in his plea of guilty at the bar of Eternal Justice.

"People of New England!" cried he, with a voice that rose over them, high, solemn, and majestic,—yet had always a tremor through it, and sometimes a shriek, struggling up out of a fathomless depth of remorse and woe,—“ye, that have loved me!—ye, that have deemed me holy!—behold me here, the one sinner of the world! At last!—at last!—I stand upon the spot where, seven years since, I should have stood; here, with this woman, whose arm, more than the little strength wherewith I have crept hitherward, sustains me, at this dreadful moment, from groveling down upon my face! Lo, the scarlet letter which Hester wears! Ye have all shuddered at it! Wherever her walk hath been,—wherever, so miserably burdened, she may have hoped to find repose,—it hath cast a lurid gleam of awe and horrible repugnance round about her. But there stood one in the midst of you, at whose brand of sin and infamy ye have not shuddered!”

It seemed, at this point, as if the minister must leave the

remainder of his secret undisclosed. But he fought back the bodily weakness,—and, still more, the faintness of heart,—that was striving for the mastery with him. He threw off all assistance, and stepped passionately forward a pace before the woman and the child.

“It was on him!” he continued, with a kind of fierceness; so determined was he to speak out the whole. “God’s eye beheld it! The angels were forever pointing at it! The Devil knew it well, and fretted it continually with the touch of his burning finger! But he hid it cunningly from men, and walked among you with the mien of a spirit, mournful, because so pure in a sinful world!—and sad, because he missed his heavenly kindred! Now, at the death hour, he stands up before you! He bids you look again at Hester’s scarlet letter! He tells you that, with all its mysterious horror, it is but the shadow of what he bears on his own breast, and that even this, his own red stigma, is no more than the type of what has seared his inmost heart! Stand any here that question God’s judgment on a sinner? Behold! Behold a dreadful witness of it!”

With a convulsive motion, he tore away the ministerial band from before his breast. It was revealed! But it were irreverent to describe that revelation. For an instant, the gaze of the horror-stricken multitude was concentrated on the ghastly miracle; while the minister stood, with a flush of triumph in his face, as one who, in the crisis of acutest pain, had won a victory. Then, down he sank upon the scaffold! Hester partly raised him, and supported his head against her bosom. Old Roger Chillingworth knelt down beside him, with a blank, dull countenance, out of which the life seemed to have departed.

“Thou hast escaped me!” he repeated more than once. “Thou hast escaped me!”

“May God forgive thee!” said the minister. “Thou, too, hast deeply sinned!”

He withdrew his dying eyes from the old man, and fixed them on the woman and the child.

“My little Pearl,” said he, feebly,—and there was a sweet and gentle smile over his face, as of a spirit sinking into deep repose; nay, now that the burden was removed, it seemed almost as if he would be sportive with the child,—“dear little Pearl, wilt thou kiss me now? Thou wouldst not, yonder, in the forest! But now thou wilt?”



Pearl kissed his lips. A spell was broken. The great scene of grief, in which the wild infant bore a part, had developed all her sympathies; and as her tears fell upon her father's cheek, they were the pledge that she would grow up amid human joy and sorrow, nor forever do battle with the world, but be a woman in it. Towards her mother, too, Pearl's errand as a messenger of anguish was all fulfilled.

"Hester," said the clergyman, "farewell!"

"Shall we not meet again?" whispered she, bending her face down close to his. "Shall we not spend our immortal life together? Surely, surely, we have ransomed one another, with all this woe! Thou lookest far into eternity, with those bright dying eyes! Then tell me what thou seest."

"Hush, Hester, hush!" said he, with tremulous solemnity. "The law we broke!—the sin here so awfully revealed!—let these alone be thy thoughts! I fear! I fear! It may be that, when we forgot our God,—when we violated our reverence each for the other's soul,—it was thenceforth vain to hope that we could meet hereafter, in an everlasting and pure reunion. God knows; and He is merciful! He hath proved His mercy, most of all, in my afflictions. By giving me this burning torture to bear upon my breast! By sending yonder dark and terrible old man, to keep the torture always at red heat! By bringing me hither, to die this death of triumphant ignominy before the people! Had either of these agonies been wanting, I had been lost forever! Praised be His name! His will be done! Farewell!"

That final word came forth with the minister's expiring breath. The multitude, silent till then, broke out in a strange, deep voice of awe and wonder, which could not as yet find utterance, save in this murmur that rolled so heavily after the departed spirit.



## BLOW, BUGLE, BLOW.

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE splendor falls on castle walls  
And snowy summits old in story;  
The long light shakes across the lakes,  
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear, how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going!  
O sweet and far from cliff and scar  
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!  
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying;  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
They faint on hill or field or river;  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow forever and forever.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.



## THE REVERIES OF A BACHELOR.

By DONALD G. MITCHELL.

[DONALD GRANT MITCHELL: An American essayist and novelist; born in Norwich, Conn., April 12, 1822. He graduated at Yale (1841); studied law; was United States consul at Venice (1853-1855); and has since lived on his farm, Edgewood, near New Haven, Conn. Under the pseudonym of "Ik Marvel" he has published "Reveries of a Bachelor" (1850), his best-known work; "Dream Life" (1851); "My Farm at Edgewood"; "Wet Days at Edgewood"; "English Lands, Letters, and Kings" (1889-1895); "American Lands and Letters" (1897). Died in 1908.]

### FIRST REVERIE. — SMOKE, FLAME, AND ASHES.

#### OVER A WOOD FIRE.

I HAVE got a quiet farmhouse in the country, a very humble place to be sure, tenanted by a worthy enough man, of the old New England stamp, where I sometimes go for a day or two in the winter, to look over the farm accounts, and to see how the stock is thriving on the winter's keep.

One side of the door, as you enter from the porch, is a little parlor, scarce twelve feet by ten, with a cozy-looking fireplace — a heavy oak floor — a couple of armchairs and a brown table

with carved lions' feet. Out of this room opens a little cabinet, only big enough for a broad bachelor bedstead, where I sleep upon feathers, and wake in the morning, with my eye upon a saucy-colored lithographic print of some fancy "Bessy."

It happens to be the only house in the world of which I am *bona fide* owner; and I take a vast deal of comfort in treating it just as I choose. I manage to break some article of furniture, almost every time I pay it a visit; and if I cannot open the window readily of a morning, to breathe the fresh air, I knock out a pane or two of glass with my boot. I lean against the walls in a very old armchair there is on the premises, and scarce ever fail to worry such a hole in the plastering as would set me down for a round charge for damages in town, or make a prim housewife fret herself into a raging fever. I laugh out loud with myself, in my big armchair, when I think that I am neither afraid of one nor the other.

As for the fire, I keep the little hearth so hot, as to warm half the cellar below, and the whole space between the jambs roars for hours together, with white flame. To be sure, the windows are not very tight, between broken panes, and bad joints, so that the fire, large as it is, is by no means an extravagant comfort.

As night approaches, I have a huge pile of oak and hickory placed beside the hearth; I put out the tallow candle on the mantel, (using the family snuffers, with one leg broken,)—then, drawing my chair directly in front of the blazing wood, and setting one foot on each of the old iron firedogs, (until they grow too warm,) I dispose myself for an evening of such sober and thoughtful quietude, as I believe, on my soul, that very few of my fellow-men have the good fortune to enjoy.

My tenant, meantime, in the other room, I can hear now and then,—though there is a thick stone chimney and broad entry between,—multiplying contrivances with his wife, to put two babies to sleep. This occupies them, I should say, usually an hour; though my only measure of time (for I never carry a watch into the country) is the blaze of my fire. By ten, or thereabouts, my stock of wood is nearly exhausted; I pile upon the hot coals what remains, and sit watching how it kindles, and blazes, and goes out,—even like our joys!—and then slip by the light of the embers into my bed, where I luxuriate in such sound and healthful slumber as only such rattling window frames and country air can supply.

But to return: the other evening, — it happened to be on my last visit to my farmhouse, — when I had exhausted all the ordinary rural topics of thought; had formed all sorts of conjectures as to the income of the year; had planned a new wall around one lot, and the clearing up of another, now covered with patriarchal wood; and wondered if the little rickety house would not be after all a snug enough box to live and to die in — I fell on a sudden into such an unprecedented line of thought, which took such deep hold of my sympathies — sometimes even starting tears — that I determined, the next day, to set as much of it as I could recall on paper.

Something — it may have been the home-looking blaze, (I am a bachelor of — say six and twenty,) or possibly a plaintive cry of the baby in my tenant's room, had suggested to me the thought of — Marriage.

I piled upon the heated firedogs the last armful of my wood; and now, said I, bracing myself courageously between the arms of my chair, — I'll not flinch; — I'll pursue the thought wherever it leads, though it leads me to the d——. (I am apt to be hasty,) — at least, — continued I, softening, — until my fire is out.

The wood was green, and at first showed no disposition to blaze. It smoked furiously. Smoke, thought I, always goes before blaze; and so does doubt go before decision: and my Reverie, from that very starting point, slipped into this shape: —

#### I. SMOKE — SIGNIFYING DOUBT.

A wife? — thought I; — yes, a wife!

And why?

And pray, my dear sir, why not — why? Why not doubt; why not hesitate; why not tremble?

Does a man buy a ticket in a lottery — a poor man, whose whole earnings go in to secure the ticket — without trembling, hesitating, and doubting?

Can a man stake his bachelor respectability, his independence and comfort, upon the die of absorbing, unchanging, relentless marriage, without trembling at the venture?

Shall a man who has been free to chase his fancies over the wide world, without let or hindrance, shut himself up to marriage-ship, within four walls called Home, that are to claim



him, his time, his trouble, and his tears, thenceforward for evermore, without doubts thick, and thick-coming as Smoke?

Shall he who has been hitherto a mere observer of other men's cares and business — moving off where they made him sick of heart, approaching whenever and wherever they made him gleeful — shall he now undertake administration of just such cares and business, without qualms? Shall he, whose whole life has been but a nimble succession of escapes from trifling difficulties, now broach without doubtings — that Matrimony, where, if difficulty beset him, there is no escape? Shall this brain of mine, careless-working, never tired with idleness, feeding on long vagaries, and high, gigantic castles, dreaming out beatitudes hour by hour — turn itself at length to such dull task work as thinking out a livelihood for wife and children?

Where thenceforward will be those sunny dreams, in which I have warmed my fancies, and my heart, and lighted my eye with crystal? This very marriage, which a brilliant-working imagination has invested time and again with brightness and delight, can serve no longer as a mine for teeming fancy: all, alas, will be gone — reduced to the dull standard of the actual! No more room for intrepid forays of imagination — no more gorgeous realm making — all will be over!

Why not, I thought, go on dreaming?

Can any wife be prettier than an after-dinner fancy, idle and yet vivid, can paint for you? Can any children make less noise than the little rosy-cheeked ones, who have no existence, except in the *omnium gatherum* of your own brain? Can any housewife be more unexceptionable than she who goes sweeping daintily the cobwebs that gather in your dreams? Can any domestic larder be better stocked than the private larder of your head dozing on a cushioned chair back at Delmonico's? Can any family purse be better filled than the exceeding plump one you dream of, after reading such pleasant books as Munchausen or Typee?

But if, after all, it must be — duty, or what not, making provocation — what then? And I clapped my feet hard against the firelogs, and leaned back, and turned my face to the ceiling, as much as to say: — And where on earth, then, shall a poor devil look for a wife?

Somebody says, Lyttleton or Shaftesbury, I think, that "marriages would be happier if they were all arranged by the

Lord Chancellor." Unfortunately we have no Lord Chancellor to make this commutation of our misery.

Shall a man then scour the country on a mule's back, like Honest Gil Blas of Santillane; or shall he make application to some such intervening providence as Madame St. Marc, who, as I see by the *Presse*, manages these matters to one's hand, for some five per cent on the fortunes of the parties?

I have trouted when the brook was so low, and the sky so hot, that I might as well have thrown my fly upon the turnpike; and I have hunted hare at noon, and woodcock in snow time — never despairing, scarce doubting; but for a poor hunter of his kind, without traps or snares, or any aid of police or constabulary, to traverse the world, where are swarming, on a moderate computation, some three hundred and odd millions of unmarried women, for a single capture — irremediable, unchangeable — and yet a capture which by strange metonymy, not laid down in the books, is very apt to turn captor into captive, and make game of hunter — all this, surely, surely may make a man shrug with doubt!

Then — again — there are the plaguy wife's relations. Who knows how many third, fourth, or fifth cousins will appear at careless complimentary intervals long after you had settled into the placid belief that all congratulatory visits were at an end? How many twisted-headed brothers will be putting in their advice, as a friend to Peggy?

How many maiden aunts will come to spend a month or two with their "dear Peggy," and want to know every tea time, "if she isn't a dear love of a wife?" Then, dear father-in-law will beg (taking dear Peggy's hand in his) to give a little wholesome counsel; and will be very sure to advise just the contrary of what you had determined to undertake. And dear mamma-in-law must set her nose into Peggy's cupboard, and insist upon having the key to your own private locker in the wainscot.

Then, perhaps, there is a little bevy of dirty-nosed nephews who come to spend the holidays, and eat up your East India sweetmeats; and who are forever tramping over your head or raising the old Harry below, while you are busy with your clients. Last, and worse, is some fidgety old uncle, forever too cold or too hot, who vexes you with his patronizing airs, and impudently kisses his little Peggy!

— That could be borne, however: for perhaps he has

promised his fortune to Peggy. Peggy, then, will be rich:—(and the thought made me rub my shins, which were now getting comfortably warm upon the fire-dogs). Then, she will be forever talking of *her* fortune; and pleasantly reminding you on occasion of a favorite purchase,—how lucky that *she* had the means; and dropping hints about economy; and buying very extravagant Paisleys.

She will annoy you by looking over the stock list at breakfast time; and mention quite carelessly to your clients, that she is interested in *such* or such a speculation.

She will be provokingly silent when you hint to a tradesman that you have not the money by you for his small bill;—in short, she will tear the life out of you, making you pay in righteous retribution of annoyance, grief, vexation, shame, and sickness of heart for the superlative folly of “marrying rich.”

—But if not rich, then poor. Bah! the thought made me stir the coals; but there was still no blaze. The paltry earnings you are able to wring out of clients by the sweat of your brow will now be all *our* income; you will be pestered for pin money, and pestered with your poor wife’s relations. Ten to one, she will stickle about taste — “Sir Visto’s” — and want to make this so pretty, and that so charming, if she *only* had the means; and is sure Paul (a kiss) can’t deny his little Peggy such a trifling sum, and all for the common benefit.

Then she, for one, means that *her* children shan’t go a begging for clothes,—and another pull at the purse. Trust a poor mother to dress her children in finery!

Perhaps she is ugly;—not noticeable at first; but growing on her, and (what is worse) growing faster on you. You wonder why you didn’t see that vulgar nose long ago: and that lip—it is very strange, you think, that you ever thought it pretty. And then,—to come to breakfast, with her hair looking as it does, and you not so much as daring to say — “Peggy, *do* brush your hair!” Her foot too — not very bad when decently *chaussée* — but now since she’s married she does wear such infernal slippers! And yet for all this, to be priggish up for an hour, when any of my old chums come to dine with me!

“Bless your kind hearts! my dear fellows,” said I, thrusting the tongs into the coals, and speaking out loud, as if my voice could reach from Virginia to Paris — “not married yet!”

Perhaps Peggy is pretty enough — only shrewish.

—No matter for cold coffee;—you should have been up before.

What sad, thin, poorly cooked chops, to eat with your rolls.

—She thinks they are very good, and wonders how you can set such an example to your children.

The butter is nauseating.

—She has no other, and hopes you'll not raise a storm about butter a little turned. —I think I see myself—ruminated I—sitting meekly at table, scarce daring to lift up my eyes, utterly fagged out with some quarrel of yesterday, choking down detestably sour muffins, that my wife thinks are “delicious”—slipping in dried mouthfuls of burnt ham off the side of my fork tines,—slipping off my chair sideways at the end, and slipping out with my hat between my knees, to business, and never feeling myself a competent, sound-minded man till the oak door is between me and Peggy!

—“Ha, ha,—not yet!” said I; and in so earnest a tone, that my dog started to his feet—cocked his eye to have a good look into my face—met my smile of triumph with an amiable wag of the tail, and curled up again in the corner.

Again, Peggy is rich enough, well enough, mild enough, only she doesn't care a fig for you. She has married you because father or grandfather thought the match eligible, and because she didn't wish to disoblige them. Besides, she didn't positively hate you, and thought you were a respectable enough young person;—she has told you so repeatedly at dinner. She wonders you like to read poetry; she wishes you would buy her a good cookbook; and insists upon your making your will at the birth of the first baby.

She thinks Captain So-and-So a splendid-looking fellow, and wishes you would trim up a little, were it only for appearance' sake.

You need not hurry up from the office so early at night:—she, bless her dear heart!—does not feel lonely. You read to her a love tale; she interrupts the pathetic parts with directions to her seamstress. You read of marriages: she sighs, and asks if Captain So-and-So has left town! She hates to be mewed up in a cottage, or between brick walls; she does *so* love the Springs!

But, again, Peggy loves you;—at least she swears it, with her hand on the “Sorrows of Werther.” She has pin money which she spends for the *Literary World* and the *Friends in Council*.



She is not bad looking, save a bit too much of forehead; nor is she sluttish, unless a *négligé* till three o'clock, and an ink stain on the forefinger, be sluttish; — but then she is such a sad blue!

You never fancied when you saw her buried in a three-volume novel, that it was anything more than a girlish vagary; and when she quoted Latin, you thought innocently that she had a capital memory for her samplers.

But to be bored eternally about Divine Dante and funny Goldoni, is too bad. Your copy of Tasso, a treasure print of 1680, is all bethumbed and dog's-eared, and spotted with baby gruel. Even your Seneca — an Elzevir — is all sweaty with handling. She adores La Fontaine, reads Balzac with a kind of artist scowl, and will not let Greek alone.

You hint at broken rest and an aching head at breakfast, and she will fling you a scrap of Anthology — in lieu of the camphor bottle — or chant the *alaï alaï* of tragic chorus.

— The nurse is getting dinner; you are holding the baby; Peggy is reading Bruyère.

The fire smoked thick as pitch, and puffed out little clouds over the chimney-piece. I gave the forestick a kick, at the thought of Peggy, baby, and Bruyère.

— Suddenly the flame flickered bluely athwart the smoke — caught at a twig below — rolled round the mossy oak stick — twined among the crackling tree limbs — mounted — lit up the whole body of smoke, and blazed out cheerily and bright. Doubt vanished with Smoke, and Hope began with Flame.

## II. BLAZE — SIGNIFYING CHEER.

I pushed my chair back; drew up another; stretched out my feet cozily upon it, rested my elbows on the chair arms, leaned my head on one hand, and looked straight into the leaping and dancing flame.

— Love is a flame — ruminated I; and (glancing round the room) how a flame brightens up a man's habitation!

"Carlo," said I, calling up my dog into the light, "good fellow, Carlo!" and I patted him kindly, and he wagged his tail, and laid his nose across my knee, and looked wistfully up in my face; then strode away, — turned to look again, and lay down to sleep.

"Pho, the brute!" said I; "it is not enough after all to like a dog."

—If now in that chair yonder, not the one your feet lie upon, but the other, beside you—closer yet—were seated a sweet-faced girl, with a pretty little foot lying out upon the hearth—a bit of lace running round the swelling throat—the hair parted to a charm over a forehead fair as any of your dreams;—and if you could reach an arm around that chair back, without fear of giving offense, and suffer your fingers to play idly with those curls that escape down the neck; and if you could clasp with your other hand those little white, taper fingers of hers, which lie so temptingly within reach,—and so, talk softly and low in presence of the blaze, while the hours slip without knowledge, and the winter winds whistle uncared for;—if, in short, you were no bachelor, but the husband of some such sweet image—(dream, call it rather), would it not be far pleasanter than this cold single night sitting—counting the sticks—reckoning the length of the blaze and the height of the falling snow?

And if some or all of those wild vagaries that grow on your fancy at such an hour, you could whisper into listening, because loving ears—ears not tired with listening, because it is you who whisper—ears ever indulgent because eager to praise;—and if your darkest fancies were lit up, not merely with bright wood fire, but with a ringing laugh of that sweet face turned up in fond rebuke—how far better, than to be waxing black, and sour, over pestilential humors—alone—your very dog asleep!

And if when a glowing thought comes into your brain, quick and sudden, you could tell it over as to a second self, to that sweet creature, who is not away, because she loves to be there; and if you could watch the thought catching that girlish mind, illuming that fair brow, sparkling in those pleasanter eyes—how far better than to feel it slumbering, and going out, heavy, lifeless, and dead, in your own selfish fancy. And if a generous emotion steals over you—coming, you know not whither, would there not be a richer charm in lavishing it in caress, or endearing word, upon that fondest, and most dear one, than in patting your glossy-coated dog, or sinking lonely to smiling slumbers?

How would not benevolence ripen with such monitor to task it! How would not selfishness grow faint and dull, leaning ever to that second self, which is the loved one! How would not guile shiver, and grow weak, before that girl brow

and eye of innocence ! How would not all that boyhood prized of enthusiasm, and quick blood, and life, renew itself in such a presence !

The fire was getting hotter, and I moved into the middle of the room. The shadows the flames made were playing like fairy forms over floor, and wall, and ceiling.

My fancy would surely quicken, thought I, if such being were in attendance. Surely imagination would be stronger, and purer, if it could have the playful fancies of dawning womanhood to delight it. All toil would be torn from mind labor, if but another heart grew into this present soul, quickening it, warming it, cheering it, bidding it ever, — God speed !

*Her* face would make a halo, rich as a rainbow, atop of all such noisome things as we lonely souls call trouble. Her smile would illumine the blackest of crowding cares ; and darkness, that now seats you despondent in your solitary chair for days together, weaving bitter fancies, dreaming bitter dreams, would grow light and thin, and spread, and float away, — chased by that beloved smile.

Your friend — poor fellow ! — dies : — never mind, that gentle clasp of *her* fingers, as she steals behind you, telling you not to weep — it is worth ten friends !

Your sister, sweet one, is dead — buried. The worms are busy with all her fairness. How it makes you think earth nothing but a spot to dig graves upon !

— It is more : *she*, she says, will be a sister ; and the waving curls as she leans upon your shoulder touch your cheek, and your wet eye turns to meet those other eyes — God has sent his angel, surely !

Your mother, alas for it, she is gone ! Is there any bitterness to a youth, alone, and homeless, like this !

But you are not homeless ; you are not alone : *she* is there ; — her tears softening yours, her smile lighting yours, her grief killing yours ; and you live again, to assuage that kind sorrow of hers.

Then — those children, rosy, fair-haired ; no, they do not disturb you with their prattle now — they are yours ! Toss away there on the greensward — never mind the hyacinths, the snowdrops, the violets, if so be any are there ; the perfume of their healthful lips is worth all the flowers of the world. No need now to gather wild bouquets to love and cherish : flower, tree, gum, are all dead things ; things livelier hold your soul.

And she, the mother, sweetest and fairest of all, watching, tending, caressing, loving, till your own heart grows pained with tenderest jealousy, and cures itself with loving.

You have no need now of any cold lecture to teach thankfulness : your heart is full of it. No need now, as once, of bursting blossoms, of trees taking leaf, and greenness, to turn thought kindly, and thankfully ; forever beside you there is bloom, and ever beside you there is fruit,—for which eye, heart, and soul are full of unknown, and unspoken, because unspeakable, thank offering.

And if sickness catches you, binds you, lays you down—no lonely moanings and wicked curses at careless-stepping nurses. *The* step is noiseless, and yet distinct beside you. The white curtains are drawn, or withdrawn by the magic of that other presence ; and the soft, cool hand is upon your brow.

No cold comfortings of friend watchers, merely come in to steal a word away from that outer world which is pulling at their skirts ; but, ever, the sad, shaded brow of her whose lightest sorrow for your sake is your greatest grief,—if it were not a greater joy.

The blaze was leaping light and high, and the wood falling under the growing heat.

—So, continued I, this heart would be at length itself ;—striving with everything gross, even now as it clings to grossness. Love would make its strength native and progressive. Earth's cares would fly. Joys would double. Susceptibilities be quickened ; Love master self ; and having made the mastery, stretch onward, and upward toward Infinitude.

And if the end came, and sickness brought that follower—Great Follower—which sooner or later is sure to come after, then the heart, and the hand of Love, ever near, are giving to your tired soul, daily and hourly, lessons of that love which consoles, which triumphs, which circleth all, and centereth in all—Love Infinite and Divine !

Kind hands—none but *hers*—will smooth the hair upon your brow as the chill grows damp and heavy on it ; and her fingers—none but *hers*--will be in yours as the wasted flesh stiffens and hardens for the ground. *Her* tears—you could feel no others, if oceans fell—will warm your drooping features once more to life ; once more your eye, lighted in joyous triumph, kindle in her smile, and then——

The fire fell upon the hearth ; the blaze gave a last leap——



a flicker—then another—caught a little remaining twig—blazed up—wavered—went out.

There was nothing but a bed of glowing embers, over which the white ashes gathered fast. I was alone with only my dog for company.

### III. ASHES—SIGNIFYING DESOLATION.

After all, thought I, ashes follow blaze, inevitably as Death follows Life. Misery treads on the heels of Joy; Anguish rides swift after Pleasure.

“Come to me again, Carlo,” said I to my dog; and I patted him fondly once more, but now only by the light of the dying embers.

It is very little pleasure one takes in fondling brute favorites; but it is a pleasure that when it passes leaves no void. It is only a little alleviating redundancy in your solitary heart life, which if lost, another can be supplied.

But if your heart, not solitary—not quieting its humors with mere love of chase, or dog—not repressing, year after year, its earnest yearnings after something better, and more spiritual,—has fairly linked itself, by bonds strong as life, to another heart—is the casting off easy, then?

Is it then only a little heart redundancy cut off, which the next bright sunset will fill up?

And my fancy, as it had painted doubt under the smoke, and cheer under the warmth of the blaze, so now it began under the faint light of the smoldering embers to picture heart desolation.

What kind congratulatory letters, hosts of them, coming from old and half-forgotten friends, now that your happiness is a year, or two years old!

“Beautiful.”

—Aye to be sure, beautiful!

“Rich.”

—Pho, the dawdler! how little he knows of heart treasure, who speaks of wealth to a man who loves his wife, as a wife only should be loved!

“Young.”

—Young indeed; guileless as infancy; charming as the morning.

Ah, these letters bear a sting: they bring to mind, with

new and newer freshness, if it be possible, the value of that which you tremble lest you lose.

How anxiously you watch that step—if it lose not its buoyancy; how you study the color on that cheek, if it grow not fainter; how you tremble at the luster in those eyes, if it be not the luster of Death; how you totter under the weight of that muslin sleeve—a phantom weight! How you fear to do it, and yet press forward, to note if that breathing be quickened, as you ascend the home heights, to look off on the sunset lighting the plain.

Is your sleep quiet sleep, after that she has whispered to you her fears, and in the same breath—soft as a sigh, sharp as an arrow—bidden you bear it bravely?

Perhaps,—the embers were now glowing fresher, a little kindling, before the ashes—she triumphs over disease.

But Poverty, the world's almoner, has come to you with ready, spare hand.

Alone, with your dog living on bones, and you on hope—kindling each morning, dying slowly each night,—this could be borne. Philosophy would bring home its stories to the lone man. Money is not in his hand, but Knowledge is in his brain! and from that brain he draws out faster, as he draws slower from his pocket. He remembers: and on remembrance he can live for days and weeks. The garret, if a garret covers him, is rich in fancies. The rain, if it pelts, pelts only him used to rain pelting. And his dog crouches not in dread, but in companionship. His crust he divides with him, and laughs. He crowns himself with glorious memories of Cervantes, though he begs: if he nights it under the stars, he dreams heaven-sent dreams of the prisoned and homeless Galileo.

He hums old sonnets, and snatches of poor Jonson's plays. He chants Dryden's odes, and dwells on Otway's rhyme. He reasons with Bolingbroke or Diogenes, as the humor takes him; and laughs at the world: for the world, thank Heaven, has left him alone!

Keep your money, old misers, and your palaces, old princes,  
—the world is mine!

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny.—  
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace,  
You cannot shut the windows of the sky;  
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace

The woods and lawns, by living streams, at eve;  
 Let health my nerves and finer fibers brace,  
 And I, their toys, to the great children, leave,  
 Of Fancy, Reason, Virtue, naught can me bereave!

But — if not alone?

If *she* is clinging to you for support, for consolation, for home, for life — she, reared in luxury perhaps, is faint for bread?

Then the iron enters the soul; then the nights darken under any sky light. Then the days grow long, even in the solstice of winter.

She may not complain; what then?

Will your heart grow strong, if the strength of her love can dam up the fountains of tears, and the tied tongue not tell of bereavement? Will it solace you to find her parting the poor treasure of food you have stolen for her, with begging, foodless children?

But this ill, strong hands, and Heaven's help, will put down. Wealth again; flowers again; patrimonial acres again; Brightness again. But your little Bessy, your favorite child, is pining.

Would to God! you say in agony, that wealth could bring fullness again into that blanched cheek, or round those little thin lips once more; but it cannot. Thinner and thinner they grow; plaintive and more plaintive her sweet voice.

"Dear Bessy" — and your tones tremble; you feel that she is on the edge of the grave. Can you pluck her back? Can endearments stay her? Business is heavy, away from the loved child; home you go, to fondle while yet time is left — but *this* time you are too late. She is gone. She cannot hear you: she cannot thank you for the violets you put within her stiff white hand.

And then — the grassy mound — the cold shadow of the headstone!

The wind, growing with the night, is rattling at the window panes, and whistles dismally. I wipe a tear, and in the interval of my Reverie thank God that I am no such mourner.

But gayety, snail-footed, creeps back to the household. All is bright again: —

The violet bed's not sweeter  
 Than the delicious breath marriage sends forth.

*Her* lip is rich and full; her cheek delicate as a flower. Her frailty doubles your love.

And the little one she clasps—frail too—too frail: the boy you had set your hopes and heart on. You have watched him growing, ever prettier, ever winning more and more upon your soul. The love you bore to him when he first lisped names—your name and hers—has doubled in strength now that he asks innocently to be taught of this or that, and promises you by that quick curiosity that flashes in his eye a mind full of intelligence.

And some hairbreadth escape by sea or flood, that he perhaps may have had—which unstrung your soul to such tears as you pray God may be spared you again—has endeared the little fellow to your heart a thousandfold.

And now, with his pale sister in the grave, all *that* love has come away from the mound, where worms feast, and centers on the boy.

How you watch the storms lest they harm him! How often you steal to his bed late at night, and lay your hand lightly upon the brow, where the curls cluster thick, rising and falling with the throbbing temples, and watch, for minutes together, the little lips half-parted, and listen—your ear close to them—if the breathing be regular and sweet!

But the day comes—the night rather—when you can catch no breathing.

Aye, put your hair away,—compose yourself,—listen again. No, there is nothing!

Put your hand now to his brow—damp indeed—but not with healthful night sleep; it is not your hand, no, do not deceive yourself—it is your loved boy's forehead that is so cold; and your loved boy will never speak to you again—never play again—he is dead!

Oh, the tears—the tears; what blessed things are tears! Never fear now to let them fall on his forehead, or his lip, lest you waken him!—Clasp him—clasp him harder—you cannot hurt, you cannot waken him! Lay him down, gently or not, it is the same; he is stiff; he is stark and cold.

But courage is elastic; it is our pride. It recovers itself easier, thought I, than these embers will get into blaze again.

But courage, and patience, and faith, and hope have their limit. Blessed be the man who escapes such trial as will determine limit!



To a lone man it comes not near; for how can trial take hold where there is nothing by which to try?

A funeral? You reason with philosophy. A graveyard? You read Hervey and muse upon the wall. A friend dies? You sigh, you pat your dog,—it is over. Losses? You retrench—you light your pipe—it is forgotten. Calumny? You laugh—you sleep.

But with that childless wife clinging to you in love and sorrow—what then?

Can you take down Seneca now, and coolly blow the dust from the leaf tops? Can you crimp your lip with Voltaire? Can you smoke idly, your feet dangling with the ivies, your thoughts all waving fancies upon a churchyard wall—a wall that borders the grave of your boy?

Can you amuse yourself by turning stinging Martial into rhyme? Can you pat your dog, and seeing him wakeful and kind, say, “It is enough”? Can you sneer at calumny, and sit by your fire dozing?

Blessed, thought I again, is the man who escapes such trial as will measure the limit of patience and the limit of courage!

But the trial comes:—colder and colder were growing the embers.

That wife, over whom your love broods, is fading. Not beauty fading;—that, now that your heart is wrapped in her being, would be nothing.

She sees with quick eyes your dawning apprehension, and she tries hard to make that step of hers elastic.

Your trials and your loves together have centered your affections. They are not now as when you were a lone man, widespread and superficial. They have caught from domestic attachments a finer tone and touch. They cannot shoot out tendrils into barren world soil and suck up thence strengthening nutriment. They have grown under the forcing glass of home roof, they will not now bear exposure.

You do not now look men in the face as if a heart bond was linking you—as if a community of feeling lay between. There is a heart bond that absorbs all others; there is a community that monopolizes your feeling. When the heart lay wide open, before it had grown upon and closed around particular objects, it could take strength and cheer from a hundred connections that now seem colder than ice.

And now those particular objects—alas for you!—are failing.

What anxiety pursues you! How you struggle to fancy—there is no danger; how she struggles to persuade you—there is no danger!

How it grates now on your ear—the toil and turmoil of the city! It was music when you were alone; it was pleasant even, when from the din you were elaborating comforts for the cherished objects;—when you had such sweet escape as evening drew on.

Now it maddens you to see the world careless while you are steeped in care. They hustle you in the street; they smile at you across the table; they bow carelessly over the way; they do not know what canker is at your heart.

The undertaker comes with his bill for the dead boy's funeral. He knows your grief; he is respectful. You bless him in your soul. You wish the laughing street goers were all undertakers.

Your eye follows the physician as he leaves your house: is he wise? you ask yourself; is he prudent? is he the best? Did he never fail—is he never forgetful?

And now the hand that touches yours, is it no thinner—no whiter than yesterday? Sunny days come when she revives; color comes back; she breathes freer; she picks flowers; she meets you with a smile: hope lives again.

But the next day of storm she is fallen. She cannot talk even; she presses your hand.

You hurry away from business before your time. What matter for clients—who is to reap the rewards? What matter for fame—whose eye will it brighten? What matter for riches—whose is the inheritance?

You find her propped with pillows; she is looking over a little picture book bethumbed by the dear boy she has lost. She hides it in her chair; she has pity on you.

—Another day of revival, when the spring sun shines, and flowers open out of doors; she leans on your arm, and strolls into the garden where the first birds are singing. Listen to them with her;—what memories are in bird songs! You need not shudder at her tears—they are tears of Thanksgiving. Press the hand that lies light upon your arm, and you, too, thank God, while yet you may!

You are early home—mid afternoon. Your step is not light: it is heavy, terrible.

They have sent for you.

She is lying down ; her eyes half closed ; her breathing long and interrupted.

She hears you ; her eye opens ; you put your hand in hers ; yours trembles ; — hers does not. Her lips move, it is your name.

“Be strong,” she says, “God will help you !”

She presses harder your hand : — “Adieu !”

A long breath — another ; — you are alone again. No tears now, poor man ! You cannot find them !

— Again home early. There is a smell of varnish in your house. A coffin is there ; they have clothed the body in decent graveclothes, and the undertaker is screwing down the lid, slipping round on tiptoe. Does he fear to waken her ?

He asks you a simple question about the inscription upon the plate, rubbing it with his coat cuff. You look him straight in the eye ; you motion to the door ; you dare not speak.

He takes up his hat and glides out stealthful as a cat.

The man has done his work well for all. It is a nice coffin — a very nice coffin ! Pass your hand over it — how smooth !

Some sprigs of mignonette are lying carelessly in a little gilt-edged saucer. She loved mignonette.

It is a good stanch table the coffin rests on ; — it is your table ; you are a housekeeper — a man of family !

Aye, of family ! — keep down outcry, or the nurse will be in. Look over at the pinched features ; is this all that is left of her ? And where is your heart now ? No, don't thrust your nails into your hands, nor mangle your lip, nor grate your teeth together. If you could only weep !

— Another day. The coffin is gone out. The stupid mourners have wept — what idle tears ! She, with your crushed heart, has gone out !

Will you have pleasant evenings at your home now ?

Go into the parlor that your prim housekeeper has made comfortable with clean hearth and blaze of sticks.

Sit down in your chair ; there is another velvet-cushioned one over against yours — empty. You press your fingers on your eyeballs as if you would press out something that hurt the brain ; but you cannot. Your head leans upon your hand ; your eye rests upon the flashing blaze.

Ashes always come after blaze.

Go now into the room where she was sick — softly, lest the prim housekeeper come after.

They have put new dimity upon her chair; they have hung new curtains over the bed. They have removed from the stand its phials, and silver bell; they have put a little vase of flowers in their place; the perfume will not offend the sick sense now. They have half opened the window, that the room so long closed may have air. It will not be too cold.

She is not there.

— Oh, God! — thou who dost temper the wind to the shorn lamb — be kind!

The embers were dark; I stirred them, there was no sign of life. My dog was asleep. The clock in my tenant's chamber had struck one.

I dashed a tear or two from my eyes; — how they came there I know not. I half ejaculated a prayer of thanks, that such desolation had not yet come nigh me; and a prayer of hope — that it might never come.

In a half hour more, I was sleeping soundly. My Reverie was ended.



## NOT IN VAIN.

By HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

[For biographical sketch, see Vol. 23, page 39.]

LET me not deem that I was made in vain,  
 Or that my being was an accident,  
 Which Fate, in working its sublime intent,  
 Not wished to be — to hinder would not deign.  
 Each drop uncounted in a storm of rain  
 Hath its own mission, and is duly sent  
 To its own leaf or blade, not idly spent  
 'Mid myriad dimples on the shipless main.  
 The very shadow of an insect's wing,  
 For which the violet cared not while it stayed,  
 Yet felt the lighter for its vanishing,  
 Proved that the sun was shining by its shade.  
 Then can a drop of the eternal spring,  
 Shadow of living lights, in vain be made?



## BEHIND THE VEIL.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

(From "In Memoriam.")

[ALFRED TENNYSON, BARON TENNYSON: English poet; born at Somersby, England, August 6, 1809; died at Aldworth, October 6, 1892. His first poems were published with his brother Charles, in a small volume entitled "Poems of Two Brothers," in 1827. Two years later he won the chancellor's gold medal for his prize poem, "Timbuctoo." The following year came his "Poems Chiefly Lyrical." In 1832 a new volume of miscellaneous poems was published, and was attacked savagely by the *Quarterly Review*. Ten years afterward another volume of miscellaneous verse was collected. In 1847 he published "The Princess," which was warmly received. In 1850 came "In Memoriam," and he was appointed poet laureate to succeed Wordsworth. Among his other works may be mentioned: "Idylls of the King" (1859), "Enoch Arden" and "The Holy Grail" (1869), "Queen Mary" (1875), "Harold" (1876), "The Cup" (1884), "Tiresias" (1885), "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After" (1886), "The Foresters" and "The Death of Æneïd" (1892).]

OH YET we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill,  
To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;  
That not one life shall be destroyed,  
Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;  
That not a moth with vain desire  
Is shriveled in a fruitless fire,  
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last — far off — at last, to all,  
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?  
An infant crying in the night:  
An infant crying for the light:  
And with no language but a cry.

The wish, that of the living whole  
 No life may fail beyond the grave,  
 Derives it not from what we have  
 The likest God within the soul ?

Are God and Nature then at strife,  
 That Nature lends such evil dreams ?  
 So careful of the type she seems,  
 So careless of the single life ;

That I, considering everywhere  
 Her secret meaning in her deeds,  
 And finding that of fifty seeds  
 She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,  
 And falling with my weight of cares  
 Upon the great world's altar stairs  
 That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,  
 And gather dust and chaff, and call  
 To what I feel is Lord of all,  
 And faintly trust the larger hope.

"So careful of the type ?" but no.  
 From scarp'd cliff and quarried stone  
 She cries, "A thousand types are gone :  
 I care for nothing, all shall go.

"Thou makest thine appeal to me :  
 I bring to life, I bring to death :  
 The spirit does but mean the breath :  
 I know no more." And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seemed so fair,  
 Such splendid purpose in his eyes,  
 Who rolled the psalm to wintry skies,  
 Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed  
 And love Creation's final law —  
 Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw  
 With ravin, shrieked against his creed —

Who loved, who suffered countless ills,  
 Who battled for the True, the Just,  
 Be blown about the desert dust,  
 Or sealed within the iron hills ?

No more? A monster then, a dream,  
 A discord. Dragons of the prime,  
 That tare each other in their slime,  
 Were mellow music matched with him.

O life as futile, then, as frail!  
 O for thy voice to soothe and bless!  
 What hope of answer, or redress?  
 Behind the veil, behind the veil.



## THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

(From the "Biglow Papers.")

[JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: An American poet, critic, and scholar; born in Cambridge, Mass., February 22, 1819; died there August 12, 1891. He graduated at Harvard (1838), and was admitted to the bar (1841), but soon abandoned the legal profession for literature. In 1855 he succeeded Longfellow as professor of modern languages at Harvard; was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* (1857-1862), and of the *North American Review* (1863-1872) with C. E. Norton; United States minister to Spain (1877-1880), and to Great Britain (1880-1885). His chief poetical works are: "A Year's Life" (1841), "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "The Biglow Papers," "Commemoration Ode," "Under the Willows," "The Cathedral," "Heartsease and Rue." In prose he published: "Conversations on Some of the Old Poets," "Fireside Travels," "Among my Books," "My Study Windows," "Democracy," and "Political Essays."]

I DU believe in Freedom's cause,  
 Ez fur away ez Payris is;  
 I love to see her stick her claws  
 In them infarnal Phayrisees;  
 It's wal enough agin a king  
 To dror resolves an triggers,—  
 But libbaty's a kind o' thing  
 Thet don't agree with niggers.

I du believe the people want  
 A tax on teas an' coffees,  
 Thet nothin' ain't extravygunt,—  
 Purvidin' I'm in office;  
 Fer I hev loved my country sence  
 My eyeteeth filled their sockets,  
 An' Uncle Sam I reverence,  
 Partic'larly his pockets.











I du believe in *any* plan  
O' levyin' the taxes,  
Ez long ez, like a lumberman,  
I git jest wut I axes:  
I go free trade thru thick an' thin,  
Because it kind o' rouses  
The folks to vote, — an' keeps us in  
Our quiet customhouses.

I du believe it's wise an' good  
To sen' out furrin missions,  
Thet is, on sartin understood  
An' orthydox conditions; —  
I mean nine thousan' dolls. per ann.,  
Nine thousan' more fer outfit,  
An' me to recommend a man  
The place 'ould jest about fit.

I du believe in special ways  
O' prayin' an' convartin';  
The bread comes back in many days  
An' buttered, tu, fer sartin;  
I mean in prayin' till one busts  
On wut the party chooses,  
An' in convartin' public trusts  
To very privit uses.

I du believe hard coin the stuff  
Fer 'lectioneers to spout on;  
The people's ollers soft enough  
To make hard money out on;  
Dear Uncle Sam pervides fer his,  
An' gives a good-sized junk to all, —  
I don't care *how* hard money is,  
Ez long ez mine's paid punctooal.

I du believe with all my soul  
In the gret Press's freedom,  
To pint the people to the goal  
An' in the traces lead 'em;  
Palsied the arm thet forges yokes  
At my fat contracts squintin',  
An' withered be the nose thet pokes  
Inter the gov'ment printin'!



## THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED.

I du believe thet I should give  
 Wut's his'n unto Cæsar,  
 Fer it's by him I move and live,  
 Frum him my bread an' cheese air;  
 I du believe thet all o' me  
 Doth bear his superscription,—  
 Will, conscience, honor, honesty,  
 An' things o' thet description.

I du believe in prayer an' praise  
 To him that hez the grantin'  
 O' jobs,—in everythin' thet pays,  
 But most of all in CANTIN';  
 This doth my cup with marcies fill,  
 This lays all thought o' sin to rest,—  
 I *don't* believe in princerple,  
 But O, I *du* in interest.

I du believe in bein' this  
 Or thet, ez it may happen  
 One way or t'other hendiest is  
 To ketch the people nappin';  
 It ain't by princerples nor men  
 My preudunt course is steadied,—  
 I scent which pays the best, an' then  
 Go into it baldheaded.

I du believe thet holdin' slaves  
 Comes nat'ral tu a Presidunt,  
 Let 'lone the rowdedow it saves  
 To hev a wal-broke preecedunt;  
 Fer any office, small or gret,  
 I couldn't ax with no face,  
 Without I'd ben, thru dry an' wet,  
 Th' unrizzest kind o' doughface.

I du believe wutever trash  
 'll keep the people in blindness,—  
 Thet we the Mexicuns can thrash  
 Right inter brotherly kindness,  
 Thet bombshells, grape, an' powder 'n' ball  
 Air good will's strongest magnets,  
 Thet peace, to make it stick at all,  
 Must be druv in with bagnets.

In short, I firmly du believe  
 In Humbug generally,  
 Fer it's a thing that I perceive  
 To hev a solid vally;  
 This heth my faithful shepherd **ben**,  
 In pasturs sweet heth led me,  
**An'** this'll keep the people green  
 To feed ez they hev fed me.



## WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

(From "Biglow Papers.")

GUVERNER B. [Briggs] is a sensible man:  
 He stays to his home and looks arter his folks;  
 He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,  
 An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes;  
 But John P.  
 Robinson he  
 Sez he wunt vote for Guvener B.

My! aint it terrible? Wut shall we du?  
 We can't never choose him, o' course, thet's flat;  
 Guess we shall hev to come round (don't you?)  
 An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an' all that;  
 Fer John P.  
 Robinson he  
 Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

Gineral C. [Caleb Cushing] is a drefle smart man:  
 He's ben on all sides that gives places or pelf;  
 But consistency still was a part of his plan, —  
 He's ben true to *one* party, — an' thet is himself; —  
 So John P.  
 Robinson he  
 Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

Gineral C. he goes in fer the war;  
 He don't vally principle more'n an old cud —

Wut did God makes us raytional creeturs fer,  
 But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' blood ?  
     So John P.  
     Robinson he  
 Sez he shall vote fer Ginerall C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village,  
 With good old idees o' wut's right and wut aint,  
 We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage,  
 An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint;  
     But John P.  
     Robinson he  
 Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

The side of our country must ollers be took ;  
 An' Presidunt Polk, you know, *he* is our country,  
 An' the angel that writes all our sins in a book  
 Puts the *debit* to him, an' to us the *per contry* ;  
     An' John P.  
     Robinson he  
 Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argimunts lies ;  
 Sez they're nothin' on airth but just *fee, faw, fum* ;  
 And that all this big talk of our destinies  
 Is half on it ign'ance, an' t'other half rum ;  
     But John P.  
     Robinson he  
 Sez it aint no seeh thing ; an', o' course, so must we.

Parson Wilber sez he never heerd in his life  
 Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail coats,  
 An' marched out in front of a drum an' a fife,  
 To git some on 'em office, and some on 'em votes ;  
     But John P.  
     Robinson he  
 Sez they didn't know everything down in Judee.

Wal, it's a mercy we've gut folks to tell us  
 The rights an' the wrongs o' the matters, I vow, —  
 God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers,  
 To start the world's team wen it gits in a slough ;  
     Fer John P.  
     Robinson he  
 Sez the world'll go right ef he hollers out Gee !

ON THE CAPTURE OF FUGITIVE SLAVES NEAR  
WASHINGTON.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Look on who will in apathy, and stifle they who can  
The sympathies, the hopes, the words, that make man truly man;  
Let those whose hearts are dungeoned up with interest or with ease  
Consent to hear with quiet pulse of loathsome deeds like these!

I first drew in New England's air, and from her hardy breast  
Sucked in the tyrant-hating milk that will not let me rest;  
And if my words seem treason to the dullard and the tame,  
'Tis but my Bay State dialect, — our fathers spake the same!

Shame on the costly mockery of piling stone on stone  
To those who won our liberty, the heroes dead and gone,  
While we look coldly on and see law-shielded ruffians slay  
The men who fain would win their own, the heroes of to-day!

Are we pledged to craven silence? Oh, fling it to the wind,  
The parchment wall that bars us from the least of human kind,  
That makes us cringe and temporize, and dumbly stand at rest,  
While Pity's burning flood of words is red-hot in the breast!

Though we break our fathers' promise, we have nobler duties first;  
The traitor to humanity is the traitor most accursed;  
Man is more than Constitutions; better rot beneath the sod,  
Than be true to Church and State, while we are doubly false to God!

We owe allegiance to the State; but deeper, truer, more,  
To the sympathies that God hath set within our spirit's core;  
Our country claims our fealty: we grant it so, but then,  
Before Man made us citizens, great Nature made us men.

He's true to God who's true to man; wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest 'neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all their race.

God works for all. Ye cannot hem the hope of being free  
With parallels of latitude, with mountain range or sea.  
Put golden padlocks on Truth's lips, be callous as ye will, —  
From soul to soul, o'er all the world, leaps one electric thrill.

Chain down your slaves with ignorance, ye cannot keep apart,  
With all your craft of tyranny, the human heart from heart;



When first the Pilgrims landed on the Bay State's iron shore,  
The word went forth that slavery should one day be no more.

Out from the land of bondage 'tis decreed our slaves shall go,  
And signs to us are offered, as erst to Pharaoh ;  
If we are blind their exodus, like Israel's of yore,  
Through a Red Sea is doomed to be, whose surges are of gore.

'Tis ours to save our brethren ; with peace and love to win  
Their darkened hearts from error, ere they harden it to sin ;  
But if before his duty man with listless spirit stands,  
Erelong the Great Avenger takes the work from out his hands.



## WEBSTER ON THE COMPROMISES OF THE CONSTITUTION.

[DANIEL WEBSTER, American statesman and orator, was born January 18, 1782, in Salisbury, N.H. ; graduated at Dartmouth in 1801 ; became a leading lawyer at the then capital of New Hampshire, Portsmouth ; was in Congress (1813-1815) as a Federalist ; from 1816 to 1823 practiced law in Boston, and was regarded as in the foremost rank of lawyers and orators. The Dartmouth College case was argued in 1818 ; he was a member of the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention in 1820 ; in December, 1820, delivered his address on the 200th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. In 1822 he was again elected to Congress ; from 1828 to 1842 was United States senator. In the House he was chairman of the Judiciary Committee. In the Senate he delivered his reply to Hayne June 26-27, 1830. His oration on the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill monument was delivered June 17, 1825. He was Secretary of State (1841-1843) under Harrison and Tyler, and negotiated the Ashburton Treaty ; he resigned in 1843, and in 1845 was returned to the Senate. He opposed the annexation of Texas and the Mexican War. In 1848 he was candidate for the presidency. In 1850 he supported the compromises, including the Fugitive Slave Act, and was appointed Secretary of State by Fillmore ; in 1852 was again a candidate for the presidency ; and died October 24 of that year.]

MARCH 7, 1850.

MR. PRESIDENT, in the excited times in which we live, there is found to exist a state of crimination and recrimination between the north and the south. There are lists of grievances produced by each ; and those grievances, real or supposed, alienate the minds of one portion of the country from the other, exasperate the feelings, and subdue the sense of fraternal connection, and patriotic love, and mutual regard. I shall bestow a little attention, sir, upon these various grievances, produced on the one side and on the other.

I begin with the complaints of the south : I will not answer, farther than I have, the general statements of the honorable senator from South Carolina, that the north has grown upon the south in consequence of the manner of administering this government, in the collecting of its revenues, and so forth. These are disputed topics, and I have no inclination to enter into them. But I will state these complaints, especially one complaint of the south, which has in my opinion just foundation ; and that is, that there has been found at the north, among individuals and among legislatures of the north, a disinclination to perform, fully, their constitutional duties, in regard to the return of persons bound to service, who have escaped into the free states.

In that respect, it is my judgment that the south is right, and the north is wrong. Every member of every northern legislature is bound, by oath, like every other officer in the country, to support the constitution of the United States ; and this article of the constitution, which says to these states, they shall deliver up fugitives from service, is as binding in honor and conscience as any other article. No man fulfills his duty in any legislature who sets himself to find excuses, evasions, escapes from this constitutional obligation. I have always thought that the constitution addressed itself to the legislatures of the states themselves, or to the states themselves. It says that those persons escaping to other states shall be delivered up, and I confess I have always been of the opinion that it was an injunction upon the states themselves. When it is said that a person escaping into another state, and becoming therefore within the jurisdiction of that state, shall be delivered up, it seems to me the import of the passage is that the state itself, in obedience to the constitution, shall cause him to be delivered up. That is my judgment. I have always entertained that opinion, and I entertain it now. But when the subject, some years ago, was before the supreme court of the United States, the majority of the judges held that the power to cause fugitives from service to be delivered up was a power to be exercised under the authority of this government. I do not know, on the whole, that it may not have been a fortunate decision. My habit is to respect the result of judicial deliberations, and the solemnity of judicial decisions.

But, as it now stands, the business of seeing that these fugitives are delivered up resides in the power of congress and the

national judicature, and my friend at the head of the judiciary committee has a bill on the subject, now before the senate, with some amendments to it, which I propose to support, with all its provisions, to the fullest extent. And I desire to call the attention of all sober-minded men, of all conscientious men, in the north, of all men who are not carried away by any fanatical idea, or by any false idea whatever, to their constitutional obligations. I put it to all the sober and sound minds at the north, as a question of morals and a question of conscience, What right have they, in all their legislative capacity, or any other, to endeavor to get round this constitution, to embarrass the free exercise of the rights secured by the constitution, to the persons whose slaves escape from them? None at all—none at all. Neither in the forum of conscience, nor before the face of the constitution, are they justified, in my opinion. Of course, it is a matter for their consideration. They probably, in the turmoil of the times, have not stopped to consider of this; they have followed what seemed to be the current of thought and of motives as the occasion arose, and neglected to investigate fully the real question, and to consider their constitutional obligations, as I am sure, if they did consider, they would fulfill them with alacrity. Therefore, I repeat, sir, that here is a ground of complaint against the north, well founded, which ought to be removed—which it is now in the power of the different departments of this government to remove—which calls for the enactment of proper laws, authorizing the judicature of this government, in the several states, to do all that is necessary for the recapture of fugitive slaves, and for the restoration of them to those who claim them. Wherever I go, and whenever I speak on the subject—and when I speak here, I desire to speak to the whole north—I say that the south has been injured in this respect, and has a right to complain; and the north has been too careless of what I think the constitution peremptorily and emphatically enjoins upon it as a duty.

Complaint has been made against certain resolutions that emanate from legislatures at the north, and are sent here to us, not only on the subject of slavery in this district, but sometimes recommending congress to consider the means of abolishing slavery in the states. I should be sorry to be called upon to present any resolutions here which could not be referable to any committee or any power in congress, and, there-

fore, I should be unwilling to receive from the legislature of Massachusetts any instructions to present resolutions, expressive of any opinion whatever on the subject of slavery, as it exists at the present moment in the states, for two reasons: because — first, I do not consider that the legislature of Massachusetts has anything to do with it; and next, I do not consider that I, as her representative here, have anything to do with it. Sir, it has become, in my opinion, quite too common; and if the legislatures of the states do not like that opinion, they have a great deal more power to put it down, than I have to uphold it. It has become, in my opinion, quite too common a practice for the state legislatures to present resolutions here on all subjects, and to instruct us here on all subjects. There is no public man that requires instruction more than I do, or who requires information more than I do, or desires it more heartily; but I do not like to have it come in too imperative a shape.

I took notice, with pleasure, of some remarks upon this subject made the other day in the senate of Massachusetts, by a young man of talent and character, from whom the best hopes may be entertained. I mean Mr. Hillard. He told the senate of Massachusetts that he would vote for no instructions whatever to be forwarded to members of congress, nor for any resolutions to be offered, expressive of the sense of Massachusetts as to what their members of congress ought to do. He said that he saw no propriety in one set of public servants giving instructions and reading lectures to another set of public servants. To their own master, all of them must stand or fall, and that master is their constituents. I wish these sentiments could become more common — a great deal more common. I have never entered into the question, and never shall, about the binding force of instructions. I will, however, simply say this: if there be any matter of interest pending in this body, while I am a member of it, in which Massachusetts has an interest of her own, not adverse to the general interest of the country, I shall pursue her instructions with gladness of heart, and with all the efficiency which I can bring to the occasion. But if the question be one which affects her interest, and at the same time affects the interests of all other states, I shall no more regard her political wishes or instructions than I would regard the wishes of a man who might appoint me an arbitrator or referee, to decide some question



of important private right, and who might *instruct* me to decide in his favor. If ever there was a government upon earth, it is this government; if ever there was a body upon earth, it is this body, which should consider itself as composed by agreement of all, appointed by some, but organized by the general consent of all, sitting here under the solemn obligations of oath and conscience, to do that which they think is best for the good of the whole.

Then, sir, there are those abolition societies, of which I am unwilling to speak, but in regard to which I have very clear notions and opinions. I do not think them useful. I think their operations for the last twenty years have produced nothing good or valuable. At the same time, I know thousands of them are honest and good men; perfectly well-meaning men. They have excited feelings; they think they must do something for the cause of liberty; and in their sphere of action, they do not see what else they can do, than to contribute to an abolition press, or an abolition society, or to pay an abolition lecturer. I do not mean to impute gross motives even to the leaders of these societies, but I am not blind to the consequences. I cannot but see what mischiefs their interference with the south has produced. And is it not plain to every man? Let any gentleman who doubts of that, recur to the debates in the Virginia house of delegates in 1832, and he will see with what freedom a proposition, made by Mr. Randolph, for the gradual abolition of slavery, was discussed in that body. Every one spoke of slavery as he thought; very ignominious and disparaging names and epithets were applied to it. The debates in the house of delegates on that occasion, I believe, were all published. They were read by every colored man who could read, and if there were any who could not read, those debates were read to them by others. At that time Virginia was not unwilling nor afraid to discuss this question, and to let that part of her population know as much of it as they could learn. That was in 1832.

As has been said by the honorable member from Carolina, these abolition societies commenced their course of action in 1835. It is said—I do not know how true it may be—that they sent incendiary publications into the slave states; at any event, they attempted to arouse, and did arouse, a very strong feeling; in other words, they created great agitation in the north against southern slavery. Well, what was the result?

The bonds of the slaves were bound more firmly than before; their rivets were more strongly fastened. Public opinion, which in Virginia had begun to be exhibited against slavery, and was opening out for the discussion of the question, drew back and shut itself up in its castle. I wish to know whether anybody in Virginia can, now, talk as Mr. Randolph, Governor McDowell, and others talked there, openly, and sent their remarks to the press, in 1832. We all know the fact, and we all know the cause, and everything that this agitating people have done has been, not to enlarge, but to restrain, not to set free, but to bind faster, the slave population of the south. That is my judgment.

Sir, as I have said, I know many abolitionists in my own neighborhood, very honest, good people, misled, as I think, by strange enthusiasm; but they wish to do something, and they are called on to contribute, and they do contribute; and it is my firm opinion this day, that within the last twenty years as much money has been collected and paid to the abolition societies, abolition presses, and abolition lecturers as would purchase the freedom of every slave, man, woman, and child, in the state of Maryland, and send them all to Liberia. I have no doubt of it. But I have yet to learn that the benevolence of these political societies has at any time taken that particular turn.

Again, sir, the violence of the press is complained of. The press violent! Why, sir, the press is violent everywhere. There are outrageous reproaches in the north against the south, and there are reproaches in not much better taste in the south against the north. Sir, the extremists of both parts of this country are violent; they mistake loud and violent talk for eloquence and for reason. They think that he who talks loudest, reasons the best. And this we must expect, when the press is free, as it is here — and I trust always will be — for, with all its licentiousness, and all its evil, the entire and absolute freedom of the press is essential to the preservation of government, on the basis of a free constitution. Wherever it exists, there will be foolish paragraphs, and violent paragraphs, in the press, as there are, I am sorry to say, foolish speeches and violent speeches in both houses of congress. In truth, sir, I must say that, in my opinion, the vernacular tongue of the country has become greatly vitiated, depraved, and corrupted, by the style of our congressional debates. And if it were possible for our

debates in congress to vitiate the principles of the people as much as they have depraved their taste, I should cry out, "God save the republic."

Well, in all this I see no solid grievance — no grievance presented by the south, within the redress of the government, but the single one to which I have referred; and that is, the want of a proper regard to the injunction of the constitution, for the delivery of fugitive slaves.

There are also complaints of the north against the south. I need not go over them particularly. The first and gravest is that the north adopted the constitution, recognizing the existence of slavery in the states, and recognizing the right, to a certain extent, of representation of the slaves in congress, under a state of sentiment and expectation which do not now exist; and that, by events, by circumstances, by the eagerness of the south to acquire territory, and extend their slave population, the north finds itself, in regard to the influence of the south and the north, of the free states and the slave states, where it never did expect to find itself when they entered the compact of the constitution. They complain, therefore, that, instead of slavery being regarded as an evil, as it was then, an evil which all hoped would be extinguished gradually, it is now regarded by the south as an institution to be cherished, and preserved, and extended — an institution which the south has already extended to the utmost of her power by the acquisition of new territory. Well, then, passing from that, everybody in the north reads; and everybody reads whatsoever the newspapers contain; and the newspapers, some of them — especially those presses to which I have alluded — are careful to spread about among the people every reproachful sentiment uttered by any southern man bearing at all against the north — everything that is calculated to exasperate, to alienate; and there are many such things, as everybody will admit, from the south, or some portion of it, which are spread abroad among the reading people; and they do exasperate, and alienate, and produce a most mischievous effect upon the public mind at the north.

Sir, I would not notice things of this sort appearing in obscure quarters; but one thing has occurred in this debate which struck me very forcibly. An honorable member from Louisiana addressed us the other day on this subject. I suppose there is not a more amiable and worthy gentleman in this chamber, nor a gentleman who would be more slow to give offense to any-

body, and he did not mean in his remarks to give offense. But what did he say? Why, sir, he took pains to run a contrast between the slaves of the south and the laboring people of the north, giving the preference in all points of condition, and comfort, and happiness to the slaves of the south. The honorable member, doubtless, did not suppose that he gave any offense, or did any injustice. He was merely expressing his opinion. But does he know how remarks of that sort will be received by the laboring people of the north? Why, who are the laboring people of the north? They are the north. They are the people who cultivate their own farms with their own hands—freeholders, educated men, independent men. Let me say, sir, that five sixths of the whole property of the north is in the hands of the laborers of the north; they cultivate their farms, they educate their children, they provide the means of independence; if they are not freeholders, they earn wages; these wages accumulate, are turned into capital, into new freeholds; and small capitalists are created. That is the case, and such the course of things, with us, among the industrious and frugal. And what can these people think when so respectable and worthy a gentleman as the member from Louisiana undertakes to prove that the absolute ignorance and the abject slavery of the south are more in conformity with the high purposes and destinies of immortal, rational, human beings, than the educated, the independent free laborers of the north?

There is a more tangible and irritating cause of grievance at the north. Free blacks are constantly employed in the vessels of the north, generally as cooks or stewards. When the vessel arrives, these free colored men are taken on shore, by the police or municipal authority, imprisoned, and kept in prison, till the vessel is again ready to sail. This is not only irritating, but exceedingly inconvenient in practice, and seems altogether unjustifiable and oppressive. Mr. Hoar's mission, some time ago, to South Carolina was a well-intended effort to remove this cause of complaint. The north thinks such imprisonment illegal and unconstitutional; as the cases occur constantly and frequently, they think it a great grievance.

Now, sir, so far as any of these grievances have their foundation in matters of law, they can be redressed, and ought to be redressed; and so far as they have foundation in matters of opinion, in sentiment, in mutual crimination and recrimination, all that we can do is to endeavor to allay the agitation, and



cultivate a better feeling and more fraternal sentiments between the south and the north.

Mr. President, I should much prefer to have heard from every member on this floor declarations of opinion that this Union should never be dissolved, than the declaration of opinion that in any case, under the pressure of any circumstances, such a dissolution was possible. I hear with pain, and anguish, and distress, the word secession, especially when it falls from the lips of those who are eminently patriotic, and known to the country, and known all over the world, for their political services. Secession! Peaceable secession! Sir, your eyes and mine are never destined to see that miracle. The dismemberment of this vast country without convulsion! The breaking up of the fountains of the great deep without ruffling the surface! Who is so foolish—I beg everybody's pardon—as to expect to see any such thing? Sir, he who sees these states, now revolving in harmony around a common center, and expects to see them quit their places and fly off without convulsion, may look the next hour to see the heavenly bodies rush from their spheres, and jostle against each other in the realms of space, without producing the crush of the universe. There can be no such thing as a peaceable secession. Peaceable secession is an utter impossibility. Is the great constitution under which we live here—covering this whole country—is it to be thawed and melted away by secession, as the snows on the mountain melt under the influence of a vernal sun—disappear almost unobserved, and die off? No, sir! no, sir! I will not state what might produce the disruption of the states; but, sir, I see it as plainly as I see the sun in heaven—I see that disruption must produce such a war as I will not describe, in its twofold characters.

Peaceable secession! peaceable secession! The concurrent agreement of all the members of this great republic to separate! A voluntary separation, with alimony on one side and on the other. Why, what would be the result? Where is the line to be drawn? What states are to secede? What is to remain American? What am I to be?—an American no longer? Where is the flag of the republic to remain? Where is the eagle still to tower? or is he to cower, and shrink, and fall to the ground? Why, sir, our ancestors—our fathers, and our grandfathers, those of them that are yet living among us with prolonged lives—would rebuke and reproach us; and our

children, and our grandchildren, would cry out, Shame upon us! if we of this generation should dishonor these ensigns of the power of the government, and the harmony of the Union, which is every day felt among us with so much joy and gratitude. What is to become of the army? What is to become of the navy? What is to become of the public lands? How is each of the thirty states to defend itself? I know, although the idea has not been stated distinctly, there is to be a southern confederacy. I do not mean, when I allude to this statement, that any one seriously contemplates such a state of things. I do not mean to say that it is true, but I have heard it suggested elsewhere, that that idea has originated in a design to separate. I am sorry, sir, that it has ever been thought of, talked of, or dreamed of, in the wildest flights of human imagination. But the idea must be of a separation, including the slave states upon one side, and the free states on the other. Sir, there is not—I may express myself too strongly, perhaps—but some things, some moral things, are almost as impossible as other natural or physical things; and I hold the idea of a separation of these states—those that are free to form one government, and those that are slaveholding to form another—as a moral impossibility. We could not separate the states by any such line, if we were to draw it. We could not sit down here to-day, and draw a line of separation, that would satisfy any five men in the country. There are natural causes that would keep and tie us together, and there are social and domestic relations which we could not break, if we would, and which we should not if we could.

Sir, nobody can look over the face of this country at the present moment—nobody can see where its population is most dense and growing—without being ready to admit, and compelled to admit, that, ere long, America will be in the valley of the Mississippi.

Well, now, sir, I beg to inquire what the wildest enthusiast has to say on the possibility of cutting off that river, and leaving free states at its source and its branches, and slave states down near its mouth? Pray, sir—pray, sir, let me say to the people of this country that these things are worthy of their pondering and of their consideration. Here, sir, are five millions of freemen in the free states north of the river Ohio: can anybody suppose that this population can be severed by a line that divides them from the territory of a foreign and an alien

government, down somewhere, the Lord knows where, upon the lower banks of the Mississippi? What will become of Missouri? Will she join the arrondissement of the slave states? Shall the man from the Yellowstone and the Platte be connected in the new republic with the man who lives on the southern extremity of the Cape of Florida? Sir, I am ashamed to pursue this line of remark. I dislike it—I have an utter disgust for it. I would rather hear of natural blasts and mildews, war, pestilence, and famine, than to hear gentlemen talk of secession. To break up! to break up this great government! to dismember this great country! to astonish Europe with an act of folly such as Europe for two centuries has never beheld in any government! No, sir! no, sir! There will be no secession. Gentlemen are not serious when they talk of secession.

Sir, I hear there is to be a convention held at Nashville. I am bound to believe that if worthy gentlemen meet at Nashville in convention, their object will be to adopt counsels conciliatory—to advise the south to forbearance and moderation, and to advise the north to forbearance and moderation, and to inculcate principles of brotherly love, and affection, and attachment to the constitution of the country, as it now is. I believe, if the convention meet at all, it will be for this purpose, for certainly, if they meet for any purpose hostile to the Union, they have been singularly inappropriate in their selection of a place. I remember, sir, that when the treaty was concluded between France and England, at the peace of Amiens, a stern old Englishman and an orator, who disliked the terms of the peace as ignominious to England, said in the house of commons that if King William could know the terms of that treaty, he would turn in his coffin. Let me commend this saying of Mr. Windham, in all its emphasis, and in all its force, to any persons who shall meet at Nashville for the purpose of concerting measures for the overthrow of the Union of this country, over the bones of Andrew Jackson.

Sir, I wish to make two remarks, and hasten to a conclusion. I wish to say, in regard to Texas, that if it should be hereafter at any time the pleasure of the government of Texas to cede to the United States a portion, larger or smaller, of her territory which lies adjacent to New Mexico and north of the thirty-fourth degree of north latitude, to be formed into free states, for a fair equivalent in money, or in the payment of her debt, I think it an object well worthy the consideration of congress, and I shall

be happy to concur in it myself, if I should be in the public counsels of the country at the time.

I have another remark to make : In my observations upon slavery as it has existed in the country, and as it now exists, I have expressed no opinion of the mode of its extinguishment or melioration. I will say, however, though I have nothing to propose on that subject, because I do not deem myself so competent as other gentlemen to consider it, that if any gentleman from the south shall propose a scheme of colonization, to be carried on by this government upon a large scale, for the transportation of free colored people to any colony or any place in the world, I should be quite disposed to incur almost any degree of expense to accomplish that object. Nay, sir, following an example set here more than twenty years ago, by a great man, then a senator from New York, I would return to Virginia, and through her for the benefit of the whole south, the money received from the lands and territories ceded by her to this government, for any such purpose as to relieve, in whole or in part, or in any way to diminish or deal beneficially with the free colored population of the southern states. I have said that I honor Virginia for her cession of this territory. There have been received into the treasury of the United States eighty millions of dollars, the proceeds of the sales of the public lands ceded by Virginia. If the residue should be sold at the same rate, the whole aggregate will exceed two hundred millions of dollars. If Virginia and the south see fit to adopt any proposition to relieve themselves from the free people of color among them, they have my free consent that the government shall pay them any sum of money out of its proceeds which may be adequate to the purpose.

And now, Mr. President, I draw these observations to a close. I have spoken freely, and I meant to do so. I have sought to make no display ; I have sought to enliven the occasion by no animated discussion ; nor have I attempted any train of elaborate argument. I have sought only to speak my sentiments, fully and at large, being desirous, once and for all, to let the senate know, and to let the country know, the opinions and sentiments which I entertain on all these subjects. These opinions are not likely to be suddenly changed. If there be any future service that I can render to the country, consistently with these sentiments and opinions, I shall cheerfully render it. If there be not, I shall still be glad to have an opportunity to



disburden my conscience from the bottom of my heart, and to make known every political sentiment that therein exists.

And now, Mr. President, instead of speaking of the possibility or utility of secession, instead of dwelling in these caverns of darkness, instead of groping with those ideas so full of all that is horrid and horrible, let us come out into the light of day; let us enjoy the fresh air of liberty and union; let us cherish those hopes which belong to us; let us devote ourselves to those great objects that are fit for our consideration and our action; let us raise our conceptions to the magnitude and the importance of the duties that devolve upon us; let our comprehension be as broad as the country for which we act, our aspirations as high as its certain destiny; let us not be pygmies in a case that calls for men. Never did there devolve, on any generation of men, higher trusts than now devolve upon us for the preservation of this constitution, and the harmony and peace of all who are destined to live under it. Let us make our generation one of the strongest, and the brightest link, in that golden chain which is destined, I fully believe, to grapple the people of all the states to this constitution, for ages to come. It is a great popular constitutional government, guarded by legislation, by law, by judicature, and defended by the whole affections of the people. No monarchical throne presses these states together; no iron chain of despotic power encircles them; they live and stand upon a government, popular in its form, representative in its character, founded upon principles of equality, and calculated, we hope, to last forever. In all its history it has been beneficent; it has trodden down no man's liberty; it has crushed no state. Its daily respiration is liberty and patriotism; its yet youthful veins are full of enterprise, courage, and honorable love of glory and renown. It has received a vast addition of territory. Large before, the country has now, by recent events, become vastly larger. This republic now extends, with a vast breadth, across the whole continent. The two great seas of the world wash the one and the other shore. We realize on a mighty scale the beautiful description of the ornamental edging of the buckler of Achilles—

Now the broad shield complete the artist crowned,  
With his last hand, and poured the ocean round;  
In living silver seemed the waves to roll,  
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.

ICHABOD.

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

[1807-1892.]

So FALLEN! so lost! the light withdrawn  
Which once he wore!  
The glory from his gray hairs gone  
For evermore!

Reville him not! the Tempter hath  
A snare for all;  
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,  
Befit his fall.

O! dumb be passion's stormy rage,  
When he who might  
Have lighted up and led his age  
Falls back in night!

Scorn? Would the angels laugh to mark  
A bright soul driven,  
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark  
From hope and heaven?

Let not the land once proud of him  
Insult him now;  
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim  
Dishonored brow!

But let its humbled sons, instead,  
From sea to lake  
A long lament as for the Dead  
In sadness make!

Of all we loved and honored naught  
Save power remains, —  
A fallen angel's pride of thought,  
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes  
The soul hath fled:  
When faith is lost, when honor dies,  
The Man is dead.

Then pay the reverence of old days  
To his dead fame:  
Walk backward, with averted gaze,  
And hide the shame!

## THE BUOY-BELL.

BY CHARLES TENNYSON-TURNER.

[Younger brother of Alfred Tennyson; born 1808, died 1879.]

How like the leper, with his own sad cry  
 Enforcing its own solitude, it tolls!  
 That lonely bell set in the rushing shoals,  
 To warn us from the place of jeopardy!  
 O friend of man! sore vexed by Ocean's power,  
 The changing tides wash o'er thee day by day;  
 Thy trembling mouth is filled with bitter spray,  
 Yet still thou ringest on from hour to hour;  
 High is thy mission, though thy lot is wild —  
 To be in danger's realm a guardian sound:  
 In seamen's dreams a pleasant part to bear,  
 And earn their blessing as the year goes round;  
 And strike the keynote of each grateful prayer  
 Breathed in their distant homes by wife or child.



## POEMS OF CHARLES KINGSLEY.

[English clergyman, 1819-1875; wrote "Alton Locke" (1849), "Yeast" (1851), "Hypatia" (1853), "Water Babies" (1853), "Westward Ho!" (1855), etc. His controversy with Newman brought out Newman's "Apologia."] .

## THE THREE FISHERS.

THREE fishers went sailing out into the west —  
 Out into the west as the sun went down;  
 Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,  
 And the children stood watching them out of the town;  
 For men must work, and women must weep;  
 And there's little to earn, and many to keep,  
 Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,  
 And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;  
 They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,  
 And the night rack came rolling up, ragged and brown;  
 But men must work, and women must weep,  
 Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,  
 And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,  
 In the morning gleam as the tide went down,  
 And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,  
 For those who will never come back to the town;

For men must work, and women must weep, —  
 And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,  
 And good-by to the bar and its moaning.

## THE SANDS OF DEE.

"O MARY! go and call the cattle home, —  
 And call the cattle home,  
 And call the cattle home  
 Across the sands of Dee."

The Western wind was wild and dank with foam,  
 And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,  
 And o'er and o'er the sand,  
 And round and round the sand,  
 As far as eye could see;

The blinding mist came down and hid the land;  
 And never home came she.

"Oh, is it weed or fish or floating hair,  
 A tress of golden hair,  
 A drowned maiden's hair,  
 Above the nets, at sea?"

Was never salmon yet that shone so fair  
 Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,  
 The cruel crawling foam,  
 The cruel hungry foam,  
 To her grave beside the sea:

But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home  
 Across the sands of Dee.



## THE LAUNCHING OF THE SHIP.

By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

[HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW: An American poet; born at Portland, Me., February 27, 1807. He graduated from Bowdoin College at eighteen, having Nathaniel Hawthorne and Franklin Pierce as classmates. Appointed shortly after to the professorship of modern languages there, he spent two years in European travel to fit himself before assuming it. In 1836 he became professor of modern languages and literature at Harvard, and held the chair for eighteen years. He died at his home in Cambridge, Mass., March 24, 1882. His chief volumes of poetry are: "Voices of the Night" (1839), "Ballads," "Spanish Student," "Evangeline," "The Golden Legend," "The Song of Hiawatha," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "Tales of a Wayside Inn." He also wrote in prose: "Outre-Mer," and the novels "Hyperion" and "Kavanagh."]



ALL is finished, and at length  
Has come the bridal day  
Of beauty and of strength.  
To-day the vessel shall be launched!  
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,  
And o'er the bay,  
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,  
The great sun rises to behold the sight.

The ocean old,  
Centuries old,  
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,  
Paces restless to and fro,  
Up and down the sands of gold.  
His beating heart is not at rest;  
And far and wide,  
With ceaseless flow,  
His beard of snow  
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.

He waits impatient for his bride.  
There she stands,  
With her foot upon the sands,  
Decked with flags and streamers gay,  
In honor of her marriage day;  
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending  
Round her like a veil descending,  
Ready to be  
The bride of the gray old sea.

Then the Master,  
With a gesture of command,  
Waved his hand;  
And at the word,  
Loud and sudden there was heard,  
All around them and below,  
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,  
Knocking away the shores and spurs.  
And see! she stirs,  
She starts, she moves, — she seems to feel  
The thrill of life along her keel,  
And, spurning with her foot the ground,  
With one exulting, joyous bound,  
She leaps into the ocean's arms.  
And lo! from the assembled crowd  
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,

That to the ocean seemed to say,  
"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray;  
Take her to thy protecting arms,  
With all her youth and all her charms."

How beautiful she is! how fair .  
She lies within those arms, that press  
Her form with many a soft caress  
Of tenderness and watchful care!  
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!  
Through wind and wave, right onward steer;  
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,  
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

---

Sail forth into the sea of life,  
O gentle, loving, trusting wife!  
And safe from all adversity,  
Upon the bosom of that sea  
Thy comings and thy goings be!  
For gentleness, and love, and trust,  
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;  
And in the wreck of noble lives  
Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State!  
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!  
Humanity, with all its fears,  
With all its hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!  
We know what master laid thy keel,  
What workman wrought thy ribs of steel,  
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,  
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,  
In what a forge, and what a heat,  
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.

Fear not each sudden sound and shock;  
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;  
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,  
And not a rent made by the gale.  
In spite of rock and tempest roar,  
In spite of false lights on the shore,  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea.  
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee, —

## RESIGNATION.

Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
 Are all with thee — are all with thee.



## RESIGNATION.

By LONGFELLOW.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,  
 But one dead lamb is there!  
 THERE is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,  
 But has one vacant chair!

THE air is full of farewells for the dying,  
 And mournings for the dead;  
 THE heart of Rachel, for her children crying,  
 Will not be comforted!

LET us be patient! These severe afflictions  
 Not from the ground arise,  
 BUT oftentimes celestial benedictions  
 Assume this dark disguise.

WE see but dimly through the mists and vapors;  
 Amid these earthly damps  
 WHAT seems to us but sad, funereal tapers  
 May be heaven's distant lamps.

THERE is no Death! What seems so is transition;  
 This life of mortal breath  
 IS but a suburb of the life Elysian  
 Whose portal we call Death.





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